Bibliography-1931

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BOOK REVIEW

SLAVES TODAY

BY GEORGE S. SCHULYER

Brewer, Warren & Putnam, New York 290PP $2.50

Palmetto Leaves 11-14-31

The publishing house of Brewer, Warren and Putnam yesterday published a book that should prove very effective in creating sentiment among civilized people everywhere against the practice of some few privileged humans treating their fellow human beings as mere chattels, exploiting them in every way they can, and taking no account of their humanity. Though Slaves Today, by George S. Schuyler is a story dealing directly with the nefarious practices of the Liberian Government, the principles enunciated in it may be applied to similar situations everywhere As Mr. Schuyler says in his foreword: "If this novel can help arouse enlightened world opinion against this brutalizing of the native population in a Negro republic, perhaps the conscience of civilized people will stop similar atrocities in native lands ruled by proud white nations that boast of their superior culture." A worthy motive! What of the story?

President Sidney Cooper Johnson, of Liberia is discovered sitting in his office pondering the events that brought him to that position, and the prodicament of the republic at this time. The president belonged to the Conservative party which was seriously opposed by the liberals. The president having made several pre-election promises was a bit distrubed because of his inability to meet them. At this time imports were exceeding exports by far. The Liberians who were educated were trained only in law and politics, so they were mainly office holders and lawyers. Each year saw a larger number of civilized people giving up farming and turning to politics. "The number of offices remained almost stationary while the pack of office-seekers steadily grew.

To assist him in the effective prosecution of his program it was necessary that President Johnson be surrounded with aides and confidents that were efficiently unscrupulos. To secure these ends it often became necessary for him to make changes once in a while. In this maner David Jackson became Commissioner in the First District, supplanting Smith, who was considered too lazy and soft to drive the people as the president felt they ought be driven. Jackson had good political contracts while Smith's contracts were almost nil. Jackson could also be depended upon to recruit a large number of "boys" for Fernando Poo, where there were a number of large cocoa plantations run by the Spanish The Spanish paid fifty dollars a man and they needed all the labor they could get: The fifty dollars was split among the recruiter the president and the agent The laborer received practically nothing and was sent to Fernando Po against his will—and this is the main thesis of this story. Men forced to labor under penalty of starvation and severe lashing; and in the event they tried to escape returned to labor for longer periods.

In the village of Takoma in the Liberian hinterland live Zo and Pameta Pameta was the youngest and favorite daughter of Chief Bongomo. Tomorrow she must undergo the supreme test of marriage She was betrothed of Zo. Tolo the witch doctor had assured Chief Bangomo that the marriage would be a success as far as Pameta's proving her virginity was concerned but that there would be some evil end On the morrow after the marital rites Pameta did prove to be a virgin and in consequence, as was the custom. there was much rejoicing, feasting and hilarity Had the case been otherwise the exact reverse would have been the case Women who cannot prove thir virginity at marriage are consigned to the lowest depths, and must respond to the sexnal perversities and caprices of any man who would have them Pameta had been chaste; her reward was coumbrial bliss and a good husband.

David Jackson, Commissioner of the First District, with soldiers and companions came to the villiage of Takama the day following the Zo–Pameta nuptials. The vallagers had spent themselves and their resources in merry-making over that happy event. Commissioner Jackson demanded of the Takama chief that the monthly requisition of rice and palm oil be sent to the Government immediately. It was the requisitioned food from each town in the First District that had been consumed in the marriage celebration of Zo and Pameta. Because, the requisition had not been sent Jackson had Chief Bongomo, respected by his people, publicly whipped and humiliated before his people This of course was possible because of the presence of soldiers with bayonets fixed. Chief Bogomo and some of his loyal men outraged beyond their thinking faculties in the face of certain death attemped to avenge Jackson's brutality shortly after he had been whipped Result: Chief and several others slain.

Commissioner Jackson, tired of his concubines, saw Pameta the day after her marriage and had her carried to his hut where he attempted to seduce her He was unsuccessful then; but had her bound and carried her away with him on leaving Takama. It was not discovered that she had been taken away until several hours had elapsed Ultimately after a certain ceremony had been held by Tolo, the witch doctor. to determine who was responsible for all these ills having befallen Takama, through a mysterious turn of circumstances incontrovertible evidence—the evidence of black magic—disclosed as the host of those evil Spirits. Because of this he was humiliated by the flagellation process untli the evil spirits were driven out.

Dishonored at home, Zo decided to follow the commissioner and his train and attempt Pameta's rescue. He followed them to the next village, attempted the rescue and being unsuccessful was incarcerated. Shortly thereafter in company with other prisoners he was sent to Monrovia as a pack horse bearing the requisitioned rice and palm oil. It was on this journey that Zo made friends with the intelligent Soki. On reaching Monrovia Zo was soon to discover that he was one of forty men—called boys—who were without their consent sent aboard ship to be sent they knew not where. These carriers had been sent to Monrovia from the hinterland by Commissioner Jackson for the express purpose of being sold to the Cocoa plantations in Fernando Po.

Arrived at Fernando Po, Zo was compelled to work long hours and hard. For a time he kept himself free from entangling love alliances, thinking ever of the far away Pameta. Finally he fell for one Marie a beautiful woman of opposite complexion to his ebony love. She intrigued him into giving her all the little money he had saved and carried to Fernando Po with him under the pretense, that she would help him to escape. Many harrowing details are related concerning the treatment accorded the African slaces on these Spanish controlled plantations at Fernando Po. Mr. Schuyler graphically describes the toll of life taken by Social diseases the various tropical fevers and general unsanitary conditions

His time up at Fernando Po Zo. is sent back to Monrovia. There he receives seven pounds for his two years labor at Fernando Po, while walking in the streets one night conversing with one whom he considered a friend Zo was arrested for disturbing the peace and fined seven pounds; after the judge had ascertained that that was all he had. Zo was enlightened to find that most of the fellows who returned with him from Fernando Po were likewise incarcerated for disturbing the peace and fined whatever amount they had been relieved of by their captors on being committed to gaol.

Commissioner Jackson had never really possessed Pameta; for though she had yielded herself to him it was never willingly. The result of her relations with him was a body pallouted by the ravages of social diseases, and emaciated because of worry and illness. Jackson one night in his drunkenness decided that he must possess her. As usual he made his overtures and was rebuffed. Finally he had his way. Afterwards upon the discovery that Pameta's body was covered with sores and other evidences of the social disease she bore Jackson was horror stricken; for she had accused him of being the author of her affliction. He cast her out, of his hut and she lay suffering upon the ground in its vicinity.

Zo, shortly returned from Fernando Po, pretty well satisfied despite the fact that he was broke—thanks to the Monrovia judges' kindness—heard the sobbing of Pameta. He went to the form he saw huddled on the ground. He was not prepared for the sight that greeted his gaze for it was his wife Pameta. She told him the sad story of what had happened; the cruelties she had been compelled to bear as Jackson's concubine; the useless attempt she had made to conserve her marital chastity. It was only given her to see Zo once more for after telling him about her disgrace she died.

Zo, determined, and calculating, cooly decided the fate of commissioner Jackson. He was Judge and Jury. He decided also that he would take upon himself, the role of executioner. Successful in evading the sentry who paced about the commissioner's mansion without, Zo entered the portals where he found the commissioner endeavoring to forget his infection by heavy drinking. He reminded the commissioner of the several scores he had to settle with him. and with dispatch set about his bloody task. The commissioner's call for aid was not answered until he had been sent beyond the power of human assistance. Zo used a knife for his purpose. Zo, of course, was killed by the sentry.. President Johnson was rather pleased with the turn of affairs for Jackson had ill-concealed designs upon the presidential seat.

As it was the Conservative Party continued victorious and Johnson remained its presidential choice Tom Saunders presidential nominee of the liberal party has been trying unsuccessfully for decades to bring about needed reforms but to no avail. Finally he has made pilgrimages to Europe and America to invoke outside aid in righting obvious Governmental wrongs practiced against the natives.

Slaves Today is only to be fully appreciated by reading it. No mere review could include all the ghastly and harrowing details that are de-

scribed by Mr. Schuyler with such consummate skill. One is compelled to marvel at the stupendous amount of knowledge about places, people, topography, flora, fauna, and governmental operations displayed by the author as the result of by three months of investigation A splendid aid to an appreciation of Slaves Today is having read Mr. Schuylers newspaper articles on Liberian Slavery. The book will cause quite a sensation; for it is without evasion in setting forth definite principles of human relations.

H. W, Baumgardner,

November 13, 1931

"What the Negro Thinks"

New York Age

Robert Russa Moton

(Doubleday, Doran & Co.; Garden City, New York)

No book on racial affairs published within the last few years has been so eagerly sought after, by me, than Dr. Moton's "What The Negro Thinks." When this book was placed on the market (1929) I was in Alabama. The southern white press wrote highly of the volume. About the same time the members of the Alabama Legislature passed a resolution of thanks to Dr. Moton and Tuskegee.

This book, by now, is well-known to all our readers and the reviewers have discussed it, pro and con. Contrary to some of the comments I've read in the past, I failed to find the literary punches of the author "pulled" in any sense.

Having, only last week placed myself on record as saying that Edwin R. Embree's "Brown America," should be read by all white Americans' I am equally sincere in saying that Dr. Moton's "What The Negro Thinks" would make an excellent companion book to "Brown America." The one by a leading white American and the other by a leading colored American.

I observed, while in Alabama, that when Dr. Moton travels, a special car is placed at his disposal and he is accorded every courtesy that is due to such a leading American. His privileges, however, have not dimmed his vision, stilled his tongue, nor stopped his pen from voicing the unjust, humiliating and idiotic racial prejudice that confronts all black Americans. In reading his "What The Negro Thinks" I have satisfied a longing of two and a half years, for which I owe thanks to Alban L. Hosey, the donor of this volume.

CLIFFORD C. MITCHELL

"Some Go Up," a novel of the New South, has been published by McBride. The author is Samuel Tupper, Jr.

Joel Chandler Harris Revealed As Frank in Criticism of South

Atlanta Ga.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
GAZETTE

NOV 3 1931

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Nov. 1. (UP)—Joel Chandler Harris is best known for his tales of "Uncle Remus," but his other writings, editorials, essays and political articles, now compiled in an attractive volume by his admiring daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris, demonstrate infinitely more the breadth of his knowledge and observation.

The book, "Joel Chandler Harris, Editor and Essayist," was released for sale this week by University of North Carolina Press. The volume is heralded as an important contribution to southern literature in view of its complete picture of one of the most stirring periods in the history of not only Atlanta and Georgia but of the old south.

"Harris' interest in literary criticisms, in the political affairs of his extremely troublous times, and in the more serious aspects of life in the south has been practically unknown in recent times," the University Press announcement said.

"Even that large part of the public which still reads his stories of Uncle Remus have lost the true perspective of his more serious activities as a public leader in his capacity as chief editorial writer of The Atlanta Constitution for many years."

The volume presents, for instance, an article by Harris relating how Ben Hill saved Georgia from Carpet Bag rule, often referred to by historians who apparently did not know who wrote it. It was published in the New York Sun of May 26, 1874, and later in the Atlanta Herald, May 31, the same year.

Harris undoubtedly anticipated the criticism which later developed toward the south for its alleged inability to listen and profit by honest and intelligent portrayal and criticism.

"When the southern novelist comes to depict life in the south as it really was and is, his work, if he be a genuine artist, will be too impartial to suit the ideas of those who have grown fat through feeding upon the romantic idea that no additional polish could be put upon our perfections," Harris is quoted from his thoughts on southern literature.

"We have no southern literature worthy of the name, because an attempt has been made to give it the peculiarities of sectionalism rather than to impart to it the flavor of localism."

Harris is shown to have been a leader in efforts to bring about reconciliation between north and south. He deplored the misinformation concerning the south published in northern newspapers; and similarly was unsparing of his criticism of southern people who let their prejudices rule them.

Literary and political essays, attitude on the negro question, and familiar essays divide the volume into sections. Mrs. Harris is credited with success in an almost impossible undertaking, collecting and editing the writings which appeared scatteredly through files of old newspapers, magazines and private collections.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
GAZETTE

NOV 3 1931

MULTITUDE OF THE GREAT

In the first chapter of "Plutarch's Lives," the author of that imperishable dictionary of ancient biography says that as the geographers of that age added notes to their maps to the effect that beyond their borders nothing lay but sandy deserts or frozen seas, so he, after recounting the lives of the greatest men of the pact and passing through the periods in which real history finds a footing, would hold that there is nothing beyond save prodigies and fictions.

But he lived and wrote at a time when geography had not encompassed the globe and when there was no press to keep the daily records of the race. The American comprehensive biographer has not to fear that there have been some who have lived beyond the circle of the known and so have escaped notice; his concern is only lest there should be omission of the names of any of the known who ought to be nationally remembered.

American biography cannot be circumscribed in the manner of ancient maps. There are too many men and women in the United States whose deeds of misdeeds deserve perpetuation and the new crop is always large and frequently harvested. No American community is satisfied with itself if it has not produced at least one great man or woman and most of them have justification for such contentment.

The table of contents of the first volume of a new work on American biography begins with an astronomer born in New York and ends with an immigrant Jesuit priest who attained fame as a scientists. Between those are statesmen, educators, scientists, professional folk, a meat packer, pioneer manufacturer, a desperado, a playwright, an organ designer, a baseball player, a railroad executive, a printer, a rabbi, a navigator, an engraver, a showman, a humorous journalist, an Indian fighter, a minister and a Negro leader.

LYNN, MASS.
ITEM

NOV 5 1931

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New York Age

The Ghost of Stonewall Jackson led the Confederacy into Harper's Ferry again last week. The United Daughters of the Confederacy followed the "dear departed" to the very shadow of the statue of the immortal John Brown, and erected a piece of stone to "all the good darkies who refused to follow John Brown against their masters."

Like most of the battles of the Civil War, Uncle Tom was there with his face beaming on the Confederate side. Seventy-one years after Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, and clothed in the raiment of soul-saving, her [illegible] again comes to life.

Imagine a Negro preacher on the platform asking the benediction of God, whom his parents asked for freedom, upon a meeting sponsored by people dedicated to the proposition of keeping him and his forever in the bondage of inequality and forced labor.

Imagine what John Brown, whoever and wherever he is now, must have thought when he heard the Negro Spiritual "'Tis Me, Oh Lord—standing in the need of prayer" coming from the throats of Negroes whom his blood helped to make free, in the midst of his and their enemies.

The incident was pronounced by the *Tribune* editor "a black mark or the escutcheon of Negro intelligence.

A Texas romance.

THE CABIN IN THE COTTON. By Henry Harrison Kroll. 12mo. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.

Conflict on a Mississippi cotton plantation between planters and tenants.

Ivory: Scourge of Africa

By E. D. Moore

This book tells for the first time the exciting and romantic history of the Congo's bloody traffic in elephant ivory, the white gold of Africa. $4.00

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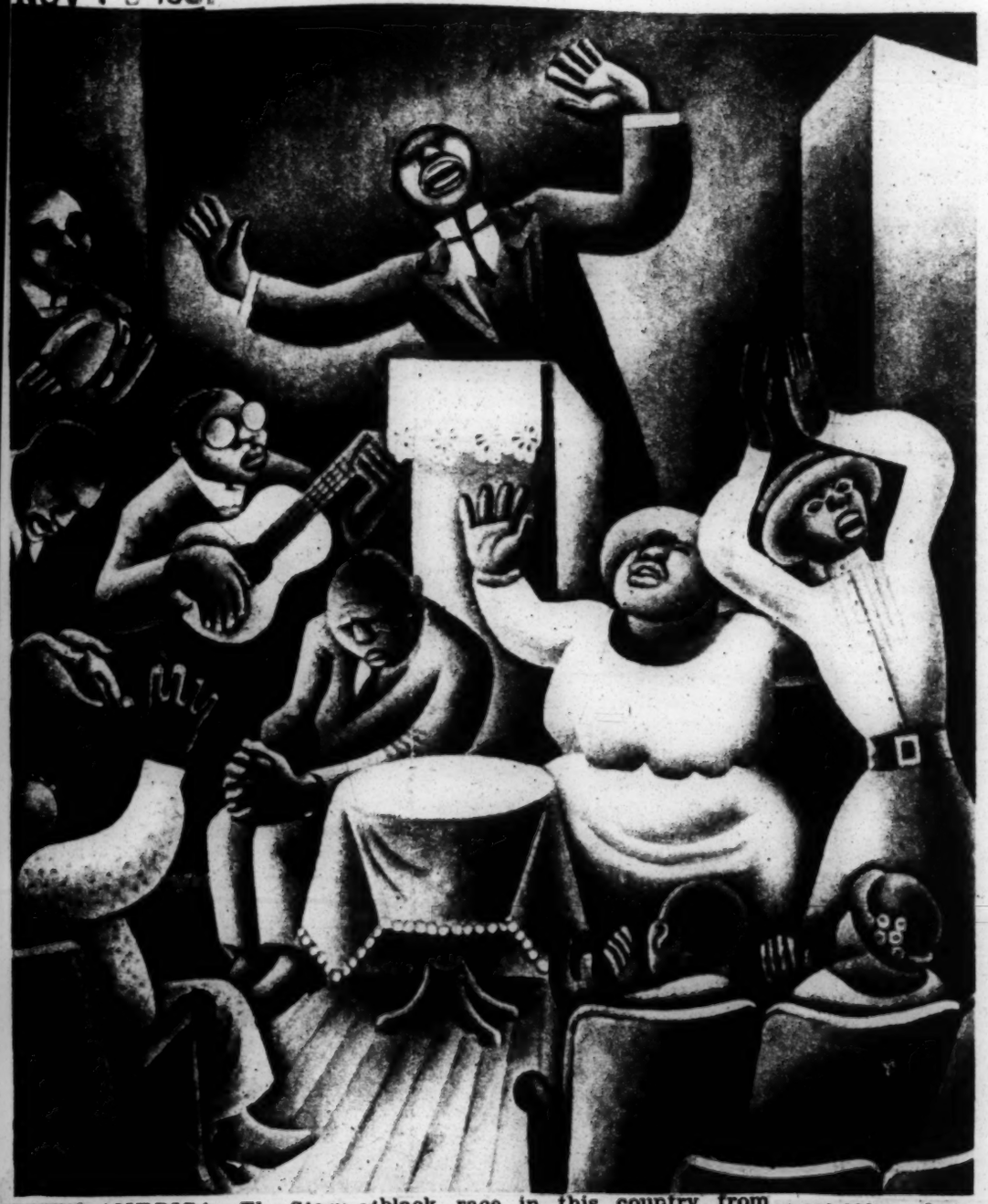

From "Negro Drawings" by Miguel Covarrubias (Alfred A. Knopf).

North American Negroes And the Melting Pot

Mr. Embree Holds That a New Brown Race Has Been Created in the United States

BROWN AMERICA. The Story of a New Race. By Edwin R. Embree. 311 pp. New York. The Viking Press. $2.50.

By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

MANY are the books that have been written about the Negroes in America, dealing with their history, their wrongs, their education or lack of it, their folklore, their achievements in industry and the arts. Negro men and women as well as whites have studied the black race in this country from various angles and have published their discoveries or theories. Now comes Edwin R. Embree, executive head of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, which devotes itself largely to the Negro, with his thesis that there is no black race in America. He holds that in its place a brown people, a new biological mix-up, has formed and is forming here, its blood a mixture of the three principal branches of man—black, white and yellow-brown. It numbers 12,000,000 and constitutes 10 per cent of the population.

The process began a few months before the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims at Plymouth, for in 1619 from a "Dutch man of warre," there were landed "twenty Negars" at Jamestown, the first of a stream of slaves to be brought here from Africa. The captives already were of diverse lineage and color, including Arabs and Moors from the North coast, small yellow Hottentots from the South, large blacks from Guinea. Some came from tribes that were primitive savages, while others were from kingdoms with arts highly developed, with a distinct cultural background.

The slave-trader, however, made no distinction as to color or culture, but mingled them indiscriminately in the marts for sale.

"Come to Jesus."

Members of tribes which in Africa would not have met for centuries were thrown together on the plantations or as fellow-slaves in the smaller households. Even if there had been no admixture of white or Indian blood, the generations which grew up in America would have been different from any single tribe in Africa and would have represented a mingling of all of them into a new race.

But in the new land other strains were interfused. Slave women bore children to white men. There were occasional marriages between Negroes and Indians, as well as other more casual connections, which introduced the red racial element. While there was less admixture of Indian blood than of white, still it was present to some extent.

Surveys as to race mixtures, made in recent times, throw some light on the matter. Such records were not kept in slave days, for the child took the status and color of its mother, and the national census reports only two classifications with regard to color, black and mulatto. Melville J. Herskovits, who studied groups and made case records of several thousand individuals, reports that information given him indicates only 20 per cent pure African today, as against 80 per cent of mixed blood.

Mr. Embree is of the opinion that the greatest amount of interbreeding occurred a century or more ago. In recent years the Indians have been fewer in number and concentrated on their reservations, while sentiment among both blacks and whites has been increasingly opposed to further mixture of the races. But marriage among the Negroes of such diverse lineage tends to distribute the primary strains more evenly, so that,

> even if there is no more infusion of white blood, a few more generations of mingling among the Negroes themselves will bring about so general a distribution of inheritance strains that it is likely that every Negro in America will have some white blood and most of them some Indian ancestry.

Recent scientific surveys such as that made by Mr. Herskovitz show that despite this widespread mixture of diverse African strains, together with the white and the Indian, the American Negroes are forming a racial group of astonishing uniformity as to physical make-up. Research students estimate racial traits according to a dozen or more factors, and these, taken together, show that "the American Negroes today are as uniform as any typical race of mixed ancestry, such as, for instance, the Japanese or the Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Embree recounts the struggles that this race has had to make in its adjustment to new situations. The slave had to learn a foreign language, a new religion, different methods of work and customs of life. Having made this painful adjustment in slavery, with its injustices and hardships, he had to make a no less sudden and difficult change in life when thrust into the peculiar perils of the new freedom. The mistakes of carpet-bag Reconstruction policies of the North that put illiterate ex-slaves in office and in authority over their former masters are part of the ironic

tragedy of the Negro's life.

This new race has formed in about a century, a short time compared with the thousand years of the Japanese race, or the slow development of the Egyptians. And because it has grown up side by side with a highly developed civilization, it has learned quickly of the new industrialism.

The book is not a closely knit whole, but seems somewhat too much like a collection of magazine articles thrown together to fill out a volume. For instance, the account of the author's grandfather and his work in connection with founding Berea College is given disproportionate space. But on the whole the material is logically enough related and in itself it has authoritative value.

The book surveys some of the aspects of life as the brown race meets it. In education the Negro has been underprivileged, but conditions are changing, and more and better schools are being planned for him. Because of the fact that in the South the Negroes pay a comparatively small part of the taxes, less has been spent on public schools for them than for the whites, but much more is being done than formerly. And there are in the South numerous colleges and academies for the Negro, some of which have considerable endowment, high-class plants and educated faculties. Mr. Embree stresses the importance of four centres for Negro education in the South—Washington, Nashville, Atlanta and New Orleans—while not overlooking the work done by Hampton and Tuskegee.

The new race has not had an easy time keeping alive in the new environment. With respect to health the Negro is less fortunate than the white, for his death rate is more than 50 per cent higher. "In Tennessee the death rate for Negro children of elementary school age is ten times that of white children." But here, too, progress is being made. With more attention to sanitation and hygiene the brown people will become healthier.

At making a living the colored man has been handicapped. The transplanted race grew up to work in the fields, to grow cotton, tobacco, cane, rice. Statistics show that of the four and a half million Negroes gainfully employed two million are farm workers. But the trend is now away from farming and toward the new industrialism. The brown man is learning all sorts of trades and professions and succeeding at them.

In the arts, too, the Negro is pushing ahead. In music, as is well known, he is especially gifted. In prose and poetry he is producing work worthy to be accepted on its own merits irrespective of race. In the dance he has contributed much. In acting he has shown distinctive gifts. The brown race in America is developing its own racial pride and is giving the world much of which America should be proud.

RAIL MAN WRITES HISTORY OF SOUTH

Need For Concise Confederate Story Inspired Work, Bob Henry Says.

Deciding that one had to do entirely too much reading to get a clear notion of the romantic and dramatic history of the Confederacy, Bob Henry, Nashville railway official and former journalist, has written a single volume history entitled "The Story of The Confederacy."

The first copies of the book, published by Bobbs-Merrill, and Mr. Henry arrived in Memphis simultaneously yesterday—Mr. Henry on his official duties as assistant to the vice president of the N. C. & St. L.

Not New But Concise.

"I cannot conscientiously say there is much that is new in my book," he said, "but in my own studies of the Confederacy I found a striking need for a simple Confederate history. Did you know that of 10,000 volumes written about Confederate history, nearly all are now out of print and most of the modern ones are biographies leaving great gaps in the reader's resulting concept of the war between the states?

"So I have written for the laymen a history of the struggles beginning with the adoption of the federal constitution that led to secession of the southern states and ending with the fall of the Confederacy.

"The book has quite a lot of military detail, for despite the opinions of some modern writers, wars aren't all economics. It seems that you really cannot have a war without soldiers and battles."

Mr. Henry is of Confederate line age, and has been in turn a journalist, a lawyer, a railway executive and a magazine writer. His articles on economics in the "Nation's Business" have attracted favorable comment.

Praises Confederate Soldier.

Despite an admitted passion for accuracy and debunking, Mr. Henry says he found he could not, had he tried, have destroyed the romantic picture of the Confederate soldier as a creature approaching perfection in chivalry and prowess.

"The Confederate soldier actually was an uncommonly good soldier, when he had good leadership," he said. "Perhaps it is true that such a flowering of fine generals as the south found herself blessed with in 1861 would not occur again in centuries, and this probably explains the remarkable record of Confederate soldier. But all the debunking and skeptical writers of modern times will have a hard shift to reduce him to the ordinary stature of soldiers in less romantic wars."

A Book You Must Have

WORLD'S GREATEST MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT. By J. A. Rogers. Published by J. A. Rogers, 2293 Seventh Ave., New York. Price, $1.00; by mail $1.10.

ONE OF THE COMMONEST American fallacies is that the Negro is a new race. In fact, he is ancient, perhaps the most ancient of races, so ancient, indeed, that his pristine glories have been forgotten, lost in the shuffle of the ages. The lapse of time, the cataclysms of nature, the sandstorms, the countless conquests sweeping over Africa, the ravages of vandals have defaced his monuments, buried his cities and trampled his records till succeeding ages have been unaware that they ever existed.

Such sporadic vestiges of Negro glory as survived were explained away by a concerted falsification that should make every honest archaeologist ashamed. The white world simply denied that the Negro had any share in them. When Abyssinia, a nation of black people with Negro hair and features, defeated a white nation in war, the white world calmly asserted that Abyssinians were white people. By the same process of etiolation every distinguished person of ancient Africa, from the Pharaohs to the Queen of Sheba, has been bleached out in the histories written by white men. One is reminded of Oscar Wilde's famous retort when told that one of his favorite stories was not true: "Well, if it isn't true, it ought to be." Historians seem to have taken the position that if a celebrated figure of antiquity was not white he should have been.

But the truth has an inconvenient way of surviving vandals and propagandists. Enough books and monuments and other data are tucked away in odd corners of Europe and Africa to refute all the bleaching-powder historians. All that was needed was someone with the ability and persistence to collect and present them, to marshal them in a book that would open the stubbornest minds. For fifty years this book has been seeking an author. Now it has found one in J. A. Rogers, widely known as a travel writer and the author of that much discussed book, "From Superman to Man."

For five years Mr. Rogers has lived and traveled in Europe and Africa, digging up records of the Negro. This has meant hard and sacrificial work, and it should have been subsidized by some of the awards and fellowships that are going around. Somehow, the most valuable workers are often the last to find support—a story as old as the world.

This book is the first fruit of Rogers' labors. It is an advance edition of a larger book that will follow if this one receives the support it deserves. In its present form it contains enough information to convince the most prejudiced minds of the part the Negro has had in the origin and building of civilization.

To be convinced, you don't have to read the text; you need only look at the photographs. The finest is that of the late Empress Zaiditou of Abyssinia, seated on her throne in the royal palace. If she is a white woman, so was Phillis Wheatley. The most informative cuts are those of the Pharaohs of Egypt, taken from their busts and statues in the museums of England, France and Italy. Fourteen of the Pharaohs are presented, and every one of them has excessively Negro features; such lips and noses would be called extreme in America. Among them is Ptolemy XIII, the father of Cleopatra. You will note, too, how many of them are named after Amen, the ancient Negro god—Amenophis, Tut-Ankh-Amen, Amen-Hotep, Seti-Amen, Amen-Emphet, Netek-Amen, Amen-Tarit, and some of these are the third or fourth of the name. The great Queen Tiyi is here, so are the beautiful Nefertiti and the sister of Tut-Ankh-Amen. If you can look at them and call them white, you need an oculist.

Other parts of Africa produced great men whom even white historians have not the hardihood to call white. This book shows us old King Behanzin of Dahomey, who beat the French for years, and was finally defeated by another Negro, General Dodds, of the French army; Prince Raoul, Lord and terror of the Atlas region; Kafur, the incredible eunuch, who rose from slavery and became emperor of Egypt in the tenth century; King Moshesh of the Basutos, who beat both the Boers and the British till his death in 1872: King Tombut of Guinea, who had 300,000 soldiers and a minister at the court of Louis XIV of France; and Mulai Arxid, founder of the dynasty which now rules Morocco.

And what shall we say of Mulai Ismail, who employed 25,000 white slaves to build his city, and even invaded England in the seventeenth century? Or of Chaka, the cruelest and perhaps the greatest of them all, who raised the Zulus from an unimportant tribe to the rulership of all South Africa? Some historians call Chaka the most powerful conqueror of all time. His story alone is worth the price of this book. He was a superhuman mixture of genius, cruelty, chastity and statesmanship.

Outside of France people do not know that General Alexander Dumas, father of the novelist, was one of the greatest military figures of the French Revolution, and that his statue stands in Paris. The Dumases are about the only family to produce three successive generations of famous men. In this book we see also the Chevalier de St. George, whom Talleyrand called the most accomplished person he had ever known. St. George, too, figured in the French Revolution. At that time at least twelve other Negro generals held commands in the French army, during the Revolution or under Napoleon. In the World War the air forces defending Paris were commanded by a Negro, Captain Heliodore Mortenol, who had 205 airplanes and 10,000 men under him. In the first part of the war he was commandant of the naval fortifications at Brest, and in 1891 he commanded a flotilla of torpedo boats.

A review can give only an idea of the contents of a work like this; some of the important matters must be left out. There is no room to describe the achievements of colored men like Abraha I, Emperor of Ethiopia, who saved Christianity in North Africa; his successor Abraha II, who started a thousand-year war between Christians and Mohammedans; Thotmes III of Egypt, who conquered all the known world 1,600 years before Christ; Tippoo Tib, the explorer, who pulled Stanley and Livingstone through; and Alessandro de Medici, Duke of Florence and son-in-law of Emperor Charles V.

Mr. Rogers' book is invaluable, not only to Negroes, but to everyone who wishes to know the world as it really is and has been for ages.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Bibliography – 1931.

A Review of the Book Jack Johnson

Negro World 6-27-31

"In the Ring and Out"

New York, N.Y.

By AUBREY BOWSER

(Continued)

Then began a frantic search for a "white hope" to whip Johnson. He was not to be found. At last they dragged old Jim Jeffries away from his comfortable farm to bring back the championship to the white race. All America was on edge; white pastors in the South prayed for Jeffries to win. But the Lord turned black that day at Reno, and Johnson romped through fifteen rounds, winning as he pleased. The white sports writers made much of the fact that Jeffries had been out of the ring several years; but some were fair enough to say that Jeffries at his best could never have whipped Johnson. Others have said since that neither Dempsey nor any other champion could have stood up to Jack Johnson.

The crown sat uneasy on Johnson's head. Unable to beat him with fists, the public tried other ways. They hounded and harassed him by every means they could think of. Throughout the American press, supposed to pride itself on fair play, a systematic campaign was carried on against Johnson. Things that would not have been noticed in another man were distorted and magnified in Johnson's case, till he seemed some kind of demon. His habit of taking up with white women made it all the easier for them. They made it appear that he ran after those women. Finally they succeeded in indicting him for a supposed violation of the Mann act. Rather than go to jail Johnson left the country.

In Europe he was acclaimed widely; his appearance on the streets always stopped traffic. In Paris he was the rage. Always adventurous, he went to Spain and tried bull-fighting at Barcelona. Strange to say, he was successful, and later he succeeded in the bull rings of Mexico. It is typical of American press ethics in those days that the only bull-fight that was reported was one in which Johnson jumped over a wall to escape a bull, and even this report was doubtful.

But with all his foreign triumphs Johnson was homesick; he wanted to see America and his mother again. He was told that if he lost the championship he could return home and stand trial with a good chance of acquittal. Everyone knew, of course, that Johnson's real offense was the holding of the championship. So Johnson went to Havana and fought Jess Willard, making him a present of the championship. The big, lumbering Willard never could have beaten Johnson on his merits. Many questions have been asked about that fight, and now Johnson sets them at rest by the out-and-out confession that he threw the fight to Willard; he was sick of it all and wanted to come home. He came, and stood trial, getting a year's sentence, though he really had no business in jail.

Jack Jonson's life was eventful, and there are many adventures in this book. Escaping sharks, racing automobiles, running down jackrabbits, riding with smuggled Chinese—all these and more make it a picturesque story.

NOTE:—This book is being distributed by The Negro World. See advertisement on this page.

WHAT'S WRONG?

Palmetto Leader 5-16-31

A letter to one of our daily papers was printed in part last Monday that had been sent in by a correspondent who is anxious to know "What's Wrong with the Country?" So anxious is he to know what is wrong that he would have that paper open up a special column and title it the "What's Wrong With Our Country?" department. To any and all of our readers who are in any way anxious to know what is wrong with America, and what some of the suggested remedies are we recommend a careful and critical reading of "Behold America!" a symposium edited by Dr. Samuel D. Schmalhausen and published by Farrar and Rinehart, New York, 755 pages. Price 5.00. Columbus S.C.

In his preface the editor says: "America is a social pyramid topsy-turvy-mad on its drunken apex. A land without leaders. A people without vision. Sheer Chaos and corruption. Anarchy and lawlessness to boot. . . . . Behold America! The noble dream and the ignoble relization; the bright illusion that has finally flickered out in dark disillusion; the marvelous pioneer promise that has blossomed so aenemically; the genuine excellences that cannot triumph in the midst of an universal indifference and insensitiveness; the tragic plight of genius that cannot come to full fruition in so hospitable a milieu; the cynic undervaluation of life, the unimaginative overvaluation of property; the colossal pagentry of education that astonishes he eye but fails utterly to enlighten the mind."

The book comprises besides Dr. Schmalhausen's preface thirty-three different men. Among the most brilliant chapters is number five. "Some Unsweet Truths About Race Prejudice" by George S. Schuyler, the only Negro contributor. Mr. Schuyler contends in his introductory remarks that a dispassionate study of exisiting prejudice against Negroes in this country will place the responsibility for such squarely on the shoulders of the owning class and its intellectual police. "Race prejudice lives and thrives because it is profitable to this class and flattering to the white proletariat." Mr. Schuyler supports this thesis with a convincing array of data.

The first chapter is written by Harry Elmer Barnes authority in history, international politics, and criminology. He has held professorships at Syracuse, Columbia, and Clark (Worcester, Mass.) Universities, and at Amherst and Smith Colleges. Mr Barnes' contribution is titled "Behold How We Have Fallen." It is his contention that the America of today has fallen a great distance from the America of Thomas Jefferson and the fathers. He suggests as means of determining in a small way the extent of the fall a matching by way of contrast Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia against "Calvin Coolidge's "Have Faith In Massachusetts," or "The Federalist" with Herbert Hoover's "American Individualism." Mr. Barnes' conclusion is that: "We should be on our guard against ancestor-worship, but one phase of 'saving America' might well be the recovery of our past heritage of honor, civility, tolerance, daring adventure, scepicism and good-fellowship which characterized the generation that founded our Nation."

Other well known thinkers who tell what is wrong in this symposium are John Haynes Holmes, Henry Seidel Canby, Abraham Lefkowitz, Jerome Davis, John T. Flynn, William Seagle, James Oppenheim, Harry Alan Totamkin, Roger N. Baldwin, and V. F. Calverton. Quite an imposing array. The answer to the question "What's Wrong?" is certainly to be found in the pages of "Behold America!"

HOME TO HARLEM BIGGEST SELLER N. Y. HEARS

Afro-American Baltimore Md. 7-11-31

NEW YORK—"Home to Harlem," by Claude McKay, is the most widely known volume printed in recent years.

Harpers printed 25,000 copies in the original edition, and a cheap edition brought out by another firm runs the total to 50,000.

Unlike some book publishers, Harpers were willing to give the AFRO figures.

Harcout Brace and Howe have sold from 30,000 to 35,000 of James Weldon Johnson's various books.

Knopf, the publisher, reports of the "Autobiography of an ex-Colored Man," by Johnson, 2100 copies were sold, and "Black Manhattan," 2500 copies.

15,000 Darkwater

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois's "Darkwater," (Harcout Brace and Howe) sold 15,000 copies, and "Dark Princess," 4,000 copies.

McMillan and Scribner

McMillan does not give out book figures. Their only comment was that Benjamin Brawley was their only colored author, and that his books have sold fairly well.

Scribners have not published any books by colored writers.

Claud McKay's "Harlem Shadows" (Harcourt), sold 2500 copies.

Taylor Gordon's remarkable autobiography, "Born to Be," published by Covici Friede, sold 4,000 copies.

Prichard's "The Upward Path" (Harcourt), sold 10,000 copies.

Poetry

Three books by Langston Hughes were good for 10,000 copies. They were all published by Albert Knopf "Weary Blues," 3100 copies; "Fine Clothes to the Jew," 1900 copies. Both of these are books of poetry; "Not Without Laughter," (a novel) 4100.

The Chicago Bee recently reported Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven," brought him $68,000.

The Black Man's Burden

Caliban in Africa. By Leonard Barnes. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

IT'S only about 50,000 words. The subtitle is "An Impression of Color Madness." It deals with the sadism and social degeneration of race hatred. The victim is the African. The patient is the Afrikander, the white South African of remote and culturally almost severed Dutch ancestry, together with the Britisher who is assimilated to his color craze. If we are to believe the author, such Britishers are few and queer.

Just a word about the author's credibility. His diagnosis and indictment are moved by the same admirable social passion which illumined the works of E. D. Morel and Roger Casement. The only flaw is that Mr. Barnes is so excruciatingly British. He is a congenital proconsul of empire. He is British first and decent afterwards. He would have you know that if Caliban were not predominantly Boer but Anglo-Saxon, he wouldn't be Caliban but Caesar. Hence, for all his choice intelligence Mr. Barnes puts down black on white: "The *Pax Britannica* is the most powerful influence for social good since the *Pax Romana,*" especially for the *colored* races, "who look to the British crown, and the British crown alone, for sympathy, support, and leading in their struggle toward self-development." Yet Mr. Barnes's Anglophilia makes not the slightest difference here, for his charge is incontrovertible. He crosses himself whenever the ikon of the British "crown" flashes into his imperially religious mind—but he tells the truth about South Africa.

And he knows how to tell it. For one thing, he writes with a concentrated perspicacity which might have been easily bloated into several volumes. But he has chosen to compress it all into an essay of distilled criticism, into a pamphlet. "Caliban in Africa" is a pamphlet in the great tradition. It is explicitly a charge, but implicitly a monograph as well. Mr. Barnes has not failed to draft the necessary scholarship for his propaganda with which to paralyze any possible vindication by those whom he attacks. He has the pamphleteer's ultimate skill of isolating his victim from any appeal to human conscience. And yet he does not leave him to the tender mercies of our unctuous hates. He lifts white South Africa to that abiding sense of pity in each of us which makes us wonder with a touch of morbid tragedy at beasts in human shape. The Boer, we feel, belongs to those eternal children of the race who "know not what they do."

Then, Mr. Barnes, who is a trained journalist, has a style peculiarly fit for publicism. It is farthest away from excited prattle or empty indignation. It is ironic but not cynical. It is effectively but impersonally malicious. It is simple for the ordinary, yet sophisticated for the more expert reader. It combines swift and sure, as against hasty, timeliness, closely fitting the social politics it handles, with an aura of dealing with the verities of human folly. Under Barnes the Afrikander really changes into Caliban. The poor race-crazed lout is dignified into the perennial brutality of man to man. He emerges as a sort of degraded and looney version of an Old Testament figure. Indeed, writes Mr. Barnes, the Old Testament, those inspired prolegomena of racial megalomania, is the Afrikander's primer.

But style alone is not enough. Mr. Barnes's main strength as a critical journalist is his method. It is a blend of three procedures. First, and throughout the book, there is running psychological analysis of South African interracial mentality. He describes this psychic degradation from various angles, as it affects both whites and blacks and their social crazy-quilt. The madness consists mainly in the Afrikander's almost total social preoccupation with racial hate and fear to the gradual evanescence of his other significant social problems, so that the national spirit, the culture itself, becomes a sort of glorified psychosis. Secondly, Mr. Barnes carries his psychological description of this South African sociality to its logical, or rather sociological, conclusions. He argues and points its inevitable consequences. He shifts the monograph into a pamphlet by showing just how these racial obsessions work socially, in terms of legislation, in policy, in persecution, in injustice, in the social illogicalness and immorality which kill the higher and fertilize the lowest social faculties. And, thirdly, he proves both his psychological description and his sociological indictment of Caliban by an extraordinarily judicious and strategic mastery of facts. His facts are comparatively few and far between. But they are so shrewdly tactical, they guide his view so perfectly, partly because they are taken from the mouths and statutes of Afrikander statesmen, because they are made and admitted by the dominant forces of Boer society, but mainly because each fact calls for no further context. It is like reading the main facts about Jack the Ripper. We may wish to know a great deal more about him to understand him better, but not in order to see his side. And so we may wish to know a great deal more about the South African race problem, but we can never think differently of the Boer unless his social outlook miraculously changes. And the miracle, Mr. Barnes assures us, cannot happen.

Mr. Barnes quotes some well-known Afrikander statesmen on the race problem. "No ethical consideration, such as the rights of man, will be allowed to stand in the way" of dealing with the black man, says one. "The dominant thing," says another, "has not been justice at all. . . . If we want to hold our own, we must exterminate the native." The great "liberal," General Smuts, is, if anything, more offensive for his unpleasant unctuousness. The social legislation against the Negro is really a legalized ramification of the third degree. And the social atmosphere is one of chronic *Schrecklichkeit,* a [illegible] of conventions. Besides, the whole social structure becomes increasingly irrational, and makes no sense in its growing hopelessness. The native, whose person and society are peculiarly bound up with the land, is being constantly legislated and wedged into smaller, less productive, wilder reservations, into a variety of wilderness stockades. He has no right to purchase land. "He is the victim of a common swindle," of statutory dispossession for white privilege. Even on the reservations the social patterns of the Negro are constantly torn up. Hundreds of thousands of black men are squeezed out from the land entirely. And so the Afrikander is beginning to legislate against their presence in industrial centers. Thus an ever-larger number of blacks are literally illegal entities, for they have no place to go in their own country. In fact, the legal color bar in South Africa, as the color bar everywhere else, is the juridical absurdity of making life itself a contraband. The Afrikander is much perturbed by the industrial ignorance of the Negro, yet he legally enforces this ignorance by limiting black educational opportunities to practically nothing. The whole system is based on securing the total insecurity of the native in order to exploit him. And the result is that the South African Negro is not merely a proletarian, but what the Germans call a *Lumpenproletarier,* not merely abysmally poor but degradedly so, a pauper without rights, disinherited and terrorized. Social politics in South Africa is the politics of fear. It is crazy. "The Afrikander," says Mr. Barnes, "is, in simple truth, a . . . monomaniac."

The Boer can do no wrong. The native has no rights. And there is no hope. There must be an explosion. "Even if a changed intention suddenly flashed into the Afrikander mind, it could not . . . . avert collision. South Africa must now proceed straight to disaster by mere force of inertia." Her sinister and tragic lesson to Jim Crow America should be rather obvious.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

CALLS NEGRO A NEW RACE IN BOOK

President Embree of Rosenwald Fund Believes New Type Is Here

CHICAGO, (ANP) — (The first complete story of the American Negro was finished today by Edwin R. Embree, president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Mr. Embree signed a contract for its publication with The Viking Press of New York, prominent eastern publishing house, and the book which, it is believed, will attract great attention throughout the country, is scheduled for publication in October. It will be called "Brown America: The Story of a New Race."

Mr. Embree in the manuscript treats the American Negro as a new race and not as a transplanted African. He gives facts and figures to prove that the Aremican Negro has blood of many different races coursing in his veins and that the group is the newest as well as one of the most interesting races on the face of the world today.

In the book he traces their progress in education, business, politics, folkways, and in gradual integration into the stream of American life and civilzation.

Bibliography - 1931

Book Review

"ROSY, THE OCTOROON

(Meador Pub. Co. — Boston)

In this book the author, Albert Evander Coleman describes in story form some of the sufferings of the Negro during the Reconstruction period and in his "Preface" column states that he personally verified many of the incidents while sojourning up and down the Mississippi River in 1868.

When one learns that Rosy is from Louisiana, the very title of the book describes her background, especially to Negroes and her counterpart can be found in thousands of living examples even to this day.

Rosy was fortunate in forming the contact of some philanthropic whites who gave here the benefit of scholastic and cultural training which added to her natural beauty and charming features and it is not surprising that she was much sought after by men of both races and all classes.

* * * *

In the story Rosy dies just as she is about to wed a prominent and cultered easterner, a nephew of her benefactor, but in real life the Rosy's of today find another 'out", even in the south where the laws forbid, thus making the octoroons more numerous and commonplace.

* * * *

This book, to me, becomes valuable because it represents a white man's efforts to arouse "fair play" for the Negro.

—CLIFFORD C. MITCHELL

COLUMBIA, S. C.
STATE

MAY 6 1931

"The Carolina Low-Country," a Forthcoming Work of Uncommon Interest.

Macmillan announces for fall publication a work that cannot but hold for readers of The State a special and various interest. The Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, unique Charleston group, has compiled "The Carolina Low Country," which, with 50 spirituals, or Negro songs of worship, most of them not heretofore published, will contain also a wealth of "background" material, in text, map and picture, descriptive and interpretive of the region in which these folk-hymns originated. A de luxe edition of 400 copies, numbered and autographed, at $25 a copy, will precede a trade edition; the net proceeds from the sales to be devoted, as are practically all earnings of the society, to the care of aged and indigent Negroes and the alleviation of distress among Negroes of "The Black Border."

De luxe copies may be had only through the society itself. With more than 200 copies ordered at $25, prior to the appearance even of a prospectus, the indications are that this edition will be absorbed by advance subscriptions. The book is already in process of production and will be ready late in September or early in October. Writers and artists contribute their services without compensation. Maj. Alfred Huger, president, writes to The State:

"We have tried, through the work of the various authors and artists, to depict, in prose, poetry, song, painting, etching and drawing, the spirit of the civilization of the Low-country of South Carolina, which went down in the defeat of the Confederacy. . . . The book has...a double purpose. It records and preserves some of the spirituals that we have rescued and expresses the feelings of the members of the society toward their home and the civilization of their forefathers, while at the same time doing an important and much needed work in charity."

Enthusiastic over the materials provided by the society, the publishers are giving the work a distinguished format. The book will measure 7 1-2 by 10 1-4 inches, will be printed on handmade paper and will be handsomely bound, with a specially designed jacket in colors, appearing through a glassine protective cover and further protected by a slide case. Textual matter will include: Preface by Augustine T. Smythe; "The Low-Country: Its Beauty and Its Glamor," by Herbert Ravenel Sass; "The Story of the Low-Country," by Alfred Huger; "Charleston: The Capital of the Plantations," by Thomas R. Waring; "Plantation Lights and Shadows," by Archibald Rutledge; "The Negro in the Low-Country," by Du-Bose Heyward, and "The Negro Spiritual," by Robert W. Gordon, chief of archives of American folk song, Library of Congress, Washington. Poems in the book will be: "The Yemassee Lands," by Beatrice Ravenel, and "The Island Boy," by Josephine Pinckney. The music and words of the 50 spirituals will be provided with drum-beat symbols to show the movements of hands and feet. The Gullah language in which the wording is cast will conform in spelling to the rules established by the late Ambrose E. Gonzales, publisher of The State, in his "Black Border" series. The arrangement of the spirituals is by Katherine C. Hutson, Josephine Pinckney and Caroline P. Rutledge.

Artist collaborators have contributed a round dozen of items. Anna Heyward Taylor, formerly of Columbia, designed the jacket. The endpiece, by Augustine T. S. Stoney, is a pictorial map, in the old manner, of the Low-Country. The front cover will carry an impression in gold of the society's seal, designed by Albert Simons. Four paintings by Alice R. Huger Smith are to be reproduced in full color, and a like number of etchings by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner in photogravure. Albert Simons contributes pen and ink drawings of Drayton Hall and Butaw Plantation.

The coastal country of South Carolina, historically known as the Low-Country, and the seat of one of the earliest settlements, became the scene of a plantation-supported civilization which ranked with and yet was quite different from that of Tidewater Virginia and of the lower Mississippi Valley. Those who are interested in the story of this people, in a past full of achievement, of tragedy, of romance, and who love the natural beauty of a region having peculiar charm, will await with pleasant anticipation "The Carolina Low-Country."

Lynching

By THEODORE DREISER,
Author of "An American Tragedy," "Sister Carrie," "The Financier," etc.

(Note: With Lincoln Steffens, Mr. Dreiser is heading a committee to co-operate with the International Labor Defense on the Scottsboro case. This article was written for the June number of the Labor Defender, official organ of the I. L. D.)

Amsterdam News

THE Negro, as well as the white, before the law, should be treated with understanding and liberality. Through no fault of their own, a century or two ago, some of them were drafted as slaves by the white powers and yet that, instead of evoking sympathy, has produced belittlement and hatred. Because Negroes are not, at present, a dominating race, some unthinking members of the white race manifest prejudices toward them and their conduct. And finally the prejudice-makers have grown to include even the more intelligent leaders who do not stop to analyze the standards and ideals under which they, themselves, were brought up.

Hence, not only laws unduly severe concerning the human relations of Negroes have been made, but these laws in the eyes of the unified Southern population have become so near perfection itself that the people almost justify mob-rule to enforce them.

In the present case two ignorant white girls, prostitutes, so it is said, and dressed in overalls, hopped a freight gondola for their home town. A crowd of white boys were in the car, and they all laughed and joked with the girls, who were said to be prostitutes. Nineteen Negroes—these did not include the nine arrested—came along. (Evidence of number of Negroes questioned, but well supported.) The Negroes and white boys got in a fight. and all whites and all but the nine Negroes fell or were thrown off. The white boys, saying that Negroes were on the train with white girls, wired authorities to stop the train.

Anyone who understands the psychology of the Southern people realizes that the news of Negroes alone with white girls is enough to make rape a fact! The train was stopped and two groups of armed deputies captured the nine Negro boys and the two girls. The boys were widely separated on three different parts of the train. The women denied that the Negroes had committed rape.

This crime in Alabama means electrocution. That in itself is to me a horrible travesty on natural conduct. And these girls, upon capture, presented no signs of assault and violence. Until they were taken to Scottsboro, which was excited with the reported rape and to sheriffs insisting rape had been committed, the girls remained quiet and made no charges. Finally, they were forced to. Doctors' examinations showed no bruises or evidence of viciousness.

A conviction in this case was rushed through in three days, and all eight boys (the ninth boy's case a mistrial) were sentenced to die in the electric chair. The state's defense of these chaps, being hurried, was not handled as carefully as more time would have permitted. The other boys as witnesses were lacking. The evidence of two girls really convicted them. Evidence of the character of these two girls, who were alleged to be prostitutes, was not allowed at the trial. According to Southern law, apparently, the boys were much more to blame than the girls, whatever the provocation.

Finally, at the time of the trial, feeling reached such tenseness that the Governor sent troops. On the day of it the hysteria was so great that 10,000 people swarmed about the courthouse. When the death sentence was entered against these youngsters the crowd, hooting and yelling, celebrated the "victory" while a brass band played.

Now, to me the whole Southern attitude toward the Negro has become a national ill. It is unreasoning and immensely unfair. They should begin to consider the case of the Negro from the day of his enforced entry into this country—the feeling evoked against him by the Civil War.

Yet, this is a valuable race with, as I see it, a great future. At this moment, though, the Southern papers are insisting that this particularly dubious case is one for mob-rule. Yet, such violence as surrounded the entire trial is in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, guaranteeing due process of law. A motion has now been made for retrial. For one thing, one of the Negroes convicted is, according to medical testimony, incapable of sexual intercourse.

If this motion is denied, then an appeal can be made to the Federal Court—a proper appeal. Personally, I feel strongly that, by transferring the case to escape the violence of Southern feeling, a more clear-headed view of the data may be presented. These eight boys must at least have a just trial, even though they are oppressed by a law unduly severe and emotionally enforced at this time in Alabama. Study the Negroes' past in America first, and then judge.

New York Times Review Books
5-24-31
New York, N.Y.

How would YOU like to rule a Tropic Island?

Faustin Wirkus and some of the natives who made him King.

Suppose you were suddenly to be crowned king of a magic island, inhabited by 10,000 blacks and lying green and mysterious in a brilliant tropic sea? How would you like to be initiated into voodoo rites, practised by hysterical natives in the deep heart of the jungle? Would you be afraid to hear drums beating in the night, celebrating your coronation as less king than god?

Such almost incredible things you find crowded into this book, all lived and now revealed in print for the first time by Faustin Wirkus, the young blonde Marine who ruled an island off Haiti. Every word of his true story will startle and fascinate you, every incident excite your imagination. The N. Y. *Times* says: "Nowhere is life in the bush told with more graphic power."

Just the reading for spring wanderlust! Also, you'll want a copy for your library. *Illustrated.* Bound in flaming orange. $3.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

The WHITE KING of La Gonave

by Faustin Wirkus and Taney Dudley

When Southern Labor Stirs

By TOM TIPPETT

New Republic
6-10-31

"This book packs more melodrama than a movie thriller. Unlike the movies, it happens to be true. A human document worth all of Southern labor's propaganda pamphlets and tirades put together." —*Buffalo Times.* $2.50.

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH N. Y.

Jas. Weldon Johnson's New Book of Poetry is Ready

New York
Afro American 4-11-31 Baltimore Md.

Nine New Poets Represented in Revised Edition of American Negro Poetry. Sterling Brown's "Slim Greer" Cited.

James Weldon Johnson's new revised edition of American Negro poetry came from the press of Harcourt Bruce and Howe, this week.

His 1921 anthology, giving 118 poems from 31 authors, is here expanded to a volume almost half as large again (almost 100 pages added), containing 184 poems by 40 authors.

The nine new authors included in the revised edition are, Gwendolyn Bennett, Ana Bontemps, Sterling Brown, Countee Cullen, Waring Cuney, Frank Howe, Langston Hughes, Helene Johnson and Lucy Ariel.

The work of the revision was done during Mr. Johnson's year leave of absence as N.A.A.C.P. secretary, and the fellowship granted him by the Rosenwald fund. Also during the same time he completed his book, "Black Marathon," and his striking longer poem on "The Unknown Soldier."

Leaders of the present day poets are: Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen. Mr. Johnson notes that the things the group does best are the so-called race poems, without dialect. One of the finest in the anthology is the ballad of "Slim Greer," by Sterling N. Brown, professor of English at Howard University.

SLIM GREER

Listen to the tale
Of Ole Slim Greer,
Waitines' devil
Waitin' here;
  Talkines' guy
  An' biggest liar,
  With always a new lie
  On the fire.
Tells a tale
Of Arkansaw
That keeps the kitchen
In a roar;
  Tells in a long-drawled
  Careless tone,
  As solemn as a Baptist
  Parson's moan;
How he in Arkansaw
Passed for white
An' he no lighter
Than a dark midnight.
  Found a nice white woman
  At a dance,
  Thought he was from Spain
  Or else from France;
Nobody suspicioned
Old Slim Greer's race
But a Hill Billy, always
Roun' the place,
  Who called one day
  On the trustful dame
  An' found Slim comfy
  When he came.
The whites lef' the parlor
All to Slim,
Which didn't cut
No ice with him,
  An' he started a tinklin'
  Some mo'nful blues,
  An' a-pattin' the time
  With No. Fourteen shoes.
The cracker listened
An' then he spat
An' said, "No white man
Could play like that . . . ."
  The white jane ordered
  The tattler out;
  Then, female-like,
  Began to doubt,
Crept into the parlor
Soft as you please,
Where Slim was agitatin'
The ivories.
  Heard Slim's music—
  An' then, hot damn!
  Shouted sharp—"Nigger!"
  An' Slim said, "Ma'am?"
She screamed and the crackers
Swarmed up soon,
But found only echoes
Of his tune;
  'Cause Slim had sold out
  With lightnin' speed;
  "Hope I may die sir—
  Yes, indeed. . . . ."

In the collection of his own poems, Mr. Johnson wisely included the oft quoted, "The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face," and "Listen, Lord," a prayer from "God's Trombones."

It is regretted that from the uncollected poems of Lucian B. Watkins ofttimes referred to as Baltimore's soldier poet, he was unable to secure the Prayer of the Race, "That God made Black," beginning:

"We would be peaceful, Father, but when we must
Help us to thunder hard the blow that's just;
We would be prayerful; Lord when we have prayed,
Let us arise courageous, unafraid,"

As a fit companion piece to Claud McKay's famous "If We Must Die." Like McKay, Watkins belonged to the world war group, who voiced their protest and rebellion against the color line.

"Book of American Poetry," a new revised edition. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt Bruce and Howe, N.Y. Price $2.00.

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Dumas Toward 1850.

DUMAS: FATHER AND SON. By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. 280 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

By ROSE C. FELD

ONE wonders after closing Francis Gribble's book of the two Dumas's why he was driven to write it. Not that he has not done an interesting and thorough job, but that so obviously he shows that neither of them, father or son, is sympathetic to him. Nor is lack of sympathy for his subjects all that emanates from the pages; one is continually made aware of something less commendable in a man of letters, one of whose fundamental virtues should be vision that goes beyond the stockade set up by convention. In writing of Dumas père Gribble insistently and often to the point of irritation reminds the reader that he was a quadroon, the grandson of a Negress; in depicting the life of the son, it is his illegitimacy that he exhibits and always with a degree of animus that closely resembles the taunts of small boys torturing a comrade for a crime not of his doing, as was indeed the experience of Dumas fils at school.

The world knows the hereditary background of these two and, with more understanding than their biographer, blames neither for it. It is fair to say that Mr. Gribble does not condemn the two Dumas for the individuality of circumstances surrounding their birth, but time and again he explains their actions in the light of these particulars. The numerous amorous affairs of the elder Dumas, for instance, are interpreted as natural outcroppings of his African blood, although with inexplicable contradiction Gribble at the beginning of the book explains the fidelity of General Dumas to his wife as consistent with the nature of an Uncle Tom who is loyal to his plantation Chloe. Gribble, as the biographer of Balzac and George Sand, is the last man, it would seem, to forget that promiscuity and fidelity have nothing to do with color or nationality. History and literature are too full of conflicting examples of both to make generalizations about either and, when it comes to numbers, it might be added, Dumas is hardly lacking in distinguished company.

The delight that Dumas fils took in the company of the haut monde of Paris is, in equal manner of opprobrium, tied up with the strain of his illegitimacy. Psychologists and psychoanalysts often go back to emotional sources of this kind, but they do it with a probe dipped in the salve of kindliness and understanding. Not by the greatest stretch of the imagination can Mr. Gribble's acid pen be called kind.

For all that and for all his apparent contempt for his characters, Gribble succeeds in drawing a picture of the two men that is three-dimensional in result. Especially is this true of Dumas père, the creator of the "Three Musketeers." Through very virtue of his weaknesses, his amorous adventures, his buffoonery, his vanity, all of which Gribble cleverly portrays in incident and anecdote, he lives, a riotous and lusty combination of Falstaff and Rabelais. His mistresses—although so impulsive were his sympathies and so short-lived that one can hardly dignify all of his light-of-loves by this name — were legion, and he went with the same open-hearted ardor and the same generous delight from one to the other. The veil of secrecy never shadowed any of his conquests, his "cake-walk" as Gribble chooses to call them; and the latter with a prudery one is at a loss to understand in a person choosing to write about a man so absolutely a stranger to the term flays Dumas for it. No gentleman kisses and tells, seems to be his criticism and, while agreeing with him, one is bound to make the comment that Dumas was no gentleman in this sense of the word and never pretended to be. He was himself, as Gribble himself says near the close of the book "the man of genius defying all the conventional decencies of the social order and trusting to genius, unsupported by any force of character to pull him through." One does not swallow with equal ease his preachment that, "on the other hand, we have the patient, untiring social forces biding their time and taking their terrible revenge."

It is extremely difficult to understand this evaluation of the "drama" of Dumas's life. Dumas lived his years fully and richly and madly, a character picturesque and adventuresome far beyond any that his imagination created. At the end his physical and mental powers were depleted, it is true, and his money practically gone, but better men than he in the conventional and sanctimonious sense have had no kinder fate. Dumas, if biographers and historians are to be believed, died without remorse and without regrets, cared for during his last hours by his son, who had achieved a literary reputation that was overshadowed only by the one of his father. If one were to adopt the censorious attitude of Mr. Gribble, one would feel that the social forces, as he calls them, have been entirely remiss in taking their revenge. Through no stretch of the imagination can Dumas père be held up as a terrible example to illustrate a copy-book maxim.

Few men, however industrious, however high-minded, however loyal to ideals of duty and fidelity, have piled up the amount of work he did. His literary career extended over a period of more than forty years and in that time he wrote sixty-seven plays, ninety-two novels, twenty-two historical works, eighteen books of travel and fourteen miscellaneous works a total

Alexandre Dumas Fils.

as Gribble points out, of two hundred and thirteen books, published in three hundred volumes. The question of authorship and collaboration enters into this phase of Dumas's life and here, too, Gribble makes the most of his subject, again to the discredit of Dumas. He goes into some detail on the litigation between Auguste Maquet and Dumas, taking the position of defender of Maquet, who, he feels, was cheated by Dumas of both fame and money. The sympathy for Maquet seems wasted. Undoubtedly he knew what he was about when he offered to give Dumas the "dry bones" of his romances, as Gribble puts it, in order that the latter might breathe life into them. Dumas had this divine breath and Maquet did not and that seems to be the point of their collaboration. That Maquet died a rich man and Dumas a poor one seems in Mr. Gribble's eyes to justify his defense of Maquet's literary abilities. Perhaps it does, but the fact remains the average reader today would be sore beset if asked to give Auguste Maquet a place in the literary sun of France.

Throughout the pages dealing with Dumas père—and they form the greater part of the book—one is impressed by the fact that in spite of all that Mr. Gribble does to make him objectionable one likes him. One can't help chuckle with satisfaction at the vanity of the man who can say after coming from a gathering, "I should have found the party very dull if I myself had not been there," or at his son's estimate of that quality when he said that he could picture his father on the postman's seat of his own carriage in order to give the world the impression that he had a Negro in his service.

In dealing with Dumas fils, Gribble is less venomous and therefore, perhaps, less interesting. Not that he can be said to be sympathetic or friendly to the creator of "La Dame aux Camelias." He finds fault with him for being a fine fellow and a "bon amant" in his youth, for making copy out of his experience with Marie Duplessis, the famous Parisian courtesan who became the Marguerite Gauthier of the famous play and novel, for achieving respectability and a moral tone in his maturer years. Mr. Gribble seems a difficult man to please, but it should be said for him that his disaffection with his characters does not prevent him from making them interesting people.

Book Review

Greatest of Negroes

Amsterdam News
2-25-31

THE BLACK NAPOLEON. By Percy Waxman.
Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

New York City.

IF THERE is any man whose name should make your heart beat faster it is Toussaint L'Ouverture. When it comes to choosing the greatest Negro in history you may think of Hannibal of Carthage, but it is not established, or at least accepted, that Hannibal was a Negro. Then your mind turns to the great Haitians, Dessalines, Christophe and Toussaint. Dessalines was a terrible butcher and Christophe a remarkable emperor; neither had the genius or the character of Toussaint. They encompassed Toussaint's ruin by going over to the enemy, and when they repented and freed Haiti from the French all their political and economic policies were founded on those of Toussaint. Without Toussaint, Haiti today would be a French possession.

In the old college days there was a disposition to smile at Wendell Phillips's speech on Toussaint L'Ouverture as an extravagant case of oratorical license; but the more we come to know of Toussaint, the more nearly Phillips seems to have been right. You may recall that famous peroration in which Phillips mentions Cromwell, Phocion, Brutus, Hampden, Lafayette, Washington and John Brown, and then declares that in the future, truth, "dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue above them all the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture."

A white man with the achievements of Toussaint L'Ouverture would have come down in history as one of the greatest of all time. There has been hardly a man, unless it was Napoleon, who battled so successfully against such tremendous odds, and even Napoleon was trained as a soldier from childhood, while Toussaint was nearly fifty years old when he became a soldier. There is, indeed, much reason to call Toussaint the black Napoleon, as the author of this volume has so aptly done; there is a curious parallel in the two men's careers.

Both were born in humble circumstances, both rose by native genius and alertness, both got their chance through bloody revolutions, both had towering ambition. Both were military geniuses, of great personal daring, both were loved by their soldiers. Both, when in prison, were suspected of having secreted vast fortunes. Both met the same end, dying as prisoners. No one was more aware of this likeness than Napoleon himself; it was the main reason for Napoleon's implacable hatred of Toussaint.

All this and more has been vividly brought out by Percy Waxman, the editor of The Pictorial Review, whose "The Black Napoleon" is the best life of Toussaint that this reviewer has had the good fortune to read. There have been many lives of Toussaint's achievements which have failed to make us feel Toussaint himself, or to give us the full background of his magnificent career. In this book we have the achievements, the man, and the setting, all unified in a memorable picture. Toussaint, so often accused by his enemies of being a turncoat, is shown to have been loyal to his one aim—the extinction of slavery in Haiti.

Toussaint was a slave of almost simian ugliness. From the first he was a thinker and a religious devotee. He read and pondered and kept his thoughts to himself. One day he came upon a philosophical history written by Abbe Raynal, prophesying the advent of a black leader, who would raise the standard of liberty and put an end to slavery. From that moment Toussaint's life and all his endeavors had a specific direction; he solemnly dedicated himself to the deliverance of black men from bondage. He said nothing; he awaited his chance.

It came. San Domingo, as the French half of the island of Haiti was called, had four classes of people. The wealthy whites were the rulers; the petty whites were poor; the mulattoes were growing in wealth and numbers; and nobody noticed the largest class, the black slaves. All the classes hated each other. Along came the French Revolution, upsetting the regime upon which the whites depended to keep them in power. The Haitian whites resisted the new order of things. A revolution, with the slogan of liberty, fraternity and equality, could not consistently uphold slavery. Les Amis des Noirs, among them such men as Robespierre and Lafayette, were bitter against slavery in all French colonies.

The rich whites, the poor whites and the mulattoes all got to fighting each other. Two mulatto leaders were executed. No one paid any attention to the slaves. All at once the slaves broke out, burning everything they could reach and murdering the whites. Toussaint's hour had come.

Toussaint was a monarchist at heart, with no illusions about republicanism. He soon gained ascendancy in the black army. The turmoil in San Domingo encouraged the Spanish in the eastern half of the island to make encroachments on the French half. Toussaint marched against them and beat them. But when Louis XVI was guillotined Toussaint, knowing that the republicans would only try to enforce slavery, went over to the Spanish. They made him a general and in command of their armies he attacked the French, winning back for the Spanish the territory he had taken from them.

But soon the Spanish made a treaty with the English, whom Toussaint distrusted thoroughly. The English were slaveholders, and Toussaint felt that they would refasten slavery upon the island. He promptly deserted the Spanish and went back to the French, taking up his former job of beating the Spanish, with the English thrown in. It does not fall to every man to beat the three leading nations of his time; Toussaint did it decisively.

The rest is well known. Napoleon, fuming at what he called Toussaint's presumption, sent 30,000 of his best soldiers to subdue the blacks, and later sent 20,000 more. Not many of them ever saw France again. Toussaint, finally captured by treachery, was taken to Europe to die in a cold dungeon; but the men whom he had trained carried on, and long before Napoleon died Haiti was free. Napoleon, brooding in a prison at St. Helena, admitted that his treatment of Toussaint was a blunder.

In genius and statecraft Toussaint was indeed the black Napoleon; in character and loftiness of aim he was far above the Corsican. Percy Waxman has done full justice to his noble subject.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

POMONA, CAL.
PROGRESS

APR 11 1931

A Menace or Benefit, Which?

"Refusal of the whites to tell the truth about their own people, or allow others to tell it, has made it impossible for any great artist like Shakespeare to be developed in the United States."

This is the forcible statement made by Eugene Henry Huffman, colored author, dramatist and intellectual leader of his race in California, to interviewers the other day. Huffman, a slim 30-year-old efficient houseboy employed at a palatial residence in Pasadena, has written a book, "How I Am Civilized," a satire on the white man's civilization, which is being distributed by a Los Angeles publishing house. Its frank, yet humorous discussion of increasing liasons in this country between whites and blacks, has caused the Ohio State Journal to demand the book's suppression.

The Negro author mixes sarcasm and wit to unmask the foibles of both races. Except for the romantic episodes the book is said to be an unvarnished chronicle of the development of modern Negro psychology. He says the Negro has been convinced that white standards of beauty and honesty are the only true standards. As a result no colored woman who is devoid of white blood can hope to marry into the wealthier Negro groups. The fact that the lighter a Negro's skin, the higher he can reach socially, naturally lead to under cover contacts between the races.

From the viewpoint of the whites this liason is deplorable. The illicit intimacy between a man of one race and a woman of another effects an intermixture of blood not conducive to the elevation of the Caucasian race. The contention is that it reduces the quality to a lower type, and is degenerating. White parents have a feeling of abhorrence and repugnance when there is seen the possibility of a union of their daughter with a Negro. But this Negro author avers that "over 3,000 cullud men in Shecago have white wives." He says: "There are now 4,000,000 mulattoes in the United States which belies the assertion of science regarding the danger of such births, and the inferiority complex of the Negro now threatens to increase this number."

Truly the Negro is a perplexing problem. Yet the Negroes are determined not to be ostracised. That great American Negro educator, Booker T. Washington, once said that: "No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized." There is food for thought in his plea that: "If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen." All very well, but is it necessary in order to accomplish this for an intermixture of white and Negro blood?

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"Head of a Negro." From a Painting by Glyn Philpot.

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Racial Groups as a Problem In American Industry

Dr. Feldman's Interesting Study of a Highly Complex Situation and the Possibilities of Its Improvement

RACIAL FACTORS IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By Dr. Herman Feldman. 318 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4.

By ROSE C. FELD

DR. HERMAN FELDMAN Professor of Industrial Relations at the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance of Dartmouth College has written another book on the subject of industry, this time on a phase peculiarly American, that of racial factors, and again, as in his previous books, he has succeeded in forming his material with the breath of interest. He is one of the few people writing on economic subjects who has the gift of combining scientific detachment with human interpretation, humanly portrayed.

The problem of racial strains in American industry is an extremely important one. No other country in the world has anything similar to it. Every nation has its lower tenth, the people living at the base of the social and industrial ladder, the large group of workers recruited to do the menial tasks that make the wheels of the better jobs go round. In the ranks of labor they are classed as the unskilled or semi-skilled workers and their pay is a fraction of that received by the man who has succeeded to the ranks of the skilled. In countries outside of the United States these workers are native to their environment, that is, in France they are French; in England, English; in Germany, German. Here we have a situation entirely different. We have, as Dr. Feldman points out, the Negro, the Chinaman, the Japanese, the Mexican, the Filipino, the American Indian, and, in addition, the vast population popularly known as "foreign," meaning thereby every classification of the white immigrant from Europe. Each presents an individual problem of growth and industrial assimilation.

It is only during the past fifteen or twenty years that the Negro in industry has become important enough to take on the proportions of a problem. He has always been an important factor in American life, to be sure, but as a race his activities were in the main agricultural. According to Dr. Feldman, the 1930 census will show seven cities with more than 100,000 Negro inhabitants and of these seven, two will have more than 200,000. Most of these come from the cotton States of the far South; the smaller number from the industrial districts of the same section of the country. Today they are to be found holding jobs as porters in railroad stations, as elevator boys, as workers in steel mills, on the railroads, in mines and in automobile factories. Rarely, however, does the Negro rise above the rank of unskilled or, at best, semi-skilled labor and the fault, Dr. Feldman makes clear, is not his but that of white prejudice against him. With precision, he tells of working conditions, housing conditions and wages imposed upon the black worker and the tale does not redound to the credit of white employers in particular and to American industry as a whole.

To many people the Negro problem is a recognized and accepted one. Of less importance numerically but equal socially and economically, is the problem of the lighter races that are not classed as white, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Filipinos. Industrial history repeats itself with the same monotony as political history. When a country needs cheap labor it welcomes the immigrant, no matter what his color or background. When the labor supply is greater than the demand the influx of foreign members of the human race becomes a menace.

During the middle of the past century when national stock on the West Coast was engaged in gold and land speculation, the coming of the Chinaman was hailed with delight. He it was who cooked, who washed, who tilled the land and all at a price that the white man thought a joke. None so poor but could hire a coolie whose standards of living were admittedly low. No effort was made, it should be remembered, to raise these standards of living. When economic depression set in the Chinaman with his meager way of existence became a menace to American labor and as such was agitated against. As a result a Chinese exclusion act was passed and a dam erected against "the yellow peril." That was in 1882.

In 1880 there were only 148 Japanese in the United States. The Chinese exclusion act was no bar to a Japanese and he began seeping into the country, taking the place of the Chinese. As long as agriculture and the industries connected with it could absorb him he was considered an able worker; as soon as his numbers increased through immigration and high birth rates, the same propaganda of prejudice and racial misinformation that had been used against the Chinese was directed against him. In 1924 the Japanese exclusion act was passed.

According to Dr. Feldman, the Chinese who are in this country today are no longer concentrated on the Western Coast but are scattered throughout the nation, changing their original agricultural pursuits to commercial or industrial. They run Oriental shops, chop suey restaurants, hand laundries; they work as domestic servants, cannery employes and miners. The Japanese, on the other hand, more recently transplanted to American soil, have in the large majority of cases remained in California, sticking to the land. But when either

tries to get into American industry on the same basis as an American worker he hits up against a wall of prejudice that is almost impossible to surmount. When he is hired it is usually at a lower wage, in a menial job and under conditions, in the shop and out of it, that few white men would accept. His record as a worker stands him in no good stead. Although many employers find him capable, ambitious, industrious, prejudice against him as an alien, racially and nationally, persists. One of the most serious aspects of this problem is the effect on the second and third generation Oriental. Although American-born, he cannot attain citizenship. He virtually belongs to no country for he is alien to China or Japan, whose language he often cannot speak, and America persists in keeping him an alien here.

After the exclusion act of 1924, directed against the Japanese, an influx of Filipinos began. There are now, Dr. Feldman estimates, more than 55,000 of them in the country. Their status is a strange one indeed, but no more strange than that of the American Indian. The Filipino can have no immigration law set against him owing to the fact that his country is under the direct jurisdiction of the United States, but, at the same time he is ineligible for citizenship unless he has served in the navy for three years. Today the same agitation against cheap labor directed against the Chinaman and Japanese is being directed against him and a concerted effort is being made to class the Filipino as an alien. Many organizations are supporting this measure, among them the American Federation of Labor. Reports about him as a worker are as controversial and confused as were those about the Orientals who preceded him. Along with expressions of opinion that he underbids older labor in America are statements to the effect that he tries to foment strikes to better his wages and conditions of labor and living.

With interest-holding thoroughness, Dr. Feldman takes up in turn the question of the American Indian and the Mexican. The former is insignificant numerically, the latter less so. Each, however, presents a racial problem that needs solution.

By far the greatest number of racial groups are classed under the general head of foreigners." "From 1820," says Dr. Feldman, "when authentic figures are available to the middle of 1929, over 37,500,000 people entered the United States." He goes into detail on the type of these immigrants, the shift from the north of Europe to the south and the changing of social values. The Irishman who came here three generations ago, a foreigner who had to dig ditches and carry bricks, looks down today upon the foreigner from the Mediterranean countries who asks for a similar opportunity for growth and advancement, but unfortunately in a language the American cannot understand. Under such headings as "economic friction at the lower rungs," "keeping the immigrant from employment," "the policies of industrial concerns," Dr. Feldman takes up the various phases of the American industrial attitude toward the immigrant, with special stress on the non-English speaking one.

The last third of his book Dr. Feldman devotes to the subject of scientifically, constructively and humanely meeting the problems of racial factors in American life. He believes that American industry cannot continue to ignore these cankerous spots and must take the measures to cure them. Racial adjustments are possible, he says, and points the way to their achievement. Racial tolerance in communities will transmit a spirit of race tolerance in the industries supported by those communities and, in the same manner, race tolerance of the men on top will be passed in to lesser officials and "bosses" in the plants. When a foreman knows he has no moral right or economic right to call a worker a "coon," a "greaser," a "chink," a "dago," a "kike," a "hunkie," a "canuck," or a "heinie," something exceedingly valuable will have happened in American labor ranks. He tells of an interesting program of racial and religious tolerance inaugurated in Cleveland schools and of the work of large industrial organizations in facing this problem of assimilation and dealing with it effectively.

One wishes this book, not a preachment but a sound exposition of existing conditions and their meaning in American life, could be read by every individual inside of industry and out of it who has ever made a broad generalization about the faults of any racial group. The spirit of tolerance it breathes ought to act as an excellent purge for misinformation, bias or prejudice of any sort.

Race Mixture

By EDWARD BYRON REUTER

An important study of racial intermarriage and miscegenation, particularly concerning the whites and negroes in North America. $2.50

THE BLACK NAPOLEON

PERCY WAXMAN

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE, the most extraordinary Negro in history, changed San Domingo from a hell-hole of slavery to a free black republic. The swift, exciting story of his life, ably documented, is told by the editor of the *Pictorial Review*. $3.50

NEW YORK TIMES

MAR 8 - 1931

OLD MANUSCRIPT TELLS OF LANSING THE PIRATE

Found in Kansas Farmer's Home, It Describes Adventures of Ruthless Freebooter.

Special Correspondence, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

DODGE CITY, Kan., March 4.—A manuscript written by Charles Lansing, pirate and slave trader, for publication by Isaac Peirce, Philadelphia publisher, but never printed because of the author's arraignment of Christian civilization, has been found in the home of Walter Peirce, Reno County farmer and grandson of the publisher.

The manuscript is bound and edited as if the publisher had changed his plan of publishing it at the last minute.

Lansing, the son of a Narragansett Indian chief and a Negro slave, began his career of freebooting in 1806. In the ensuing twenty-five years as pirate and soldier of fortune he saw many ports, witnessed many crimes and developed a bravado consonant with his career.

According to his story, when he was 10 years old he shipped on a French brig after runing away from Troy, N. Y. The ship was captured by a privateer and the men were carried to La Guayra, Venezuela, where they had their choice of death or serving with the rebels. Lansing preferred life and became a cabin boy on the General Santander. The ship turns privateer, and at the close of the voyage, the boy's share of the loot is $480.

Back in Troy, his relatives sent him to an academy to be educated for a missionary. In a few weeks he ran away to sea, was captured by a pirate who was contented to rob the passengers and leave them on their ship. Lansing next shipped on the Saratoga, a slave trader. Of this adventure he writes vividly of drowning thirty-eight Negroes to avoid capture by a British warship.

Lansing joined a pirate ship after the slave ship returned to Cuba and admits he became proficient in black flag technique. Near Cape San Antonio the ship was attacked by three American cutters. Lansing fired the charge that killed a marine officer. The Americans overcame the pirates, but Lansing and three companions escaped. In Havana he was arrested, but released on promise to serve on a Spanish frigate.

After many narrow escapes Lansing wound up in Cadiz, where he was held as a pirate. He found his father in prison as an Anti-Royalist. There is nothing in the manuscript to indicate the fate of Lansing. He returned to the California coast, served in the American Navy a year, tried his hand at piracy again and occasionally returned to New York laden with loot.

AFRIC NEGROES TREATED IN A NEW BOOK

Associated Publishers Present Worthy Reading in Frenchman's Book

The Associated Publishers, Inc., 1538 Ninth street, northwest, of which Carter C. Woodson, organizer of the Association for the Study of Negro Life, is head, has just issued "The Negro of Africa—History and Culture" by Maurice Delafosse, formerly Governor of the French Colonies, Professor at the Colonial School at the School of Oriental French Languages. The book is translated from the French by F. Fligelman.

The book is one of those rare works from which to quote a bit of its contents is to give a far better idea of its value, than for one to make comments on it.

H. Labouret in the Preface says of the book and the author: "The Negroes of Africa and African Negro Civilization, here combined into a single volume and translated with great care, . . . present an interesting and exact statement of our ethnological knowledge about this part of the world [Africa], and it is probable that this study will remain fundamental for many years to come.

Race Aptitudes

"The two works sum up the opinions that M. Delafosse had formed at the end of his life. They attempt to give an impression of what Africa has been in the past and to show the institutions, the beliefs, the arts and the present aptitudes of a race as yet scarcely known. The opinions of a scholar universally appreciated merit attention. They come in fact, from a man who has not limited himself to imagining theoretical considerations, but who has provided himself, before writing, on observations made on the spot and during long years among thousands of natives."

The introduction to the book is worth reading because of its frankness. Like Clarence Darrow's speeches it's greatest value would lie in the reading of it by white people. The introduction under a caption of "How Little we know of the Negroes" fires one on to read more of the book—then to finish it. Personally, I found no page of it dull. Especially intriguing were the chapters on "Negro Africa in the Middle Ages" and "West Africa from the Fifteenth Century to our Day." The book sells for $3.15.

—C. L. Frazier.

CALIBAN IN AFRICA

by LEONARD BARNES

"A trenchant and fearless indictment of the attitude of the Afrikanders (Dutch and British white settlers) to the natives in South Africa." —*London Saturday Review*. "One of the most forceful contributions made to the literature of racialism."—*London Bookman*. $3.00

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BOOKS

Edited by MONTE COOPER ~

"Then I Saw the Congo—"

JUNGLES PREFERRED. By Janet Miller. Boston and New York. (Houghton, Mifflin).

DR. JANET MILLER, after brilliant medical work in China, went out to Africa in 1926 to found a hospital at a remote mission in the Belgian Congo. "Jungles Preferred" is her account of that adventurous work—and a highly interesting account it is.

From Leopoldville, at some distance from the coast, Dr. Miller set out to travel by a small steamer up the Congo and other rivers towards her destination. It took more than 40 days to make the trip by steamer. Then she went across country in an ancient truck, over a road in which the elephant grass had attained the height of 12 feet, to a mission where a hospital had already been established, and there she stayed as resident physician until the medical man at the head of it returned from a journey. She then set out on the last lap of her pilgrimage, and began her hard task of establishing her own hospital, whose building was under construction.

She had been doctoring poor sick creatures all the way but once at Minga Station she felt an additional responsibility and her duties were exacting and often surprising. She rescued new born babies from the arms of their dead mothers; for no African woman will suckle another's child. Her own babies would die most certainly if she should do so. The motherless babes were buried alive with their dead mothers until word had spread that the White Doctor had salvaged one such infant; and within a week's time five fathers came bearing five babies to place in her care.

She treated lepers; supplied glass eye for a king; sewed up flesh that had been ripped into ribbons by leopards; fought sleeping sickness and doubtless did more than a thousand other things that she modestly does not mention.

Her book is filled with much beside the account of her profesional work, however. Her power of description is marked; her use of fresh images is striking; and her interest and curiosity in the country and the people of Africa never wanes.

Her book is informal in its manner, being mostly undated entries from her diary. The freshness of her impressions is thus given the reader: and because the most startling things happen in Africa in unending sequence it all makes for exciting reading.

Dr. Miller has a nice sense of fun and considerable humor. This she calls upon continuously, in part to overcome her loneliness, for in spite of the companionship of her three co-workers at the mission, she is often quite desperately lonely—as who would not be in her position?

Leopards and lions, elephants, cobras, lemurs and hippopotomi glide or pad or swim through her pages, as they do in all books about Africa. In her description of native life, however, Dr. Miller has the advantage over mere travelers, even those who gain much prestige with the inhabitants; for she is the White Doctor, come to live among them and with miraculous power to heal them and to rout evil spirits. The faith of the natives in her ability to work miracles for them is touching. It is sad to think what an uphill fight all such medical missionaries must engage upon. The sinister environment, the vastness of the country, the swarming millions must often dishearten a worker.

Her tolerance for native idiosyncrasies does not flag. Her pity for African ignorance and superstitious beliefs is sometimes surprising, implying as it does her belief that so-called civilized nations are without those characteristics. Perhaps, however, this belief gave to Dr. Miller added driving power. The sad spectacle of the failure of the human race to profit by experience or to overcome its ignorance and stupidity has quenched many a crusading spirit in these days.

Certainly the childlike wonder and vanity and joyousness of these natives are good things to preserve. It would be a pity to supplant these with the boredom and, alas, the viciousness of some of our people. Who, for instance, would turn the joyful pride of the young man who came to a mission service, resplendant in the pink brocade corset left him by the wife of a Belgian official—who would be so cruel as to turn this naivete into self-consciousness and shame? Certainly Dr. Miller would not dream of doing so, for her description of him in his glory is most sympathetic. He wore the corsets upside down and the garters made fine shoulder straps. Unhappily those who follow in the wake of such wise persons as Dr. Miller and her associates, who welcomed this young man and others, clad equal eccentricity, to their church services, are not of so benign an influence. Exploiters and vitiators of natives cannot be kept away, once the country is opened for travel. Natives in the South Seas and in Africa seem to be easy prey for these exploiters; but perhaps the gain, on the whole, balances the loss. I, for one, am not convinced either way.

Dr. Miller was sent to Africa by the Southern Methodist Church. As she went as a "special" under the auspices of the Madison Heights Missionary Society of Memphis, her term of service was three years. When she is in the United States her headquarters are with her sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Frank Cochran of this city. She is at present in New Orleans where she is writing another book. Two stories for children will be issued in the fall by Houghton, Mifflin. A manuscript describing her work in China is completed. After an interim of writing, lecturing, visiting her family and friends, Dr. Miller will doubtless return to some remote outpost, and there fight another good fight against death and disease.

M. C.

Toussaint Louverture

The Black Napoleon: The Story of Toussaint Louverture, by Percy Waxman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 298 pages. $3.50.

THE TITLE of this book and a part of its contents are bothering me—not so much from the literary or historical angle, but rather in the same way I was bothered by an interesting animal which another small boy and I once dug out of a hole in the woods of Georgia. The boy maintained that it was a *gopher* and offered to fight me about it. I had recently come from Kansas, where a gopher is a small furry animal like a prairie dog, and we nearly did fight because the animal we had unearthed in Georgia was to me a turtle, a sort of hump-backed land terrapin. I was glad we didn't fight, because I subsequently learned that the boy's father and The Atlanta Constitution also called it a gopher. I also learned that in still another section of the United States gopher is the name of a snake, and that fighting wouldn't have helped much, since in this land of philological freedom a gopher is evidently any sort of animal you think it is or want it to be.

I am inclined to believe that such historical names as Napoleon Bonaparte and Toussaint Louverture are similar philologically to the gopher, and that fighting about them, even mildly in a brief book review, is going to be similarly inconclusive; for such is basically the only quarrel I have with Mr. Waxman's readable and brilliantly documented volume. I wish he hadn't called it "The Black Napoleon." The true black Napoleon, if Haiti or the Negroes ever had one, was the mad, magnificent and bloody King Christophe; whereas Toussaint has always seemed to a good many Haitians to have been a great and good but curiously tangled combination, if one must institute parallels, of Jesus Christ, Judas Iscariot, Abraham Lincoln, Eugene Debs, a Roman mercenary general and St. Francis of Assisi.

Rather than marching with Napoleonic ruthlessness and efficiency toward a goal which would make him master of the world—even his little world—Toussaint had a great and pure and beautiful dream of freedom for his fellow slaves, which he sought personally to realize by means which at times became exceedingly devious, dubious and tangled. There was so much of the true Debs-and-Jesus quality in Toussaint that while wanting freedom for his fellow blacks he wanted also to protect the masters—not only their lives, wives and daughters, but also their plantations. Real final freedom was won by risen slaves in Haiti, as I suspect it is always won, with torch and sword, by fire, rape, murder, massacre—aided providentially at the last by no noble compromises, but by yellow fever. The idealistic methods of Toussaint had left the slaves, at the time he held his greatest power, in a position where only the name of their lot was changed. He called them free men, but sent them back to the plantations of the whites and made them work almost identically as they had done in slavery. Mr. Waxman neither suppresses nor distorts this record; nor does he gloss over the fact that Toussaint at times fought both for and against his fellow slaves, for and against his masters, sometimes on the side of the French, sometimes on the side of the Spanish, sometimes on that of the English. He seeks to harmonize the exterior facts with an inner idealistic direction to which he believes Toussaint was always true, and ascribes to him finally a character almost Christlike in its idealism. This is an attitude toward Toussaint which Mr. Waxman shares with the poet Wordsworth and many of the best historians. But why, sharing it, did Mr. Waxman choose to call his book "The Black Napoleon"? Does he perhaps consider that Napoleon also was Christlike? I am afraid this review has become just what I feared it would—a futile philological discussion about gophers.

Except for this:

It was Boukman who led the first massacres. It was Christophe who burned the Cape. It was Dessalines who ripped the white forever from the Haitian flag. If I were a slaveholder and wanted to keep my slaves, and to keep my head on my shoulders, I'd rather have a dozen Toussaints on the plantation than one Boukman, one Christophe, one Dessalines.

WILLIAM B. SEABROOK.

PICKENS' BOOK BRINGS DONATION TO N. A. A. C. P.

New York City.—As a consequence of the interest aroused in her by reading "Bursting Bonds," by William Pickens, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Mrs. George H. Goebel of this city has sent in a donation toward the work of the association.

"I am myself a business woman," writes Mrs. Goebel, "and you need hardly be told how heavy the demands upon all of us are at present, but the only logical result of reading your book can be to do what one can towards the cause which you so nobly represent. I therefore enclose my check as a small but well-meant donation to the N. A. A. C. P.

In the Congo

JUNGLES PREFERRED. By Janet Miller. Illustrated. 320 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

If you want, says Dr. Janet Miller, "to experience the chemically pure, official essence of ecstatic joy, just spend three years in Central Africa, and then emerge from your immurement, realizing you are actually on your way home. The supreme, incredulous delight which will be yours at that moment is an emotion for which the languages of the world have no word." Notwithstanding the intensity of her emotion as she started homeward, Dr. Miller had a very busy, a very interesting and a very useful three years in Central Africa, and she has written about it an entirely fascinating book, the kind of book that, if you enjoy accounts of what life is like in strange, weird places among weird, strange people, you find difficult to put down and are eager to return to again and again. The sleeping sickness was devastating the Batetela tribe in Belgian Congo and the need was dire for a hospital and a physician to stay its ravages. It was thought necessary that a man physician should go, but none could be found who would undertake the job, for this part of Africa is particularly difficult for white people and is called "the white man's grave." Finally Dr. Miller, who had had many years of hospital service in Japan and China, consented to take charge of the task. She went by river steamer and train to Leopoldville, then by a small river boat up the Congo and the Kasai Rivers for many days, and finally by an ancient Ford truck more days through the jungle and landed at last in the Minga Mission, the scene of her labors.

The book is a carefully realistic account of daily events—even if the author does sometimes speak about pushing her eyes back into place after viewing some particularly astounding and unbelievable scene. The reader does not wonder, for he knows well what might happen to his own in similar circumstances. He knows that the narrative is photographic in its reality, but he would have to go far to find another so rich in varied romance, so full of exotic color, so impossibly unlike anything in the life with which he is familiar. There are innumerable stories about the black people of the region, every one essentially dramatic, colorful, thrilling; tales about journeys here and there; marvelous tales of the wild life of the jungle; daily accidents; descriptions of sights of wondrous beauty; tales of service to the blacks and their gratitude—a thrilling, interesting, entertaining book. Brookhart had his own laugh when he wrote and published in a popular magazine his view of his trip and of Mr. Dennis. The author is a good enough sport to publish it in connection with his own article and together they make for the reader's entertainment. Woodrow Wilson as a Princeton professor under whom the author worked as an undergraduate; Booth Tarkington as a student in Princeton; some account of Mussolini's purposes and achievements in Italy from personal observation and conversation with the Duce; a portrayal of Senator Smoot; comment on European prohibition experiments with special attention to Dr. Bratt and his Swedish system; Dr. Patton, the Fundamentalist president of Princeton; Fuller Callaway, cotton philosopher, and "Puddler Jim," otherwise Hon. James J. Davis, complete the list of men whom Mr. Dennis enables the reader to see in both guises of his title.

Black Ulysses

COLD BLUE MOON. By Howard W. Odum. 278 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

In this novel, third of a trilogy in which Black Ulysses, with the aid of Dr. Odum, reveals in a picturesque, though a somewhat monotonous idiom, the soul of the old South and the heart of the black man, the ghosts of Big House Hall reappear in fantastic numbers and shapes to repeople a great plantation in the last days of slavery. This dark raconteur, whose imagination is so filled with the superstition and legend of his race, is in himself a striking creation. The author has used him twice before as a spokesman in the pleasant journeyings he has taken into the byways of his sociological study at the University of North Carolina. In "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" this same Left Wing Gordon was a wanderer in North and South, a 'travelin' man down that lonesome road." In "Wings on My Feet" he was a soldier in France and was unchanged by his war experiences. Now he has come back as a laborer on the old plantation which retains so many memories for him of stories told by his grandparents.

If inspired Whitmanian catalogueing can re-create the Old South, here it is in splendid though rather superficial array. When the author speaks in his own person, as he does at the beginning of each chapter, one finds still the sociologist turned poet rather than novelist. Here speaks the sociological devotee in melodious prose:

> Big House Hall at its prime was more than a house, more than a home, more than a mansion. It was a symbol, an institution, a way of life, reflecting a pattern of architecture, of culture, of civilization.

And here is the poet in one unbroken chain of enumeration of the elements of that "way of life" which had such significance as a symbol of indigenous culture:

> Evening and evening, first day and last, cracklin' of the fires, whist game and cozy corner, light talk and low, music and song. * * * Gray light of morning, barn sounds and farm sounds. * * * Hustlin' of the slaves, champing of the stock feet, champing of the grain. Up at the big house, tipping in to make fires, shutting out the cold, crackling of the warm blaze, smell of the smoke, crisp morning frostiness, bug-in-rug snugness and sleep.

And so the catalogue continues until the author has taken the "roll-call" of every facet of plantation life as it was in the grand days before the war and after. No detail seems to be omitted which could suggest the panorama of existence in the aristocratic Old South. The roll-call of the ghosts and h'ants is not the least of these lists. These are, as Dr. Odum rightly says, "part and parcel of the Negro heritage." Black Ulysses has become a master story teller and genealogist of spooks. The story of the Old Colonel, the Old Mistis, their four children, their horses and their slaves unwinds itself on a continuous thread of ghost stories mingled with half remembered facts. Occasional incidents and images from the clear depths of the Negro imagination, always fed by the fresh springs of childish wonder, compensate in part for the too repetitious refrains in the dialect.

Tales of the Negro

THE ROAD TO CANAAN. By Pernet Patterson. 240 pp. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. $2.

Ten years ago these Negro stories by the late Pernet Patterson might have passed muster very respectably. Today, matched against the work of the newer Southern writers, such as Julia Peterkin, Du Bose Heyward and Paul Green, they seem thin, a little contrived and indefinably old-fashioned. One does not question that Mr. Patterson knew the Southern Negro, and knew him well, but one feels that he viewed him always from the outside, without any quality of sympathetic identification.

The best of the stories are the frankly humorous, almost farcical ones—"Blow, Steamboat, Blow!" "Shoofly" and "The Batt'ry Vengers." Mr. Patterson's small boys, white and black, are engaging creations, grubby, vivacious and given to ingenious pranks. They are conceived somewhat in the Tarkington manner and they are, on the whole, quite successful. They are not, however, good enough nor funny enough to rouse more than a passing smile.

It is in the more serious tales that Mr. Patterson's weaknesses, and particularly his tendency toward sentimentality, are most apparent. "Cunjur"—a study of how a half-educated Negro's superstitions were played upon until he was harried into insanity—is well enough. "The Road to Canaan" and "His Drazzlin' Light" are, on the other hand, pretty feeble. Real drama, in Mr. Patterson's hands, is apt to become stagy and unreal. When he attempts more than surface comedy he loses his grip on characterization and turns literary.

After reading these stories, one has a fairly good picture of the Negro as a quaint, incurably superstitious and gayly irresponsible figure, but it is a picture which adds nothing new to what one has known before. Mr. Patterson's collection of tales is readable, at times entertaining, but, as far as permanent value is concerned, negligible.

African Races

RACES OF AFRICA. By C. G. Seligman. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. 248 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

In this new volume of the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, C. G. Seligman, Professor of Ethnology in the University of London, covers briefly but comprehensively the subject of the races of the African Continent. The question of race, Professor Seligman points out, is from the beginning a difficult subject to deal with, as no anthropological survey, based on physical characteristics, has yet been made in Africa. For convenience and on the basis of existing knowledge he classifies the "primary" races as Hamites, Semites, Negroes, Bushmen (with whom the Hottentots are grouped), and Negritos.

The history of Africa south of the Sahara is * * * the story of the permeation through the ages * * * of the Negro and Bushman aborigines by Hamitic blood and culture.

Briefly, but in detail sufficient to give the general reader a clear picture of the subject, Professor Seligman discusses these groups and their subdivisions in turn from the standpoint of physical characteristics, geographical distribution, language and culture. The Bushmen were the aboriginal race, and the Hottentots are the result of Bushman mixture with early Hamite invaders. Little is known of the Negritos, once widely distributed over Africa. The Sahara separates the Mediterranean races from the Negroes in the south, the Negro type in its purest form being found in Nigeria and the French Sudan on the Guinea coast. Among the Hamites, allied to the Semites and supposed to be of Asiatic origin, are the Egyptians, ancient and modern; the Berbers of Tripoli, and the Tuareg of the Sahara. The so-called "blond Berbers" show traces of Nordic origin. Among the groups with a large admixture of Hamitic blood are the half-Hamites and the Bantu. The Arabs claim a Caucasian origin, but the term has a cultural rather than a racial significance. A bibliography has been included for reference and for the use of more advanced students of the subject.

Bibliography - 1931

The Struggle for Existence Of the American Negro

A Study of His Status as a Wage Earner Which Presents His Manifold Difficulties

"Dancing Stevedores." From an Etching by William H. Drury

The Illustrations on This Page Are From "Fine Prints of the Year: 1930." (Minton, Balch & Co.)

THE NEGRO AS A WAGE EARNER. By Lorenzo J. Greene and Carter G. Woodson. 388 pp. Washington, D. C.: The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc. $3.

By ROSE C. FELD

A VAST amount of interesting material about the Negro as a wage earner is packed between the covers of this book. It shows him in the days before the war which liberated him, in the period between that war and the great war and in the days following the latter. Because of his own movement and shifting from place to place and job to job; because of economic shifting and changing, because of innumerable influences like immigration and control of it, of strikes and depressions, the material, too often given in statistical form and charts, seems repetitious and confusing.

In spite of this fault, however, certain things about the Negro stand out clearly and strongly. As a wage earner, as a factor in the agricultural and industrial life of this country, he has had a struggle for existence such as the white man, no matter how humble, is rarely forced to meet. His wage scale is the lowest; his labors are unwelcome when the supply can be met by white men; most labor unions bar him from membership; he is used as a strike-breaker and then, when industry is at peace again owing to his efforts, he is let out; foreign labor displaces him even in his own particular fields, and times without number he repeats the experience of stepping out of a job he has made his own because a man of lighter complexion needs it. Competing against white labor with what weapons he has, he finds himself continually trapped in a vicious circle of having those weapons eventually used against him. Chief among these are his activities as a strike-breaker and his acceptance of a lower wage scale; these are things white labor holds against him, refusing to recognize that the Negro is forced to these straits by the refusal of white labor to accept him on terms more constructive for both.

The authors of this book present their facts with little bitterness and often with seeming indifference to their implication. With the utmost candor they speak of the Negro entering many industries in the method outlined above, through cuts in wages and through strike-breaking, and give the impression that the moves are justifiable. Fundamentally and economically they are, perhaps, but American labor, which has made most of its advances in standards of living and working through the medium of the strike, doesn't like to be reminded that steel strikes and railroad strikes and mining strikes fought for such purposes were lost through the calling in of Negro labor. Neither does American labor, in the sense of white labor, like to be told that in many industries today plants employ large percentages of Negroes to avoid the possibility of a strike. One recognizes the trap in which the colored worker is caught, one sees, as the authors point out, that "the Negro is held as an unwilling club over the white worker" but at the same time one doesn't agree with the statement, quoted from another writer, that "the Negro has certain advantages over the foreign immigrant. He knows English and almost always he is decidedly reluctant to strike." Why the Negro is reluctant to strike is clear; he is afraid of losing what little footing he has gained. That is comprehensible as a fact but hardly digestible as a virtue. One can't help wishing that his reluctance was expressed on the other side of the scale, that of refusing to act as a strike-breaker. It is more than possible that this would serve to give him better standing among wage earners as a whole.

Against foreigners the authors express more than a little animus, and again, judged by causes divorced from an understanding of shifting nationalities in American industry, they have a just plaint. There was a time in our history where jobs of certain types were pre-eminently Negro jobs. The Negro was the barber, the waiter, the cook, the butler, the bootblack, the bell-boy, the janitor; he held most of the unskilled jobs in industry and many of the skilled jobs on farms. The coming of the immigrant took these jobs from him. The English butler and Japanese cook are today preferred to the Negro; the white waiter and barber, be they French, German or Italian, take his place in the restaurant and barber shop. All down the line the labor of the black man has been transferred to the white. In industry also members of Central European nations had, up to the time a curb was placed on immigration, almost entirely displaced him. The jobs left to the Negro are, in most instances, those the white man wouldn't take because the work was too humble or the pay too small. Even the least humble job, however, it is shown, is taken from the Negro in times of depression. What the white man isn't willing to do when he can choose between two jobs, he is anxious to do when it is a matter of working or starving.

The impression should not be given that the authors of this book make the volume a plaint against the white man. They do not. The outstanding virtue of this compilation of statistics and their interpretation is its concern with facts and figures. Often the story they tell is an encouraging one. After the beginning of the World War, for instance, the Negro, along with the rest of the nation, enjoyed the fruits of prosperity blown down in such profusion by the blasts of battle. Industry was humming all over the country, and what with the comparative dearth of men due to war service, to immigration laws and other contributing economic factors, the Negro was in his prime. This was the period when he entered the automobile factories, the lumber mills, the steel mills, the iron mines, as a free and independent worker, not as a strike-breaker, drawing wages hitherto unheard of in his history. In 1923 in Detroit, 13,000 Negro workers were receiving $3 to $10 a day. In the Pittsburgh steel district, with scarcely a hundred workers employed in plants in 1910, there were 16,000 the same year. Advances, if not as spectacular, were made in other industries. Numbers and wage scales were not retained in all instances, but that, it should be remembered, was true not of the Negro alone but of all wage earners.

In spite of the belief of the authors that the Negro is essentially an individualist and does not lend himself in cooperative efforts--a contention more than a little open to argument when one remembers his natural inclination to organize for social purposes, they nevertheless give some interesting if disheartening facts of attempts at labor organization. As a non-union worker the Negro has the employer on his side because of the lower wages he is willing to accept; inside the union, if he does manage to break in, he has to fight not only the animosity of white labor but the newly awakened prejudice of the same plant official who before was willing to give him a job. In Pittsburgh, Negro plasterers, thinking to meet this situation, applied for a charter for a union group and set their wage scale $1.50 lower than that of the white union, a rather naive, if desperate, move. Naturally, the charter was refused. Much of the most interesting and thought-provoking information about the Negro wage earner is found in the pages giving his relationship to organized labor.

As far as facts go, the authors have covered their ground thoroughly. Every phase of the Negro as a wage earner, including women and children, is taken up with respect to types of labor and wages. In many ways, however, in interpretation of facts, in point of view, in expression, the book is weak. Much more needs to be said than has been said and in a more comprehensive and authoritative fashion.

"Nigger Heaven."

From an Etching by Diana Thorne.

Ogden Nash, a Nonchalant Rhymester

HARD LINES. By Ogden Nash. 99 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.75.

THE informing material of Ogden Nash's "Hard Lines" is the old material of two decades of American satirists. Like Mencken, Mr. Nash is anti-clerical, but a little more anti-Protestant than anti-Papist. He is also anti-work, anti-Senate, anti-aviation, anti-Tammany, anti-Rotarian, anti-vice crusading, and anti-Rudy Vallee. But if Mr. Nash is a member of the civilized minority in his hates, his technique sets him apart from the routineer methods of hawking these staple antipathies. He has, as Newman Levy points out, achieved the first new note in light verse that has come into our literature in a long time.

Mr. Nash's trick is an easy one and quite possibly—indeed, very probably—the parodists and imitators will run it into the ground as quickly as the Dorothy Parker last line cold douche was run into the ground. But the future shouldn't be allowed to dampen the spirits of the readers of "Hard Lines." Besides, there is more to these verses, which have been appearing regularly in The New Yorker for some time, than satire and rhymes that have the dropsy. There is, also, a very pleasing fancy.

The fancy runs along with the satire in such pieces as the "Invocation," which is addressed to Senator Smoot, the smiter of Smut. It appears unalloyed in "Autres Bêtes, Autres Moeurs," a sample of which reads:

The fish, when he's exposed to air,
Can show no trace of savoir faire,
But in the sea regains his balance
And exploits all his manly talents;
The chastest of the vertebrates,
He never even sees his mates,
But when they've finished he appears
And O. K.'s all their bright ideas.

This is the sort of thing, with a difference, that made Oliver Herford and Gelett Burgess such pleasant reading years ago. It means that playfulness is coming back into light verse, that the hard-boiled convention is beginning to show signs of releasing the tentacles which it has coiled around the mode.

Some of the best of Mr. Nash is compressed into couplets, as, for instance, this reflection on common sense:

Why did the Lord give us ability
If not to evade responsibility?

Or this, on life in general:

I would live all my life in nonchalance and insouciance
Were it not for making a living,
which is rather a nouciance.

Or this on literature:

Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pance.

Or, again, this, on the theatre:

In the Vanities
No one wears panities

Or, though it is a quatrain:

I for one
Think the country would be better run,
If Mary Ware Dennett
Explained things to the Senate.

Mr. Nash's peculiar owlishness is most apparent in the apostrophe to Spring on Murray Hill. Here the rhymes and the sentiment have little converse with wit; they are simply devoted to being cuckoo in Mr. Nash's own fanciful manner.

Schuyler's New Book, "Black No More," Pokes Fun at Negroes and Whites

NEW YORK—The latest book dealing with Negroes and white people is George Schuyler's "Black No More" which made its appearance last Friday, January 16, being published by the Macaulay company.

The book is a biting satire on Negroes and white people, holding both races and many individuals, white and black, up to ridicule.

The story, from which the book gets its title, is based on the discovery by a Negro of a serum which will turn Negroes white and straighten their hair, noses and lips. After this treatment, Negroes look just like white people and melt into the white race.

Eventually, the race improvers and other reformers unite with the Ku Klux Klan in a vain attempt to preserve the colored race which has been their reason for existence. The situation is developed without sacrifice of narrative quality. The satire is direct and slashing; the victims include prominent Negro and white educators and reformers. When asked if he had written "Black No More" with a particular purpose in mind, Mr. Schuyler said, "None except to portray the high comedy of the American color question."

Countee P. Cullen says of this book: "I think the ablest, in fact, the only, Negro satirist, has done a remarkably fine piece of work."

Mr. Schuyler is one of the best known writers and publicists appearing before the Negro public; but he is rapidly winning an audience in the general American public. He is the author of a volume in the Little Blue Book Series. He has written articles for the American Mercury, The Nation, The Modern Monthly and other periodicals with a general circulation.

Ellen Glasgow Decries Advance Of Industrialism

Constitution

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 31.—(AP)—Ellen Glasgow, known as the first modern southern novelist, believes the industrialism of the south "inhumanly ugly"—the ugliness of concrete and steel. She declared today she did not wish to write about it.

"I do not like the twin curses of modern life—standardization and mass production," she said. "I do not like filling stations and smokestacks in place of trees and hedges. Yet, I like even less the hookworm and pellagra and lynchings of the agrarian scene, the embattled forces of religious prejudice, anti-evolutionists and the snarling features of our rural dry-nurse prohibition."

She added, however, that these forces are here to stay and the wisest course is to folow along until "the present runs into a bog and becomes

27 Famous Southern Stories

"STORIES OF THE SOUTH, OLD AND NEW," by Addison Hibbard, University of North Carolina Press.

Dr. Hibbard had a good idea and in this symposium has worked it out admirably. This is just a collection of short stories by Southerners, it is not even a list of short stories by a group of writers whom the editor believes the best of Southern story-makers. But the editor selected his stories for the peculiar flashes of light which they throw upon Southern life. He has stories of all types of people, from the South, he has old stories that go many views of the South, and cover many different periods.

With this in view Dr. Hibbard has brought together a group of 27 famous stories. They deal with plantation life and the new negro, with "the slowly-changing hill-billy of the lowlands, of traditional Charleston, colorful New Orleans, progressive Birmingham." It is a picture of the old and new South.

In the list of authors are two negroes Benjamin Brawley—and his story is one of the best—and Paul Lawrence Dunbar has written about the negro. The other writers represented in the symposium are: Richard Malcolm Johnston, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, William Gilmore Simms, George W. Cable, Grace King, Charles Egbert Craddock, Lucy Furman, Olive Tilford Dargan, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, Irvis S. Cobb, Paul Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnutt, Ambrose E. Gonzales, Julia Peterkin, Lyle Saxon, Lafcadio Hearn, O. Henry, George Madden Martin, Pernet Patterson, Emily Clark, Harry Benefield, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Paul Green.

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Mr. Schuyler is one of the best known writers and publicists appearing before the Negro public; but he is rapidly winning an audience in the general American public. He is the author of a volume in the Little Blue Book Series. He has written articles for the American Mercury, The Nation, The Modern Monthly and other periodicals with a general circulation.

Ogden Nash, a Nonchalant Rhymester

HARD LINES. By Ogden Nash. 99 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.75.

THE informing material of Ogden Nash's "Hard Lines" is the old material of two decades of American satirists. Like Mencken, Mr. Nash is anti-clerical, but a little more anti-Protestant than anti-Papist. He is also anti-work, anti-Senate, anti-aviation, anti-Tammany, anti-Rotarian, anti-vice crusading, and anti-Rudy Vallee. But if Mr. Nash is a member of the civilized minority in his hates, his technique sets him apart from the routineer methods of hawking these staple antipathies. He has, as Newman Levy points out, achieved the first new note in light verse that has come into our literature in a long time.

Mr. Nash's trick is an easy one and quite possibly—indeed, very probably—the parodists and imitators will run it into the ground as quickly as the Dorothy Parker last line cold douche was run into the ground. But the future shouldn't be allowed to dampen the spirits of the readers of "Hard Lines." Besides, there is more to these verses, which have been appearing regularly in The New Yorker for some time, than satire and rhymes that have the dropsy. There is, also, a very pleasing fancy.

The fancy runs along with the satire in such pieces as the "Invocation," which is addressed to Senator Smoot, the smiter of Smut. It appears unalloyed in "Autres Bêtes, Autres Moeurs," a sample of which reads:

The fish, when he's exposed to air,
Can show no trace of savoir faire,
But in the sea regains his balance
And exploits all his manly talents;
The chastest of the vertebrates,
He never even sees his mates,
But when they've finished he appears
And O. K.'s all their bright ideas.

This is the sort of thing, with a difference, that made Oliver Herford and Gelett Burgess such pleasant reading years ago. It means that playfulness is coming back into light verse, that the hard-boiled convention is beginning to show signs of releasing the tentacles which it has coiled around the mode.

Some of the best of Mr. Nash is compressed into couplets, as, for instance, this reflection on common sense:

Why did the Lord give us ability
If not to evade responsibility?

Or this, on life in general:

I would live all my life in nonchalance and insouciance
Were it not for making a living,
which is rather a nouciance.

Or this on literature:

Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pance.

Or, again, this, on the theatre:

In the Vanities
No one wears panities

Or, though it is a quatrain:

I for one
Think the country would be better run,
If Mary Ware Dennett
Explained things to the Senate.

Mr. Nash's peculiar owlishness is most apparent in the apostrophe to Spring on Murray Hill. Here the rhymes and the sentiment have little converse with wit: they are simply devoted to being cuckoo in Mr. Nash's own fanciful manner.

Ellen Glasgow Decries Advance Of Industrialism

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 31.—(AP)—Ellen Glasgow, known as the first modern southern novelist, believes the industrialism of the south "inhumanly ugly"—the ugliness of concrete and steel. She declared today she did not wish to write about it.

"I do not like the twin curses of modern life—standardization and mass production," she said. "I do not like filling stations and smokestacks in place of trees and hedges. Yet, I like even less the hookworm and pellagra and lynchings of the agrarian scene, the embattled forces of religious prejudice, anti-evolutionists and the snarling features of our rural dry-nurse prohibition."

She added, however, that these forces are here to stay and the wisest course is to folow along until "the present runs into a bog and becomes

She said that in her 14 novels dealing with Virginia she has tried to write a complete social history of the state since the Civil War. Beyond this her only purpose has been "to tell the truth about life in living prose."

Miss Glasgow is working on a book which she hopes will add to social satire. She considers her best book "Barren Ground," selected by Professor Lamont, of Rutgers, as one of the 60 great novels of all time.

27 Famous Southern Stories

"STORIES OF THE SOUTH, OLD AND NEW," by Addison Hibbard, University of North Carolina Press.

Dr. Hibbard had a good idea and in this symposium has worked out it mirably. This is just a collection of short stories by Southerners, it is not even a list of short stories by a group of writers whom the editor believes to be the best of Southern story-makers. But the editor selected his stories for the peculiar flashes of light which they throw upon Southern life. He has stories of all types of people that the South, he wanted stories that give many views of the South, and cover many different periods.

With this in view Dr. Hibbard has brought together a group of 27 famous stories. They deal with plantation life and the new negro, with "the slowly-changing hill-billy of the lowlands, of traditional Charleston, colorful New Orleans, progressive Birmingham." It is a picture of the old and new South.

In the list of authors are two negroes Benjamin Brawley—and his story is one of the best—and Paul Lawrence Dunbar The other writers represented in the symposium are: Richard Malcolm Johnston, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, William Gilmore Simms, George W. Cable, Grace King, Charles Egbert Craddock, Lucy Furman, Olive Tilford Dargan, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, Irvis S. Cobb, Paul Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnutt, Ambrose E. Gonzales, Julia Peterkin, Lyle Saxon, Lafcadio Hearn, O. Henry, George Madden Martin, Pernet Patterson, Emily Clark, Harry Benefield, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Paul Green.

Bibliography - 1931

Mr. Hergesheimer Creates a Novel Out of Kentucky Tradition

THE LIMESTONE TREE. By Joseph Hergesheimer. 386 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN "The Limestone Tree," a novel with a wholly illuminating title, Joseph Hergesheimer has followed his highly interesting narrative of the history of a Kentucky family from pioneer days to very near the twentieth century. While the characters may be assumed to be fictional Mr. Hergesheimer undoubtedly had his prototypes before him when he wrote, consequently his collected biographies are essentially, if not actually, true. Yet if the author of "Java Head" and "The Three Black Pennys" is, in the present book, engaged on family history and treating the same mainly in an external and objective fashion, he also has been intent upon showing the evolution of as proud a State tradition as any in the land. The book, therefore, has depth as well as length and breadth.

In the Civil War, Kenturky, torn between Northern and Southern sympathies, earned again for itself the old sobriquet of the dark and bloody ground. But Kentucky was, of course, both bloody and dark long before 1861. Settled by pioneers imbued with a fierce individualism and a fierce spirit of liberty, not only did Kentucky witness very terrible Indian fighting, but also feuds and warfare among the settlers themselves. Before the days of automatics, those men of the Appalachians and the country beyond were quick with their shotguns, and quicker still with their knives. It comes as something of a shock to realize that some of our ancestors were as handy with the blade as the Indians who surrounded them, or as the Orientals of today. Yet such was the case. And it was considered just as honorable to satisfy honor with the sudden thrust of shortened steel as it was to avenge insult with bullet or sword. And they were mighty touchy about honor, those Kentuckians! And easily insulted!

Whoever else may enter collaterally into the story, the main concern is always with the family and the descendants of Gabriel Sash. The Sash family forms the main stem of the limestone tree.

Gabriel was known as one of the long hunters, so called because their expeditions took them from the settlements for such lengths of time. On one of his returns to Harrodstown, however, Gabriel married Nancy Abel, the daughter of an Ulsterman who had come out with many of his fellow-Irish after the battle of the Boyne. Yet Nancy could not hold the long hunter, he must away again to the forests and the unexplored rivers; the blood of the woodsman ran turbulently in his veins. Gabriel did not return, and whether drowned or scalped none ever knew. But he left behind him a son, James.

In this, which might be termed the first canto of Hergesheimer's American epic, the early and fundamental difference between Kentucky and the deep South is dramatically brought out. Nancy's uncle, John Abel, had penetrated to New Orleans, where he had married, and where his daughter also had married. Father and daughter had returned to Harrodstown, the young mother bringing with her her own child and its slave nurse. The gentler culture of Laure is gall to Nancy's fierce mountain nature, and when the latter's little child sickens she believes that the indolently reared Louisiana woman has put a spell upon the infant. Nancy kills Laure, but she is impenitent over the deed.

"I killed her [she says]. She put a spite on little James that was wasting him away and I killed her. I am glad I did. He was Gabriel's son. You got a right to protect your own heart."

In this last line Joseph Hergesheimer gives, in what is probably Appalachian idiom, the sum and the substance of Appalachian mountain law. It was this blending of superstition and illiteracy with indomitable courage and the spirit of unyielding liberty that formed Kentucky tradition and continued it. John Abel, the bereaved father, would go to court and have Nancy "hanging in a month."

"No, John," James repeated. "You will take the child and black slave and go back to New Orleans. Today. The law will never be put on Nancy."

"How will you stop it, with Laure dead and Nancy Abel confessed?" John Abel demanded.

Beriah Mace stepped forward. He was quiet, too.

"Nothing will happen but what James says," he proceeded. "James Abel and me will tend to her," he indicated Laure's body, "and you will be keerful to agree with us. Right keerful. We're a big family of men and a faithful family. We won't never take our bothers to the court."

Joseph Hergesheimer.

Nor do they, down through the years. Later, a generation later, when Jarrot Bensalem murders James Sash, and Manoah Abel would marry another Nancy, and is forced to choose between his marriage and "protecting" the family "heart" by killing Jarrot, he selects the family heart. There have been many chroniclers of the Kentucky mountain folk, who have put their characters through similar choices; and Hergesheimer, treading their footsteps in "The Limestone Tree," makes vividly and authentically real the origin and growth of mountain law and the resultant mountain family feuds.

The history of the Sash family cannot be followed here through every step. The earlier generations prospered through trading and through the opening up of new lands. They left their hills and moved down into the blue grass. In the middle of the nineteenth century, with the clouds of war gathering fast, we find Gabriel Sash (son of James, son of Gabriel) owning Calydon, in the heart of Bourbon County, with prize herds of Devon cattle and a stable of fleet thoroughbreds. This book is dramatic with the race between Sash's Hymettus and Nigeria, owned by a neighboring breeder. Gabriel, quite unsuspecting of foul play, allows his horse to be ridden by a man who pulls the race. When he discovers the fraud, the rascal having escaped, Gabriel's Kentucky honor compels him to make good all the losses caused by the unfair running of the event. Gabriel feels that he would be justified in shooting Fauche Brimage, for the honor of a horse race is scarcely less than the honor of a woman; but is prevented by the fact that his sister has secretly married the gentleman jockey. Liberty and honor have both taken a queer turn; Eliza Rose will not give up her husband and divorce him, dishonest though he has proved to be.

The Civil War divided not only the people of Kentucky but also members of the same family, and the Sash family is split. This portion of the story is done with supreme tact, with a just appreciation of the logic of both sides, and with all the delicacy which so distinguished Mr. Hergesheimer's "Swords and Roses." Nevertheless, drama is not lacking, although it is drama more muted than in the earlier parts of the narrative. There is a touch of romanticism in the momentary passion of Elisha Abel of the Union Army, for a daughter of the Confederacy. And moving is the death of Wickliffe Sash, killed with many more of Morgan's dashing Southern cavalrymen at the battle of Cynthiana.

How is Joseph Hergesheimer to bring to a close such a narrative as "The Limestone Tree," a chronicle which, obviously, would never actually close, although the family history might become diluted and diverse? The author might have made a romantic ending with a marriage between the Blue and the Gray but if the prospect tempted Hergesheimer he put it aside. Elisha Abel does not marry the Confederate beauty with whom he was for a moment in love, and the story is carried on for still another generation. Gabriel is an old man at Calydon and his grandniece, Susan Abel, a girl of 19. Distant kin is John Dixon Folkes, Susan's age, but raised in France, not in the blue-grass. How Folkes, coming to Kentucky more French than he is American, is drawn back into the Kentucky tradition, brings the tale to its climax, a climax delicately yet convincingly wrought, with a sympathetic contrast of Susan and John with the dying Gabriel and his retrospective visions.

"The Limestone Tree" is richly and powerfully American; a carefully done epic-drama, skillfully varying its artistry with the varying periods of culture, and colored throughout with a virile human understanding.

PERCY HUTCHISON.

George S. Schuyler's First Novel Published

Mr. Schuyler "to all Caucasians in the United States ever to be published." The publishers also state: "Black No More," a novel, will be published Friday, according to announcement by the publishers, Macaulay Company, 257 Fourth avenue. It is attractively printed and bound, and carries a dedication from

A Negro Author Enters a Very New and Different Field

afro-american
Baltimore, Md
F-24-31

By THE BOOKER

Recently the Meadc Publishing Company (27 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts) published a highly imaginative volume entitled "Shades and Shadows," by Randolph Edmonds a young Morgan College professor. It is a book which blazes a path in an entirely different field, for Negro writers.

RANDOLPH EDMONDS

First, the book deals with a unique type of subject matter. Instead of the usual laments and wails about the race question, Mr. Edmonds deals with purely hypothetical situations which have as their underlying bases much broader themes than the interracial conflict in this country. The themes are of universal breadth and interest, and may be generally termed as mercy, justice, avarice, while one or two of the stories have to do with an ingenious, if morbid bit of treatment of a quite modernly laid situation.

The longest story of the volume is "The Devil's Price."

John Walton, a farmer living in the imaginary monarchy of Blufustu, is oppressed with debt. But he is happily blessed with the love of a dutiful and inspiring wife. One day he is approached by the devil himself who bargains with him for power in return for his (Walton's) life.

Walton accepts the toga, and arouses the peasants of the kingdom who enable him to overthrow the existing regime and win a dictatorship for himself. But when Walton has secured absolute rulership for himself, he becomes mercilessly cruel and begins a reign of terror that dwarfs the bloody French Revolution.

Walton is poisoned by a disapproving and perhaps less bloody associate of his, and while he is undergoing the agonizing pains from the deadly poison, he sees all of the folly of the bargain with the devil. The latter, now standing by, demands his "pound of flesh." Walton also sees the spirit of his devoted wife, whom he had assasinated in a fit of drunken revelry. The story here ends in an unexpected manner.

The next story, "Hewers of Wood," presents a very modern analogy to the situation of the Negro as a group and not as an individual.

On an island of unknown location a group of Negroes exist amidst the woes of slavery. Their lot is unaccounted for, inasmuch as the author begins the sketch with the chattel slavery without explaining the causes.

It appears that the slavery has always existed ("just as God has") and the Negroes have always prayed for deliverance from it (just as they do now) but without any success. One very "heretical" and daring chap refuses to serve any longer this strange and distant God who for no reason at all has ushered him into a life of servitude without first securing his permission and without lessening in any degree his onerous burdens.

As a matter of fact, it turns out that the multitude of Negroes who have worshipped so religiously this omniscient and all-just "god" have not been worshipping the true "god" at all but have been worshipping the devil.

Humorously, the "heretic" repudiates the deity who has doomed him to slavery "forever and ever," especially since this sounds to him like a very long time. Finally, the angel that is the emissary of the real God appears, sets everybody straight by liberating the whole wretched mass, and presumably they lived happily ever afterwards. That part is for the imaginative reader.

It must be mentioned here that in order to fully enjoy these unusual stories it is necessary for the reader to call into play his own imagination.

The title story appears to be the one most nearly the true expression of the author's opinion on the future trend of writing. Taking the part at times of Mr. Wentworth, the diabolical and scheming stepfather, Mr. Edmonds there sets forth his controversial views on the prospective popularity of imaginative stories in the not too distant future. He vicariously ventures the opinion that the reading public is weary of the realistic type of story, and now turns its attention to the gruesome monstrosities of the morbidly imaginative mind. He prefers that the reader should form the opinion that such stories are not really morbid but are 'imaginative." Therein, lies the justification for this whole effort of Mr. Edmonds.

The book is diverting as anything new would be. It is of particular interest for one primary reason, that is that there exists in the United States a Negro whose life has not become so circumscribed by his environment that he cannot bring forth an entirely extraordinary species of story, unconnected in any way with the woes of an oppressed people. For this reason the volume is especially praiseworthy and the effort of Mr. Edmonds should be rewarded with encouraging comment and worth while support.

Mr. Edmonds has had much experience in this type of story writing. Having made an enviable record at Oberlin College where three of his plays have been produced, he has made very constructive progress toward establishing a decided place in the curriculum of Morgan College in Baltimore for the serious production of fine plays and for the cultivation and development of artistic stage talent. His work here has gained national recognition.

"Shades and Shadows" though prepared in dramatic form was written mainly for reading and not for actual production though, of course, the plays are well adapted for the latter purpose.

America Turns White Brown In Schuyler's Latest Book

afro-american
11-7-31

"Black No More," a Devastating Blast at America's Color Line, by a Newspaper Man who Burlesques Garvey, Du Bois, Spaulding, Washington, Vice-President Curtis and Many Lesser Notables.

Reviewed by Lee

When the AFRO suggested several years ago that the race problem could be solved overnight, by the discovery by Poro or Madam Walker, of a bleach that would turn black skins white, Kelly Miller, AFRO columnist, demurred.

George S. Schuyler's new novel "Black No More," price $2, just published by the Macauley Company, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, has developed this very idea into an effective means by which, between the years 1933 and 1940, he changes all U.S. colored folk into whites except the die hards and those in jails and asylums.

Gland Treatment

Dr. Junius Crookman's electrical and glandular treatment changes not only the skin to white, but features and hair at the same time. It takes but a few days and fifty dollars in fees as the sanitaria spring up in every city and crowds storm his office next.

Rev. McPhule

There are the Rev. McPhule, the evangelist, and his holy rollers who like the dark best for rolling, President Goosie of the United States, and Madam Lueretia Blandish, 250-lb beauty specialist, who goes broke in the hair business when colored folks turn white, but comes back as Mme. Sari Blandine and makes a fortune in skin stains when old whites and newly whites go in for the skin dark fad.

Blacks Imported

America becomes so hungry for the sight of real colored folk that resort keepers import black bathing beauties from Africa until white women protest against the practice on the ground that it is a menace to family life.

Married Ex-Confederate

Mr. Schuyler is a well known newspaper columnist and lecturer, who for two years has been happily married to a daughter of a white Texas ex-confederate.

In the current issue of a local magazine she, writing anonymously, says that some day the marriage will be discovered and she will be unable to return home.

Father Has Colored Mistress

She says:

"My father, who has had a mulatto mistress for forty years, will feel that I have foully betrayed him. My brother, who has a colored daughter by a black woman, and is thought none the less of for it, will never speak to me again, when he hears that I, too, am now in a position to dilute the white race. But I would not take anything for the experience of these two years."

Why She Changed

Originally, the anonymous author says, she was a thoroughgoing Negro who hated Negroes but came to find she is mar- ried to one and her father is only

Wife Hated

the newly white here of the Atlanta Ku

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Knight Commander of the Nile, etc. newly whites go in for the skin dark fad.

Du Bois is a subsidiary of the K.K.K. newly whites go in for the skin dark fad.

Vice-President Curtis and Senator Bland- ing fad.

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The N.A.A.C.P. becomes the Na-

tional Social Equality League and Dr. DuBois

W. E. B. DuBois to Schuyler is

Shakespeare Agamemnon Beard. Dr.

Beard edits the "Dilemma." He talks

at banquets about "one of the black

race" and admits his blood is darkly

is part Fmech, part Negro, part Russian, part In-

dian and part Negro.

James Weldon Johnson

James Weldon Johnson is Napoleon

Wellington Jackson in "Black No

More," and slender Walter White, heavy

comes Walter Williams, colored but no

known to be colored

suspected it.

Dr. R. R. Moton is "verewigt" as

Colonel Mortimer Roberts of the

Dusky River Agricultural Institute;

C. C. Spaulding is burlesqued as Mr.

Claud Spelling and Eugene Kinckle

Jones as Dr. Joseph Bonds of the

Data League.

Schuyler misses no one with his

barbed shafts. The attorney general of the U.S. is Walter Brybe, who got his place by selling out to the corporations.

Negro's Wife Hated

The wife of the newly white hero is the daughter of the Atlanta Klux chief who hates Negroes but wakes up one day to find she is married to one and her father is only

Marcus Garvey is Santop Licorice and the U.N.I.A. Klux chief who hates Negroes but wakes up one day to find she is married to one and her father is only

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President Has Negro Blood

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Gland Treatment

Dr. Junius Crookman's electrical glandular treatment changes not only black skins to white, but features and hair at the same time. It takes three days and fifty dollars in fees and his sanitaria spring up in every city and crowds storm his offices the next.

The Ku Kluxers, advancement associations and Garveyites unite to stop the process without success. Crookman's millions buy immunity and the races are so mixed that nobody knows who's white or colored.

Turned too White

Eventually it is discovered that the new treatment produces Caucasians who are whiter than the others and persecution begins anew. It is sidetracked by the newest fad to dye skins brown. Eventually all America becomes brown-skinned.

Schuyler dedicates his book to all Caucasians in the great republic who can trace their ancestry back ten generations and confidently assert that there are no black leaves, twigs, limbs, or branches on their family trees.

President Has Negro Blood

"Black No More" is a devastating blast at the color line. The white Virginian cadidate for the presidency loses out because it is discovered he has colored blood. Other equally notable white Virginia F.F.V.'s are lynched for the same reason.

Schuyler has the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, famed for its statistics, issuing pamphlets on "The Fluctuations of the Sizes of Left Feet Among the Assyrians During the Ninth Century Before Christ," and discovering that 50,000,000 Americans have colored ancestors.

Marcus Garvey is Santop Licorice

Marcus Garvey and the U.N.I.A. become Santop Licorice, founder of the Back to Africa Society and the Royal Black Steamship Company Knight Commander of the Nile, etc. a subsidiary of the K.K.K.

Vice-President Curtis is Senator Kretin, whose Indian blood is darkly flavored.

The N.A.A.C.P. becomes the National Social Equality League and Dr. W. E. B. DuBois to Schuyler is Dr. Shakespeare Agamemnon Beard. Dr Beard edits the "Dilemma." He talks at banquets about "one of the black race" and admits in books that he is part Frnech, part Russian, part Indian and part Negro.

James Weldon Johnson

James Weldon Johnson is Napoleon Wellington Jackson in "Black No More," and slender Walter White becomes Walter Williams, heavy set, known to be colored but no one suspected it.

Dr. R. R. Moton is "verewigt" as Colonel Mortimer Roberts of the Dusky River Agricultural Institute; C. C. Spaulding is burlesqued as Mr. Claud Spelling and Eugene Kinckle Jones as Dr. Joseph Bonds of the Data League.

Schuyler misses no one with his barbed shafts. The attorney general of the U.S. is Walter Brybe, who got his place by selling out to the corporations.

Negro's Wife Hated

The wife of the newly white hero is the daughter of the Atlanta Ku Klux chief who hated Negroes but wakes up one day to find she is married to one and her father is only five generations removed from a mulatto.

Rev. McPhule

There are the Rev. McPhule, the evangelist, and his holy rollers who like the dark best for rolling. President Goosie of the United States, and Madam Lueretta Blandish, 250-lb beauty specialist, who goes broke in the hair business when colored folk turn white, but comes back as Mme Sari Blandine and makes a fortune in skin stains when old whites and newly whites go in for the skin darkening fad.

Blacks Imported

America becomes so hungry for the sight of real colored folk that resort keepers import black bathing beauties from Africa until white women protest against the practice on the ground that it is a menace to family life.

Married Ex-Confederate

Mr. Schuyler is a well known newspaper columnist and lecturer, who for two years has been happily married to a daughter of a white Texas ex-confederate.

In the current issue of a local magazine she, writing anonymously says that some day the marriage will be discovered and she will be unable to return home.

Father Has Colored Mistress

She says:

"My father, who has had a mulatto mistress for forty years, will feel that I have foully betrayed him. My brother, who has a colored daughter by a black woman, and is thought none the less of for it, will never speak to me again, when he hears that I, too, am now in a position to dilute the white race. But I would not take anything for the experience of these two years."

Why She Changed

Originally, the anonymous author says, she was a thorogoing Negro phobe of the type that get up in

a dinner party when a white actress expressed regret that she could not do a picture of the former colored folk that had a six-foot black man for a nurse(sic) whom she said was the handsome and groom, and that she found her husband superior to flabby and immature bankers and brokers with whom she associated in New York and that her sister and brother are so violently anti-Negro (publicly)

street cars when down beside them.

She explains that her change of mind was due to the fact that she

Bibliography - 1931

"BUSH-NIGGER ENGLISH"

In Dutch Guiana

(From a Correspondent.)

It is not widely known that there are in the hinterlands of Dutch Guiana tribes of negroes that won their independence from the Netherlands through persistent guerrilla activities and a succession of wars between the years 1726 and 1762, and that these free tribes, existing anomalously on Dutch soil, dress and live to-day precisely as their forefathers did in Africa, and, most unusual of all, that they speak English.

African slaves were first transported to Guiana by the celebrated Captain Hawkins in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and their labour made certain the prosperity of the then languishing plantations. But from the earliest times the most enterprising and recalcitrant of the slaves would manage to escape into the surrounding jungles, where, finally, considerable settlements of defiant refugees were founded. And when Holland took over the flourishing colony of Surinam from Britain the numbers of the outlaws greatly increased because of the stupid cruelty of the incoming Dutch planters.

Hating the Dutchmen, the negroes on the estates would not try to learn their language, but stubbornly continued to speak English. Consequently the later accessions to the tribes brought with them the same Africanised version of the language that the pioneers had acquired from their English masters. And since this tempered speech formed a ready bond of communication among blacks who might have spoken a score of divergent Congo dialects it naturally became the common tongue of the jungle-dwellers. Even after the negroes had won a treaty-bound independence and become friendly allies of their former overlords they would not relinquish their adopted speech, and consequently the Dutch had to master it. Moravian missionaries and teachers studied the "Boeschnegerenglische," and ultimately reduced it to printable form, employing the Dutch spelling of the word-sounds.

Because of this phonetic influence and of the fact that the English speech had lain marooned for so many years and at the mercy of African ignorance and whims of euphony it is at first glance scarcely recognisable in its printed disguise. Yet it is veritable English. The interlarding of French, Spanish, and Portuguese words is slight, and probably was introduced from the lingua franca of the Spanish Main, for this mongrel patois must have been ready to the lips of many of the English adventurers who were the first planters in Surinam. Naturally Dutch words have crept in.

Most of the words of Boeschnegerenglische at once proclaim their English ancestry. No problem of identification is presented in kow, worom, dago, hago, zon, moen, hede, hanoe, foetoe, fesi, sinsi, bifo, bikasi, [illegible]si, yeti, wan, toe, dri, fo, feifi, sik[illegible]nefi, forko, spoen, pleti, kopi, gla[illegible]cow, worm, dog, hog, sun, moon, hea[illegible]and, foot, face, since, before, beca[illegible]se, always, yet, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, knife, [illegible]ork, spoon, plate, cup, glass). B[illegible]ogo (jug), sebinefi (shave knife, ra[illegible])eksi (eggs), brara (brother), dia (deer), faja (fire), and doti (dirty) may not be quite so apparent.

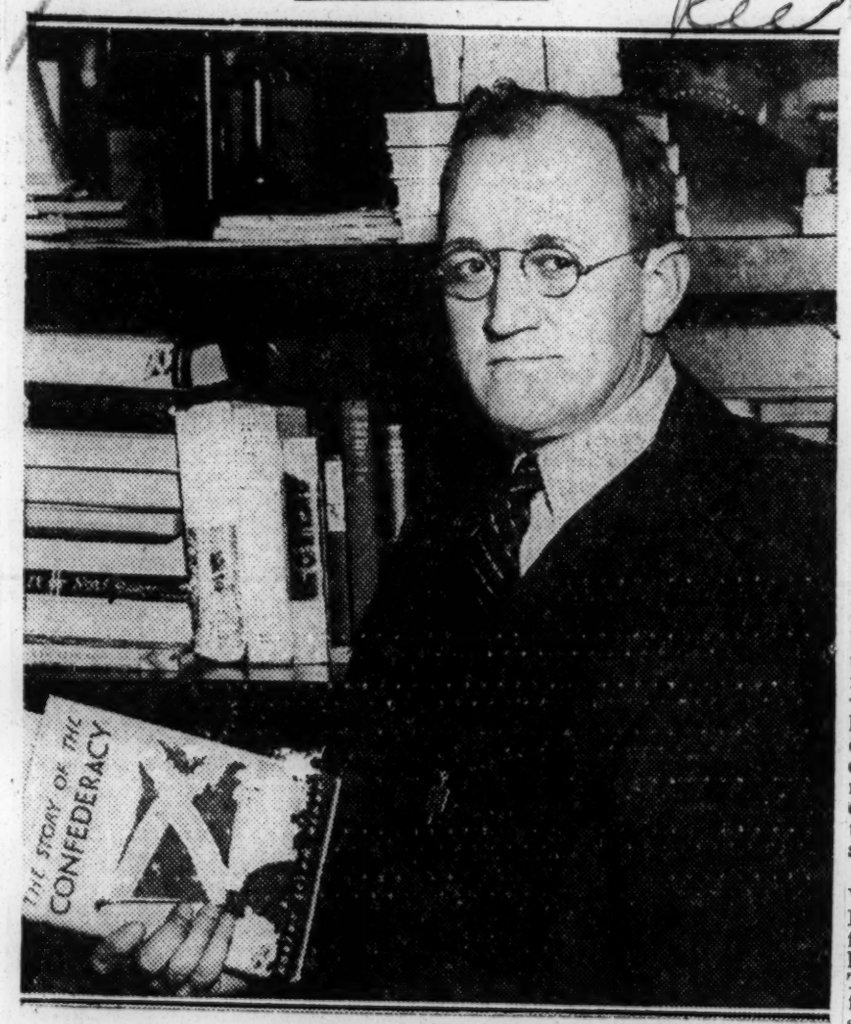
The common lawlessness of language development has here resulted in inversions of consonants and the free interchange of "l" and "r," almost exactly as is observable in "pidgin English" the world around. We discover wroko (work), horo (hole), tere (tail), bribi (believe), pranga (plank), krin (clean), kandra (candle), and pranasi (plantation).

Seemingly the Moravian scholars failed to identify the dual nature of various words they investigated, for they have committed to print as single words sidom (sit down), fadom (fall down), farawei (far away), closibei (close by), gowei (go away), and bambi (by and by); yet they were precise about many good old words that are now obsolete or fast disappearing from modern English. Some of the latter are teli (count), bosi (kiss), ai (yes), mira (ant), sjesi (chaise), beker (cup), and goemara (good morrow).

Some peculiar meanings and idioms have been evolved with the passing years: foto means a town, because in the early plantation days every town was fortified; koersoe means fever, since fevers were the curse of the land; haiwatra means tears (eye water), not floods; a dog is krassi (cross) if he is of a vicious nature, the winds are krassie during a storm, and the heathen are krassie and imagine a vain thing; mankow signifies a bull; ogridoe, evil (the doings of ogres); dediskin, a corpse; grontopo (top of ground) is nothing more than the earth; dinatem (dinner-time) is noon; bakadina (back of dinner), afternoon; pikienmissiefinga is the rather poetic word for a certain very small banana (little missie's finger); watra kiri mi (water is killing me) proclaims that I am thirsty.

At least 5,000 naked savages speak this strange English, while all the civilised blacks and mongrels speak it in the towns; even the most cultured white Surinamers have acquired it for its helpfulness in everyday life.

Tennesseean's New History Hailed as Epic of Civil War



ROBERT SELPH HENRY.

BY WILLIAM O. KEY JR.

Because out of all the thousands of volumes that have been written concerning the cause, the upheaval and the result of the epic bid for independence made by the south in 1861-64 contained no truly connected history of the cause, a Nashville (Tenn.) man has recently published what critics hail as the most thorough story of the Confederacy. And that is the title of the book—"The Story of the Confederacy." The author is Robert Selph Henry, a quiet, modest type of man, who was graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1911 and who worked on his massive [illegible] what hours of leisure he [illegible]d s[illegible]tch from his duties as assistant [illegible] the vice president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway. The writing alone required more than [illegible]'s painstaking work.

Friday Mr. Henry was guest of the book department of Davison-Paxon Company and of Rich's Bookshop, where he was greeted by leaders in Atlanta literary circles.

Saw Need for History.

Asked his incentive for undertaking so tedious a task as compiling a chronological and concrete history, the author explained:

"I knew there was a need for such a book. In all the books dealing with that great subject which I had read, not one of them presented a clear, concise, and at the same time thorough story of the causes and motives that threw the people of the south into the great American tragedy of history. I wanted to write a book that could be understood by the ordinary reader—to present to him a knowledge of why the south fought and how. It must be emphasized that the south clung to the constitution as it was written, while the north, not undertaking to change the covenant, did change the interpretation of it."

Comparatively unimportant as major military engagements, the author said, the battles of Atlanta that occurred in late August and early September of 1864 were actually the blows that lost the war for the south and won the presidency again for Abraham Lincoln.

"I do not mean," he explained, "that the battles of Atlanta alone were responsible for the south losing the war or for the renomination of Lincoln. But taken with the vital considerations that affected the northern people in those dark days, the conflict for possession of this city was the end of the last flicker of hope for the people of the south. The north would have won from a military standpoint, perhaps, but had not Atlanta fallen it is reasonable to postulate that the south might have gleaned a victory 'on points' as it were.

175,000-Word Book.

The new book is approximately 175,000 words in length, being of 470 pages, an index and a table of events by months during the war. An unusual feature of its publication is that it was accepted before it was ever written, although Mr. Henry previously had published no other works. He outlined his thoughts to an executive of the publishing firm of Bobbs Merrill at a luncheon in Indianapolis several years ago, and he was orally contracted to write the story. It was accepted.

Mr. Henry was born in Clifton, Wayne county, Tennessee, in 1889. His father was R. A. Henry, of Lafayette, Walker county, Georgia, and his mother was Miss Emily Selph, of Tennessee. After being graduated from Vanderbilt in 1911 he served several years on newspapers in Tennessee.

By Orland Kay Armstrong

OLD MASSA'S PEOPLE

The Old slaves tell their story

A mellow, golden picture of happy years on southern plantations before the Civil War, as related to the author by hundreds of old slaves. A rich and memorable book. $2.50

By Emma Cochran Ponafidine

RUSSIA—MY HOME

An intimate personal account of an American woman's experiences in old Russia, and the thrilling story of her escape from the Red chaos. *Illustrated* $3.50

Edited by Mrs. Rockne

The* Autobiography *of

KNUTE K. ROCKNE

Rockne's own story of his life. A vivid telling of his early adventures, of famous football plays and players, of great games and fine standards. Introduction and Postcript by Father John Cavanaugh. Many photographs. $2.50

By Robert J. Casey

EASTER ISLAND

The author of *Four Faces of Siva* tells of the world's strangest spot and its weird stone images. First on the list of required reading.—*N. Y. Evening Post. Illus.* $4.00

By Mary Austin

EXPERIENCES FACING DEATH

Takes its rank among the great consolatory classics. It has the flash of genius. It brings conviction. —Isabel Paterson, in *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
Publishers—Indianapolis

Social Sciences Encyclopedia Has Douglass Biography

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—A biography of the great Negro leader in the struggle for emancipation, Frederick Douglass, written by Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is included in the latest volume to be published of the Encyclopedia of Social Science.

The Encyclopedia, edited by Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia University, is the first comprehensive synthesis of the social sciences ever attempted in any language," and provides a reference guide to all topics of interest in the social sciences. It is endorsed by learned societies and its staff includes authorities in the fields of law, history, economics, education, anthropology and related fields.

When The Confederacy Lived

THE STORY OF THE CONFEDERACY by Robert Selph Henry. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, $5.

This is a Civil War story of the ultra-conciliatory sort. It is a non-partisan narrative of the life of the Confederacy, presented in concise and readable form. Mr. Henry, a Tennessean of Confederate extraction, is one of those who hold that both North and South were right; he does not attempt to make out a case for or against Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Davis. In fact, the chief weakness of his work is that it errs too much on the side of amiability. We have doubtless had quite enough impassioned outbursts on the subject under consideration; but the tone of this book is so restrained, and so obviously designed to avoid wounding sensibilities, as to achieve at times an inane, evasive effect. With reference to Sherman's famous march, we are reminded that it is at best difficult to restrain the lawless tendencies of an invading soldiery, especially when so much of licensed pillage was authorized. Concerning the alleged "massacre" of black and white Federals by Forrest's men at Fort Pillow, we are told that more of the defenders were killed than should have been under ordinary circumstances. There is an inclination to place the blame for failure of the Gettysburg campaign upon Longstreet, who did not approve Lee's plan to carry the war into Pennsylvania, and did not give his chief proper cooperation; yet in conclusion there is a summary, which is most inconclusive.

As an unbiased account of events from secession to Appomattox, the book is of genuine worth. It is the most lucid comprehensive narrative, aside from controversial details, which has come to the attention of this reader. It avoids the common failing of stressing the importance of operations in one theater of the war at the expense of events elsewhere; of magnifying victories and playing down defeats, of having our defeated enemies always flee, while our friends in like state retreat. It supplies the need for a continuous running story events of importance on all fronts, on land and afloat, including the vain Confederate effort for recognition by the powers of Europe. There is digression from the narrative—not enough to spoil its continuity—for episodes and anecdotes, and vivid sketches of leaders on both sides. Mr. Henry is at his best in these brief pen pictures—as when he contrasts Jackson, who would follow Lee blindfolded, and Longstreet, who felt upon himself the call to lead his chief by the hand; Stuart, laughing and singing at the head of the charge; and on the Union side, McClellan, the general with but a single serious fault and that one fatal; bumptious John Pope, and the imperturbable Thomas, who is credited with being "perhaps" the ablest of Union generals. We are reminded that despite the patriarchial appearance of their beards, most of the leaders were not old men; that Jackson and Stuart were killed in their thirties and that Hood was but 33 when he became a full general and took command against Sherman at Atlanta.

Attention is called in interesting fashion to the rise of modern methods of warfare, alongside the decline of the old-style battles in the grand manner, with bands playing and flags flying. We are reminded of the transition at Fredericksburg, where sharpshooters in houses and cellars defended a shell-swept and ruined village—"as modern as 1918"—and in another phase of the same battle, the Federal assault with flags flying and general officers on horseback, in the old grand fashion. Spottsylvania is cited as the beginning of "trench warfare" in the modern sense; and there is a distinctly modern touch at Knoxville, where the Confederate infantry assault was impeded by wire entanglements—not barbed wire, but telegraph wire staked down. The knightly idea still prevailed at the outset of the struggle but by 1864 men just as brave were willing to avail themselves of all the cover they could find or make.

Mr. Henry lays great stress upon the political blunder of firing the first gun at Sumter, even going so far as to assert that it not only made war certain but determined four years in advance, its outcome. He tolds also that the decline of the Confederate cause began in September, 1862, with the Battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam as the Yankees call it, and with Bragg's failure in Kentucky and not with Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863.

It is an able work, obviously involving a vast amount of historical study; one which somehow leaves the impression that the author could have done better if he had been a trifle less nice in handling certain phases of his subject.—X Y Z

"The New Progress of a Race"

(J. L. Nichols & Co.,-Naperville, Ill.)

After studying this, neary five hundred page history of our race I find myself with an enlarged vision of what members of our race have achieved and the obstacles they faced and surmounted in giving a life of service to the world.

The volume contains in the neighborhood of two-hundred illustrations of our prominent men and women, schools, churches, buildings etc., and is divided into sixteen chapters contributed by such learned writers as R. R. Moton, the late W. H. Crogman, the late Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Albion L. Holsey, Charles M. Melden, W. M. Dogan and revised and edited by J. L. Nichols.

All phases of Negro life and history are covered by the various writers but it is in the Who's Who section that I, personally, find the most interesting, chronicling, as it does, the biographic sketches of hundreds of our colored citizens, of the past and of the present. This section of the volume carries more detailed information on Who's Who in our race than any volume sent me so far, for review.

Undoubtedly in the preparation of this volume considerable time was spent in collecting together the mass of biographic data required and perhaps this is the reason that it is obvious that a great many of the sketches are not brought down to date, even to the time of publishing, in 1929. Likewise it is regretted that the Who's Who section is not more embracing. However, "The New Progress of a Race" is both instructive and necessary and should be widely read.

CLIFFORD C. MITCHELL

"Mulatto Johnny"

By Alin Laubreaux

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York

Yan is a half-breed. The son of a French sailor and a popinee Kanaka tribeswoman. He is raised in one of the South Sea islands in the Pacific. Physically strong and attractive, his personality is appealing, and at the same time is the cause of a life of continued struggle and sorrow.

As a young man and on his first spree he kills, with his fists, a white man, while both were on a drunken whoopee party. There, in the islands, as elsewhere, this meant death to Yan, if caught. He escapes. His father aids him by providing a well provisioned boat. He sails for America but in a storm he is washed ashore on an island populated by cannibals.

Eventually the cannibals capture him, but his physique so attracts them that instead of making the proverbial stew out of him they imprison him, providing a retinue of tribe-girls, who, one by one, are replaced as each is about to become a mother.

This situation continues until, Maele, a captured girl of a foreign tribe, is brought to him. From her he learns that his progeny have all been killed to provide a delicious meat for the tribe, and, to his dismay, he learns that the pork they have been feeding him, and of which he was so fond, is his own kin.

Maddened by this knowledge, he plans and effects an escape and the eight years of adventure, slavery and trouble he goes through to reach his native land and his father, only to find him dead, makes an absorbing and thrilling story of intrigue in Australia and the South Sea Islands.

CLIFFORD C. MITCHELL.

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Book by Julia Collier Harris Praised by New York Critics

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Both the New York Herald Tribune and the New York Times give much space and favored positions today to reviews of Julia Collier Harris' latest book, "Joel Chandler Harris: Editor and Essayist."

The review in the Herald Tribune occupies the major portion of the first page of its book section, and is by Herschell Brickell. His review, as does that by Percy Hutchinson in the New York Times, pays a high tribute to Mrs. Harris and the University of North Carolina for the manner in which the material was handled, both in the editing and the format of the volume.

The review by Herschell Brickell in the New York Herald Tribune follows in full:

To the world at large, outside of the very small segment possessed of first-hand knowledge or familiar with Mrs. Harris' excellent "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris," the author of this volume of miscellaneous pieces is known only as the creator of an immortal character in the person of Uncle Remus, archetype of the ante-bellum negro of the south, and the medium by which Harris presented dozens of delightful tales from the great treasure of African folk-lore. The Uncle Remus books have stood the test of years; they are destined to delight many generations of children yet to come. Of their peculiar qualities this is no place to speak, for they have had their deserts in the way of study and analysis.

But important as was this phase of the work of Joel Chandler Harris, and as good and as readable as were some of his other books, he himself is equally interesting as revealed in the present volume, which is by way of being a rare bit of unconscious autobiography. Turn a man loose to write about what is on the top of his mind and he will do you a self-portrait. This is inevitable. It is not really necessary for mine enemy or my friend to write a book to expose himself for the kind of man he is—give him a pen and a newspaper editorial page, or a magazine of his own, and the deed will be done.

Mrs. Harris revealed her father-in-law as a remarkable person in her biography. He reveals himself as even more remarkable, perhaps, in her carefully compiled selection of his writings. An orphan boy who got his education in a printing office on a Georgia plantation, a sound education, too, because it consisted of work with his hands, reading valuable books, and living close to whites and blacks in a delightful relationship, he was hardly out of his teens before he was writing intelligent editorial comment on a wide variety of topics. The style was clear and vigorous, well-formed on good models. Harris was thoughtful and kind, kind until aroused. He could plead for justice to the negro with a sense of sympathy and fairness that would do credit to the most enlightened southerner of today, and could with equal vigor rend Jefferson Davis limb from limb for a foolish and flamboyant speech made during the dangerous days of reconstruction, when all Harris' efforts were bent toward reconciliation and a reunited nation.

This phase of Harris' work must, of course, be considered against the background of the times. It was no period for the kind of open-mindedness he exhibited; the world was filled with prejudice, and the man who remained aloof from crowd-emotions showed himself the possessor of a mind and a philosophy. From these local issues Harris turned to such topics as a proposed invasion of Mexico, about which he wrote in a vein that would please the most ardently anti-imperialistic liberal of the present day. He could be ironical about such matters; he wondered then if the America of the reeking Grant administration had any right to carry "civilization" into savage Mexico, a question which, in essence, still troubles the thoughtful.

Harris' own contribution to southern literature was in the end to be important enough, but he was thinking about the possibilities of the section before he himself became famous and successful. As far back as 1881 he was saying that no southerner could stay at home and tell the truth about his section—Cable had just been forced into exile for "The Grandissimes." The south remains sensitive, although its sons and daughters have done much to educate it of late; only the other day a professor in the state university of Louisiana lost his job because of a novel, and other southern writers have found it necessary to become famous away from home before being accepted at home. But the "moonlight and roses" tradition is dying, and Harris would have been very happy if he could have lived to see the birth and growth of a new and fresh tradition in southern letters.

Aside from the primary interest of this book as the revelation of what psychologists call a "well-adjusted personality" there are articles from the Saturday Evening Post and from Uncle Remus' Magazine that are not only intrinsically interesting, but quite valuable enough to merit preservation outside magazine files. Harris' sketches of the plantation life of Georgia and of the negroes' place therein are admirable. He puts the whole of the peculiar relationship between master and man, especially between master and house servant, into an anecdote such as this: A house servant, given a day off, took one of the family carriage horses. His mistress happened to wish to "go abroad" just then and was put out because her plans were upset. When the negro came back he was rebuked by his master and asked why he took the horse. He answered: "Well, suh, for one thing I tuck dat ar hoss kaze he racks under de saddle, an' fer 'nother, I had de idea dat the ka'ige horses b'longed ter we-all, same ez de yuthers." The reason was accepted as it should have been.

In his essays written at the Snap-Bean Farm, where Harris spent his last days in a mellowing old age, close to nature, one finds the best expression. This genial philosophy, warming and simple, old-fashioned, perhaps, but as agreeably old-fashioned as a piece of peasant furniture. The sprouting materialism of the age troubled him; what would he have said if he could have lived to see the plant in full vigor back in those dear, dead days of 1929?

Harris was a close and friendly observer of the life about him; his essay on the mockingbird is full of beauty and understanding and leaves none of the charming habits of this delightful creature unrevealed. Slyly he hints that Emerson, Thoreau and all the New England school might have written differently if they had heard and seen mockingbirds; the ripples of thought from such a suggestion run off agreeably, for there is truth and wisdom in the remark. This particular essay is gay, as, indeed, is so much of what Harris wrote. He knew the humor of nature and saw with his own eyes that even jaybirds played silly games for no other reason than that they were amusing. One misses exactly this gay note in American writing today; it comes from an inner happiness and contentment that is as unusual in this vexed day as ever were mockingbirds in concord.

These subjects mentioned are by no means all the topics of importance treated by Harris. He wrote about corn and cornbread, made, of course, from water-ground meal and not from the prevailing abomination, and erred only by leaving lye-hominy out of the picture; he wrote about Walt Whitman, whom he admired; he wrote about the stupidity of scientists, who have grown much more stupid since he died. His was a far-ranging mind, not brilliant, but singularly clear and sound. Mrs. Harris has done his memory a genuine service in editing this volume. It fully reveals his fundamental wisdom, and how seldom one is called upon to use that word!

Mr. Hutchinson's review in the New York Times closes with the statement that "Julia Collier Harris and the University of North Carolina have together performed signal service in making permanent between covers the scattered wit and wisdom of Joel Chandler Harris, his human understanding, his serene faith in his fellow-men, and his genial but tempered optimism with its rebuke to shallow pessimism. We commend this sage and continuously entertaining book."

Book Review

Pioneers of Politics

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN NATIONAL POLITICS. By William F. Nowlin. Published by The Stratford Company, Boston. Price $2.00.

PIRANDELLO'S famous play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," finds an analogy in many places. More than one aspect of Negro life, for instance, is looking for an author or a historian. There are and always have been countless Negroes picturesque and colorful enough for any novel, and enough romantic communities to keep a Balzac busy for life. Harlem is the most advertised because it is in New York; but Negroes give fresh color to any city in which they settle. Negro social, military and political history, from the time of the Caesars to the present day, is looking for a dozen historians.

The political history of the Negro in America has long been crying for authors. A good history could be written on the influence of the Negro upon American history from 1787 to 1850, without mentioning the part played by anti-slavery agitation. This book would deal with the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which the Negro question almost broke up. It would deal with the fights centering about the protective tariff from 1816 to the end of Jackson's administration, for the Negro was at the bottom of the South's bitter opposition to the tariff. It would discuss the land-grabbing war with Mexico in 1846, which was prompted by a determination to extend slave territory. Throughout this period, without a single vote, the Negro determined the course of national politics. It might be added that Negroes indirectly enabled this country to make the great Louisiana Purchase; Napoleon sold largely because the black kingdom of Haiti blocked his line of communications.

Another period crying for treatment by a competent and fair-minded historian is the era of Reconstruction. The best-known books on this subject have been dedicated to the damnation of the Negro, especially the Negro legislators. As Mr. Embree recently pointed out in his book, "Brown America," those legislators compared favorably with the white ones of that day and this, not only in intellect and character, but in actual constructive work.

William F. Nowlin, in "The Negro in American National Politics," has filled another gap. This book is a study of the Negro in national politics since 1868, not touching the local features of Reconstruction. Its first two chapters deal with individuals and bring out facts unknown to many Negroes. After all the to do excited by the election of Oscar DePriest it is interesting to know that from 1868 to 1901 twenty colored men held seats in Congress.

Of these twenty, nine came from South Carolina—Delarge, Rainey, Ransier, Rapier, Small, Elliott, Cain, Murray and Miller. Haralson and Turner were elected from Alabama; Hyman, White, Cheatham and O'Hara were from North Carolina. Long came from Georgia, Nash from Louisiana, Walls from Florida, Langston from Virginia and Lynch from Mississippi.

These men often had to fight for their seats. In South Carolina Tillman suffered the humiliation of having Robert Small elected over him and seated in spite of Tillman's bitter hatred of the Negro. John R. Lynch of Mississippi proved his charge that his opponents had intimidated voters, and he was seated. In Virginia John Mercer Langston was accused of spending too much money in his campaign of 1888, and he admitted spending $15,000; but he was seated. Murray of South Carolina was another whose seat was unsuccessfully contested.

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As might be expected, the main effort of these congressmen was to secure protection and civil rights for the Negro. George H. White, when he was the only Negro in Congress, tried to put through a law making lynching a Federal offense, antedating the Dyer bill by twenty years. But all the Negro Congressmen were mindful of the interests of their states as a whole. In this respect Walls of Florida was most persistent. He introduced bills for the improvement of rivers and harbors in Florida, and asked for the establishment of a navy yard at Pensacola. Rapier had a bill passed making Montgomery, Ala., a port of entry. Far-minded white men of the South would have so served them well.

Bruce and Revels, both of Mississippi, were the two Negro Senators who worked with, and Presidents, so rampant in the United States.

After the retirement of George H. White in 1901 there were no Negro Congressmen until the election of Oscar DePriest in 1928. A chapter is given to his predecessors.

According to Mr. Nowlin the segregating that he means to deal with, and President Roosevelt is credited with having given the Negro more patronage than any of his predecessors.

The matter of political patronage is dealt with at length in this review because it tells about the present generation of the Republican platforms, which so many Negroes know a great deal, and should know a little about them, and the tendency to ignore the Negro in the government departments, has decreased. The next chapter is on the National conventions. It tells

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Book by Julia Collier Harris Praised by New York Critics

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Both the New York Herald Tribune and the New York Times give much space and favored positions today to reviews of Julia Collier Harris' latest book, "Joel Chandler Harris: Editor and Essayist."

The review in the Herald Tribune occupies the major portion of the first page of its book section, and is by Herschell Brickell. His review, as does that by Percy Hutchinson in the New York Times, pays a high tribute to Mrs. Harris and the University of North Carolina for the manner in which the material was handled, both in the editing and the format of the volume.

The review by Herschell Brickell in the New York Herald Tribune follows in full:

To the world at large, outside of the very small segment possessed of first-hand knowledge or familiar with Mrs. Harris' excellent "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris," the author of this volume of miscellaneous pieces is known only as the creator of an immortal character in the person of Uncle Remus, archetype of the ante-bellum negro of the south, and the medium by which Harris presented dozens of delightful tales from the great treasure of African folk-lore. The Uncle Remus books have stood the test of years; they are destined to delight many generations of children yet to come. Of their peculiar qualities this is no place to speak, for they have had their deserts in the way of study and analysis.

But important as was this phase of the work of Joel Chandler Harris, and as good and as readable as were some of his other books, he himself is equally interesting as revealed in the present volume, which is by way of being a rare bit of unconscious autobiography. Turn a man loose to write about what is on top of his mind and he will do you a self-portrait. This is inevitable. It is not really necessary for mine enemy or my friend to write a book to expose himself for the kind of man he is—give him a pen and a newspaper editorial page, or a magazine of his own, and the deed will be done.

Mrs. Harris revealed her father-in-law as a remarkable person in her biography. He reveals himself as even more remarkable, perhaps, in her carefully compiled selection of his writings. An orphan boy who got his education in a printing office on a Georgia plantation, a sound education, too, because it consisted of work with his hands, reading valuable books, and living close to whites and blacks in a delightful relationship, he was hardly out of his teens before he was writing intelligent editorial comment on a wide variety of topics. The style was clear and vigorous, well-formed on good models. Harris was thoughtful and kind, kind until aroused. He could plead for justice to the negro with a sense of sympathy and fairness that would do credit to the most enlightened southerner of today, and could with equal vigor rend Jefferson Davis limb from limb for a foolish and flamboyant speech made during the dangerous days of reconstruction, when all Harris' efforts were bent toward reconciliation and a reunited nation.

This phase of Harris' work must, of course, be considered against the background of the times. It was no period for the kind of open-mindedness he exhibited; the world was filled with prejudice, and the man who remained aloof from crowd-emotions showed himself the possessor of a mind and a philosophy. From these local issues Harris turned to such topics as a proposed invasion of Mexico, about which he wrote in a vein that would please the most ardently anti-imperialistic liberal of the present day. He could be ironical about such matters; he wondered then if the America of the reeking Grant administration had any right to carry "civilization" into savage Mexico, a question which, in essence, still troubles the thoughtful.

Harris' own contribution to southern literature was in the end to be important enough, but he was thinking about the possibilities of the section before he himself became famous and successful. As far back as 1881 he was saying that no southerner could stay at home and tell the truth about his section—Cable had just been forced into exile for "The Grandissimes." The south remains sensitive, although its sons and daughters have done much to educate it of late; only the other day a professor in the state university of Louisiana lost his job because of a novel, and other southern writers have found it necessary to become famous away from home before being accepted at home. But the "moonlight and roses" tradition is dying, and Harris would have been very happy if he could have lived to see the birth and growth of a new and fresh tradition in southern letters.

Aside from the primary interest of this book as the revelation of what psychologists call a "well-adjusted personality" there are articles from the Saturday Evening Post and from Uncle Remus' Magazine that are not only intrinsically interesting, but quite valuable enough to merit preservation outside magazine files. Harris' sketches of the plantation life of Georgia and of the negroes' place therein are admirable. He puts the whole of the peculiar relationship between master and man, especially between master and house servant, into an anecdote such as this: A house servant, given a day off, took one of the family carriage horses. His mistress happened to wish to "go abroad" just then and was put out because her plans were upset. When the negro came back he was rebuked by his master and asked why he took the horse. He answered: "Well, suh, for one thing I tuck dat ar hoss kaze he racks under de saddle, an' fer 'nother, I had de idea dat the ka'ige horses b'longed ter we-all, same ez de yuthers." The reason was accepted as it should have been.

In his essays written at the Snap-Bean Farm, where Harris spent his last days in a mellowing old age, close to nature, one finds the best expression. This genial philosophy, warming and simple, old-fashioned, perhaps, but as agreeably old-fashioned as a piece of peasant furniture. The sprouting materialism of the age troubled him; what would he have said if he could have lived to see the plant in full vigor back in those dear, dead days of 1929?

Harris was a close and friendly observer of the life about him; his essay on the mockingbird is full of beauty and understanding and leaves none of the charming habits of this delightful creature unrevealed. Slyly he hints that Emerson, Thoreau and all the New England school might have written differently if they had heard and seen mockingbirds; the ripples of thought from such a suggestion run off agreeably, for there is truth and wisdom in the remark. This particular essay is gay, as, indeed, is so much of what Harris wrote. He knew the humor of nature and saw with his own eyes that even jaybirds played silly games for no other reason than that they were amusing. One misses exactly this gay note in American writing today; it comes from an inner happiness and contentment that is as unusual in this vexed day as ever were mockingbirds in concord.

These subjects mentioned are by no means all the topics of importance treated by Harris. He wrote about corn and cornbread, made, of course, from water-ground meal and not from the prevailing abomination, and erred only by leaving lye-hominy out of the picture; he wrote about Walt Whitman, whom he admired; he wrote about the stupidity of scientists, who have grown much more stupid since he died. His was a far-ranging mind, not brilliant, but singularly clear and sound. Mrs. Harris has done his memory a genuine service in editing this volume. It fully reveals his fundamental wisdom, and how seldom one is called upon to use that word!

Mr. Hutchinson's review in the New York Times closes with the statement that "Julia Collier Harris and the University of North Carolina have together performed signal service in making permanent between covers the scattered wit and wisdom of Joel Chandler Harris, his understanding, his serene faith in his fellow-men, and his genial but tempered optimism with its rebuke to shallow pessimism. We commend this sage and continuously entertaining book."

Book Review

Pioneers of Politics

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN NATIONAL POLITICS. By William F. Nowlin. Published by The Stratford Company, Boston. Price $2.00.

PIRANDELLO'S famous play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," finds an analogy in many places. More than one aspect of Negro life, for instance, is looking for an author or a historian. There are and always have been countless Negroes picturesque and colorful enough for any novel, and enough romantic communities to keep a Balzac busy for life. Harlem is the most advertised because it is in New York; but Negroes give fresh color to any city in which they settle. Negro social, military and political history, from the time of the Caesars to the present day, is looking for a dozen historians.

The political history of the Negro in America has long been crying for authors. A good history could be written on the influence of the Negro upon American history from 1787 to 1850, without mentioning the part played by anti-slavery agitation. This book would deal with the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which the Negro question almost broke up. It would deal with the fights centering about the protective tariff from 1816 to the end of Jackson's administration, for the Negro was at the bottom of the South's bitter opposition to the tariff. It would discuss the land-grabbing war with Mexico in 1846, which was prompted by a determination to extend slave territory. Throughout this period, without a single vote, the Negro determined the course of national politics. It might be added that Negroes indirectly enabled this country to make the great Louisiana Purchase; Napoleon sold largely because the black kingdom of Haiti blocked his line of communications.

Another period crying for treatment by a competent and fair-minded historian is the era of Reconstruction. The best-known books on this subject have been dedicated to the damnation of the Negro, especially the Negro legislators. As Mr. Embree recently pointed out in his book, "Brown America," those legislators compared favorably with the white ones of that day and this, not only in intellect and character, but in actual constructive work.

William F. Nowlin, in "The Negro in American National Politics," has filled another gap. This book is a study of the Negro in national politics since 1868, not touching the local features of Reconstruction. Its first two chapters deal with individuals and bring out facts unknown to many Negroes. After all the little about them, of the present generation should know a great deal. show a growing tendency to ignore the retirement of George H. the Negro. The matter of political in this book is given to his patronage is dealt with, and Presmeans to Mr. Nowlin the segin 1901 there were no Negro According to Mr. Nowlin, the government dedessmen until the election of dent Roosevelt is credited with con, stating that he legislative regation in the DePriest in 1928. A chap- giving the Negro more patronage lish himself as the rampant in the Wilter of the Negro in the United partments, so son administration, has decreased. so much money in his campaign that their Negro Congressmen served well. Bruce and Revels, both of Mississippi, were especially, worked Congressmen that did Oscar DePriest it is interesting to know that from 1868 to 1901 twenty colored men held seats in Congress.

Of these twenty, nine came from South Carolina—Delarge, Rainey, Ransier, Rapier, Small, Elliott, Cain, Murray and Miller. Haralson and Turner were elected from Alabama; Hyman, White, Cheatham and O'Hara were from North Carolina; Long came from Georgia, Nash from Louisiana, Walls from Florida, Langston from Virginia and Lynch from Mississippi.

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Forrester B. Washington, director of the Atlanta School of Social Work and one of the country's foremost authorities in the field of social work, has been selected by the Editor-in-Chief of the White House Conference publications to edit the book to be published by the conference on "Negro Child Life."

The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection culminated at Washington last March in a series of meetings lasting for a week after more that two years of investigational work among children and is now issuing a series of publications which deal with its findings and work.

It is this singular honor that Mr. Washington has received; that of organizing, compiling and editing the findings of the conference pertaining to Negro children.

Mr. Washington is particularly well fitted for this opportunity, having unlimited experience in research work and in directing the compilation and editing of data on various phases of Negro life and activity, supplemented with several years of experience as social worker and as director of the Atlanta School of Social Work.

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As an author he has made many surveys, magazine articles and other publications to his credit among which are "A Study of Negro Employees of Apartment Houses in New York City," published by the National Urban League, "The Negro in Toledo," a survey published by the Toledo Federation of Churches, "The Detroit Negro," a survey issued by the Detroit Bureau of Municipal Research, "The Negro of Pennsylvania," a survey published by the State of Pennsylvania Department of Welfare and a number of articles in the Proceedings of the National Conference of Social Work; the Survey magazine; the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences; Opportunity and other journals of the social sciences.

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"Nigger Fever"

Slave Trading in the Old South, by Frederic Bancroft. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company (14 Hopkins Place). 415 pages, illustrated. $4.

AFTER THE YEAR 1807, when the importation of slaves from Africa was legally abolished, a brisk interstate trade developed in native-born Negroes. From Maryland and Virginia they were assembled into slave-jails along the Potomac, in the shadow of the Capitol, where they remained until an opportunity arose for shipping them to New Orleans by steamer, or for marching them overland to Natchez by way of the Cumberland Road and the Natchez Trace. From Kentucky and Missouri, Negroes were "sold down the river" to Memphis and New Orleans, whence they were distributed to the fabulously rich plantations then being carved from virgin land in the Yazoo delta and the back country along the Red River. The planters of the Deep South "bought more niggers to make more cotton, to buy more niggers to make more cotton."

These facts are generally known, in spite of the inadequate study devoted to the slave trade since the period of anti-slavery pamphleteering that preceded the Civil War. Yet certain questions remain in the public mind. Is it true that slave owners in the border states raised Negroes for sale, mating them like brood-sows or stallions and fattening them for the market like prime steers? Was the slave trade cruel—and specifically did it involve the general separation of families? And finally, what was the extent and economic importance of the trade in American-born Negroes?

For answers to three of these questions let us turn to Mr. Bancroft's book. "Slave Trading in the Old South" is not to be compared in breadth of view or in organization of material with "American Negro Slavery," by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, but it is necessary as a supplement and corrective. Professor Phillips, in his long book, devotes exactly eighteen pages to an account of the domestic slave trade. One suspects that this lack of emphasis is possibly explained by a desire to avoid discussing the more disagreeable aspects of slavery; and the suspicion is confirmed when one finds that he scarcely mentions the separation of families—except to remark in passing that "oftentimes a family group divided for sale was reunited by purchase." The subject deserves more careful treatment, and receives it from Mr. Bancroft, who dilates, indeed, upon the very features of slavery which Professor Phillips is most inclined to neglect. With the vehemence of a Boston pamphleteer, but with regard for fact and with enormous industry, Mr. Bancroft tells the story of the American trade in black cattle. Let us see whether he can help us to answer our three questions.

Were slaves bred for market?—It was a distinction in the South to own slaves; it was profitable to have those slaves increase. Marriages and informal matings among them were always encouraged. Fruitful women were valued highly. The birth of a pickaninny was an occasion for congratulations from the master, and perhaps a bolt of calico, but this was simply because he was richer by one slave, in a land where slaves were the standard of wealth. It was something of a disgrace to sell them, especially to an interstate trader. But perhaps the master was improvident; he mortgaged his slaves along with his other property, and could not pay the debt. Perhaps he gambled—wagered his tobacco crop and lost, wagered his body servant and lost again. Perhaps, at his death, his estate was divided among distant relatives who had no use for prime field hands. In all these cases, his Negroes came into the market. If they were Maryland or Virginia or Kentucky Negroes, they were probably "sold South," where the demand was greatest. Mr. Bancroft, on the basis of census reports, estimates that the exportation of slaves from the one state of Virginia in the three decades preceding the Civil War was 281,142, a yearly average of about 9,400. There were years when the slave trade brought ten million dollars into Virginia and meant the difference between bankrupt plantations and a mild prosperity. Thus, it can accurately be said that Virginia as a state bred slaves for the market. It is quite possible, however, that no individual in the state ever did so deliberately.

Was the slave trade cruel?—Simon Legree in the flesh, with a curse and a cut of his blacksnake whip for every Negro he encountered, could hardly have prospered in the slave trade. Sadism, for traders, was an expensive vice. Whip marks were regarded with suspicion by purchasers, who sought instead for plump and contented slaves. Traders were not cruel, like soldiers or religious crusaders; they merely sought profit, like business men. The search for profit and for quicker sales led them to divide most of the families that came into their hands.

Mr. Bancroft, who has examined thousands of records, finds that many kind-hearted people sold their slaves for less than the market value, in the effort to find them kind masters and to keep the Negro families united. He doubts whether this effort was always successful. Husband and wife, or father and son, were rarely put on the auction block together. The "families" listed in bills of sale almost always consisted of a mother and her youngest children; boys and girls over eight years old were usually sold alone, and even infants of two or three were sometimes offered for what they would bring. These practices were condoned by the church and by the courts. "The question was put to the Savannah River Baptist Association," says Mr. Bancroft, quoting from Rhodes, "whether in the case that slaves were separated, they should be allowed to marry again. The answer was in the affirmative, because the separation was civilly equivalent to death, and the ministers believed 'that in the sight of God it would be so viewed.'" And the supreme court of North Carolina, speaking through Chief Justice Ruffin, advised that families be divided when estates were being settled by executors:

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What was the extent of the trade?—There are no statistics of the slave trade, nor are there even data on which a satisfactory estimate can be based. Mr. Bancroft, after studying the census reports of slave population, arrives at what can best be described as a careful guess. He computes that during an average year there were about 23,000 Negroes imported into the Deep South from the border states. Many of these Negroes were sold three or four times during the year, before finding a permanent home. There was also considerable intrastate trading, both in the cotton states and in Virginia. Mr. Bancroft therefore estimates that the total number of transactions in the slave trade would annually be about 80,000 sales, plus 60,000 hirings, with the result that about $65,000,000 would change hands. These figures apply to an average year in the decade before the Civil War. In 1859 and 1860, at the height of the "nigger fever," the trade was much more extensive; it might be estimated at $150,000,000 per year.

"Nigger fever"—these two words describe a state of mind which has never been adequately treated by historians. The chief virtue of Mr. Bancroft's book is that it casts new light upon this neglected phenomenon. In 1857, cotton was selling for 13.5 cents per pound, the highest price it had reached since 1839. Planters hastened to "buy more niggers to make more cotton." The price of black flesh rose steeply. The North Carolina Standard for December 7, 1859, mentioned "a sale of slaves in Mecklenburg County, Va., a few days since. Twelve, including three infants, one Albino, two infirm, and ages ranging from 7 to 50, brought $11,485." Such items were reprinted all over the South. At the sale of the huge Bond estate in Albany, Georgia, which took place a month later, 566 Negroes brought $580,000. Average prices of $1,300 apiece for assorted gangs of Negroes were soon reported. Prime field hands, able bodied but untrained, sold for as much as $2,400 in New Orleans. A preacher in South Carolina bought a carpenter for $3,500, and was offered $4,000 for him the next day. Sometimes $5,000 was bid for "fancy girls"—pretty mulattoes and octoroons—at private sales. The value of slave property as a whole had practically doubled within the last ten years. There seemed to be no limit to the increase in wealth, if only more territory could be procured for the slaves to cultivate, and if only the damned abolitionists could be silenced.

Now, at the height of the "nigger fever," when slave property was most precious and most precarious, vast slave philosophies began to be constructed and projects of aggression to be entertained. Slavery was justified by history, by all the great thinkers, by the Bible itself; it would be an eternal institution. Good should triumph over evil, day over darkness; white would be forever dominant over black. Slavery should be introduced into the North, where the workers were ill fed and discontented. Slavery should redeem the Africans, by transporting more of them into the cotton paradise. A golden circle of slave states would be formed round the Gulf of Mexico: Cuba would be annexed, and Mexico, and Nicaragua. A secret organization formed to advance this project was called the Knights of the Golden Circle; its members later died at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Antietam; in Forrest's cavalry (Nathan Bedford Forrest was himself a successful Negro trader) or in Pickett's foot brigade. The atmosphere was being created in which a great war could be fought. And "nigger fever" not only helped to bring on the Civil War; by doubling the value of slave property, it also doubled the blow to the South when slavery was abolished, and therefore led by sharp stages into the miseries of Reconstruction.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

New Republic
12-9-31
New York, N.Y.
Vol 69 pg 161

ROGERS CHEERFUL IN SPITE OF HARDSHIPS

By RIENZI B. LEMUS

NEW YORK—A cheerful fellow is Joel A. Rogers, author of "Man and Superman," and other good works whose latest book is just off the press But those who live the sacrificial life are almost invariably cheerful, and the life of Mr. Rogers is certainly sacrificial.

In two trips over the European continent, and on a visit to Abyssinia Rogers has delved into the secrets of the past buried in libraries to make startling factual discoveries with respect to the greatness of black peoples. He finds that in so close-by a country as Italy, the prime Christ image toted out on greatest feast days is the image of a black person.

This is just one of the many instances of his "discoveries" that take all the "whiteness" out of "white supremacy."

Utterly without finance, aside from what he may eke out writing about something else, J. A. Rogers has carried on for the denied and despised blacks of the universe. Philanthropy and foundations will send colored Americans over to make researches in African music, in biology, and mules' hoofs, but is not financing such as Rogers to dig up facts to reveal that their pretensions to ultra greatness are "phony." Nevertheless, Rogers keeps delving.

Baltimore Md.
12-26-31
Afro-American

Nella Imes Has Another Novel

(Paris Bureau of the AFRO)

PARIS.—Nella Larsen Imes, the violinist, and Dorothy Peterson, New York school teacher, are wintering in La Palma, Majorca, one of the Balaeric Isles. Mrs. Imes's latest novel, 'Mirage,' will be issued by Knopf of New York some time this winter.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

Mammy Lou's Cook Book. In the Introduction the author says: "Mammy Lou's Cook Book is written, for she is a composite characterization of all the negro mammies we have known and who are fast disappearing in the south. The contents of this book were published as a series of articles in one of the newspapers of the southwest and is told in the dialect of the old southern mammy of Mrs. Patterson has been successful with her old recipes—though they are not all old,

Atlanta Ga.
12-27-31

It is agreed by all who have tried Mrs. Patterson's recipes that she has "achieved a triumph from the land of fried chicken." (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.)

COLUMBIA, S. C.
STATE

NOV 29 1931

Joel Chandler Harris—Philosopher

This is really a continuation or further flowering of the book by Mrs. Julia Collier Harris—"Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris"—published in 1918. Mrs. Harris is the capable daughter-in-law of the famous author of "Uncle Remus," and we may depend upon it that the tender love and respect that she bears for her distinguished father-in-law is exemplified in and well-inspires both the former and the present work.

This volume is also from the press of the University of North Carolina and is a fine example of its work. The price is $4.

It was the loving and apprehensive thought of the author that one side of the life and work of Joel Chandler Harris had been overshadowed by the large bulk and precious reputation of the other side. "Uncle Remus," the Negro fabulist, had perhaps, with his delightful stories, dwarfed and made pallid by his immense shade the work of the quiet philosopher, essayist, and worker upon the vexing problems of the South. And she has gathered here a collection of Harris's miscellaneous essays, meditations, and social writings...scattered in newspapers, periodicals, and magazines...that will be warmly welcomed by all who knew or have learned of the "Sage of Snap-bean Farm," or the "Cornfield Journalist," or "Cornfield Philosopher," of Georgia.

There was, we think, little fear of any loss or diminution of Harris's fame in this respect. His reputation was established and remains secure. And he is, we are sure, as revered as tenderly for his simple devotion to his section and people as because of the delight he has so lavishly bestowed upon all that read or may hear his charming stories. Harris was of course, far greater as a fabulist and folk-lorist than he was or can ever be made as philosopher and publicist and solver of insoluble problems; but there is enough glory to enrich his fame in both of these extensive fields.

We fear, indeed, that some little hurt may be done even in the most devoted effort to extend the already wide bounds of his reputation and achievement. He was, as he felt, a simple student of the people, white and black, of his neighborhood and state and the South. What he strove to do, and did so beautifully and adequately, was to picture these people and their dull but contented lives, and their few problems, and to suggest that there were probable solutions and harmonies to be found in many directions. He was "cornfield" journalist (newpaper man)and philosopher—in the lower ranges of the term and vocation—and he was almost infallible in his understanding and interpretation of the simpler folk of his state and "province." The people of this country and of the world know both the white and black people of Georgia and of the Southern states far better because of the alluring stories and varied writings of Joel Chandler Harris.

This book, while it will add nothing perhaps to the literary and philosophic reputation of Joel Chandler Harris, will serve to direct attention more closely to some of the fields in which he labored with such love and zeal.

The work into which Harris put his heart deepest was, no doubt, the relationships and problems of white and black. He had the profoundest sympathy with both, and, in a large measure, understood their frictions and foibles and problems. Lynching, of course, he ardently opposed. And he felt that sound education would solve most of the problems that sundered the races. He once wrote in The Constitution: "If education of the Negro is not the chief solution of the problem that confronts the white people of the South, then there is no other conceivable solution, and there is nothing ahead but political chaos and demoralization." Ignorant suffrage, the editorial declared, was "a continual menace," but "the results of education, while they may not be conspicuously evident in the next generation, will bear fruit in the next and the next."

But education is not the universal solvent. And in an editorial in praise of Booker Washington Harris said: "Race prejudice is an affair that

has nothing to do with color...and i
rests with Christianity to eradicat
and obliterate it."

In "Observations from New Eng
and," Harris writes that he found
'the prejudice in New England
against the Negro is more intense
and more widespread than in the
South. It is more unreasoning and
more unjustifiable." A remarkably
shrewd opinion.

Perhaps the acrid smoke of Sher-
man-burned Atlanta still stung his
nostrils too poignantly, however, to
admit of a full and impartial view.

But neither education nor Chris-
tianity, nor the progress in "going-
white" of the dark race helped to-
ward a solution. In fact, the lighter
the dark people became, the darker
became the problem.

The bitter dregs of sentiment seem
to have been deposited in Harris's
mind by the thought that the North-
erners had sold the South their
slaves, and then turned and made
war upon them because of slavery!
And he makes some thrusts at the
'Yankee school-ma'ams," then mak-
ing various raids and incursions int
the trampled South.

In literature Harris's chief worl
was in his matchless "Uncle Remus
and in similar writings, such as th
delightful sketches of "Billy Sanders,
and scattered through all of his writ
ings of whatever character and scope
His style precisely suited his them
and purpose, and his taste was sound
It is rather curious to find hin
sounder than Mark Twain on the
merits of "The Vicar of Wakefield,"
which Mark despised and Harris
loved. But it shocks one to read his
defense of "provinciality in litera-
ture," and stand to the opinion that
'provinciality is the point from
which all achievement starts." But it
is to be borne in mind that Georgia
was "the province to her fine group
of Provencals, and Atlanta its capital.

Harris could not be let go without
a hastily snatched word about his
peculiar and magic mastery of a cer-
tain dialect. But he did not suppose,
as many dabblers in dialect have
wearied us by supposing, that dia-
lect is in itself something droll and
humorous and witty and profound
Harris always had his fine yarn to
tell, and used dialect because it was
the natural lingo of the persons of his
lowly drama, and because, in certain
instances, it enhanced the tang and
raciness of the story. Now and then
it serves to paint portraits and man-
ners; but then there is something else
in the paint.

Mrs. Julia Collier Harris has done
a fine labor of love. She has added
some tender touches to the immortal
portrait of Joel Chandler Harris. She
has, however, essayed the impossible
in striving to throw some magic lumi-
nosity upon him. He shines by his
own clear level light.

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

DEC 29 1931

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN

A FEW years ago the Negro artist was a fad. Whites welcomed him with enthusiasm, often priding themselves on their own expansiveness. Stories by and about Negroes became the fashion, and on the stage the Negro was essential to success.

Today that phase has passed and the Negro is just another worker in the arts, to be judged not because of his color but by what he achieves. You scarcely ever heard "The Green Pastures" described as an all-Negro production. Whatever comment there was dealt with the humor, the acting, the human qualities in the play. Today, no doubt, the Negro is happier because those who follow the fashions have forgotten him, and only those who really appreciate good work still cheer him.

Another change has come about—one which comes to mind as I peruse Jessie Fauset's new book, "The Chinaberry Tree," to be published this week by Frederick A. Stokes Co. A few years ago most of the stories by and about Negroes were highly dramatic. They dealt with persecuted blacks or with difficult situations between black and white. They had a lot to do with "passing"—the merging of light-colored Negroes with whites in a community where the border line is not sharply drawn. Today we can read about Negroes living comparatively normal lives.

* * *

Negro Life as American Life.

JESSIE FAUSET, who is helping us to understand the true Negro through her novels, has again written a book about Negroes who are the product of city life, who have a definite culture and group solidarity and do not have to fight the racial battle as sharply as do their brethren in Scottsboro. Miss Fauset admits that "to be a Negro in America posits a dramatic situation,," but she adds that "there are breathing spells—in-between spaces where colored men and women work and love and go their ways with no thought of the 'problem.'"

So she set out to write a story about "the home life of the colored American who is not being pressed too hard by the furies of prejudice, ignorance and economic justice. And, behold! he is not so vastly different from any other American. He is not rich, but moves in a society which has its spheres and alignments as definitely as any other society the world over. . . . He has his own ideas about certain 'Thou shalt nots,' and acts on them."

* * *

The Shadow Over the Family.

THE Negroes who make up the family circle we meet in "The Chinaberry Tree" have their own code of honor, their own high moral law, to which they adhere as rigidly as the old Puritan of New England did to his. And they go about their lives mindful of the feeling of the community and of their own position in it.

A shadow hangs over two of them—Aunt Sal and her lovely daughter, Laurentine, for it is well known that Aunt Sal loved Colonel Holloway, the white owner of the big house, and that he provided for her upon his death. Laurentine was his daughter as much as Aunt Sal's, and the Colonel was not one to turn aside from two persons whom he loved devotedly.

Two other characters come into the picture—Judy, the sister of Sal, and her daughter, Melissa, both colored. We see little of Judy, but the antagonism between Laurentine and Melissa plays a sharp role in this novel. Laurentine, always mindful of her origin, throws up a protective armor that defeats the best intentions of others, whereas Melissa, having no reason for retirement, begins early to plight her vows with young Malory Forsten.

* * *

Why the Love Story Is Shattered.

THERE is a dreadful truth awaiting Melissa—a truth that hovers in the background, whispered among the gossipy townsmen, until the author sees fit to bring it out into the open. When it comes forth that Melissa and Malory are brother and sister the strict moral code which the Negro observes in his own right deprives Malory of his reason and Melissa of her lover.

Miss Fauset has worked out the difficult situation between Laurentine and Melissa with a fine appreciation of the psychological factors in a story that is well above the ordinary. Toward the last she seems to have been too eager to give the book a happy ending, for the transfer of Melissa's affections from Malory to Asshur is too precipitate to be convincing. Beyond that she has opened a door on the life of the Negro of intellectual interests and on a society little known to the whites. It is, as Zona Gale points out in her introduction, the life of a great segment of Americans which deserves to be better understood.

CALIVER WRITES BIBLIOGRAPHY ON EDUCATION

WASHINGTON.—A bibliography on the education of the colored race has just been issued by the U.S. Office of Education as Bulletin 1931, No. 17.

The bibliography which which was compiled by Dr. Ambrose Caliver, senior specialist in education, comprises publications from January, 1928, to December, 1930, and consists of more than 200 selected references.

Co-operating with Dr. Caliver in compiling this list of references were: Dr. Jane Ellen McAllister, Dr. Alethea H. Washington, Miss Theresa A. Birch and Miss Ethel K. Graham.

Dr. Caliver is the author of three other contributions recently published by the Office of Education. One is a section of Chapter 17 of the Biennial Survey of Education in the United States. It is a brief and general statement of the present status and development of the education of colored people during the biennium, 1928-1930. Another is a circular on colored schools and American Education Week, being a study of the extent and manner of participation of schools for colored in observing American Education Week in 1930 and suggestions for 1931.

The other contribution is an article in the December issue of School Life on the Industrial High School of Birmingham, Alabama. The article briefly describes certain interesting features and innovations which were observed during a recent visit of the author in connection with the survey of secondary education which he was making.

It is understood that similar articles concerning other high schools will appear from time to time. School Life Society has accepted an article by Dr. Caliver for early publication "Progress of the National Surveys of Education Among Colored."

Bibliography - 1931

Social Sciences Encyclopedia Has Frederick Douglass Biography

Washington, D. C.

A biography of the great Negro leader in the struggle for emancipation, Frederick Douglass, written by Walter White, secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., is included in the latest volume to be published of the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences.

The Encyclopedia, edited by Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia University is "the first comprehensive synthesis of the social sciences ever attempted in any language", and provides a reference guide to all topics of interest in the social sciences. It is endorsed by learned societies and its staff includes authorities in the fields of law, history, economics, education, anthropology and related fields.

Book Review

Drifting Northward

THE MOBILITY OF THE NEGRO. By Edward E. Lewis. Published by Columbia University Press, New York. Price, $2.25.

FOR some years students and writers have been arguing about the great Negro migration from the South to the North. It has been called everything from a blessing to a scourge. The South, after branding the Negro for years as a burden and a curse, tried frantically to prevent his departure; the North, after condemning the South for persecuting the Negro, became shivery when its turn came to deal with him in large numbers. Volumes were written to prove that he was not fitted for urban life, that he was sardined in congested tenements, that he became tubercular or turned criminal, that his illegitimacy rate was high and his death rate higher. White labor resented his coming, rioted against him, and then wondered why he didn't join it in its fight against capitalism.

At first, social reasons were assigned for the Negro's flight from the South. It was said that he only wanted to escape from lynching, disfranchisement, poor schools and Jim-Crow. The wartime wages offered him were given a secondary place; they were only his means of escape from hell. Most of the early studies of the migration dwelt upon this.

A few years later the Social Science Research Council and the Columbia Council for Research in the Social Sciences made grants for a series of scientific studies of Negro migration. The first volume was "The Negro Peasant Turns Cityward" by Louise Venable Kennedy; the second, "The Negro in Modern Industrial Society," was by Dean Dutcher. Now we have the third, "The Mobility of the Negro" by Edward E. Lewis, Ph.D., assistant professor of economics at Howard University.

This book begins by getting away from lynching, Jim-Crow and the other oppressions suffered by the southern Negro. It does not discount the effect of these evils; it is merely not concerned with them. It treats the migration from a purely economic viewpoint. The author takes the attitude that social conditions are relatively unassociated with such economic matters as agricultural disorganization or industrial demand for labor. This summary dissociation of social and economic factors may appear somewhat arbitrary, but every author has the right to state his thesis and to be judged by his fidelity to it.

With the field thus narrowed, Dr. Lewis proceeds with his strictly economic analysis. The method of the book will not recommend it to the general reader; it is rather for students of economics. It not only dwells upon maps and statistics, but attempts a difficult mathematical treatment.

There is no disposition in this reviewer to mock or otherwise disparage a detailed and conscientious work. This book, within its frankly stated limits, may deserve the acclamation of economists and mathematicians. For others, it is too hag-ridden by the new science of methodology. It seems a sort of stunt, in which the means obscures and at times obliterates the end. When the writer gets away from the jargon of methodology, he shows a real knowledge of his subject.

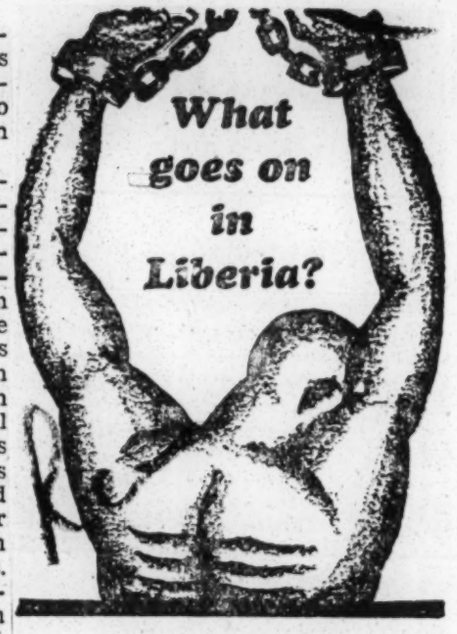
His aim in this study was to ascertain which was the greater factor in Negro migration, the northern demand for industrial labor or the disorganization of southern agriculture. His chapter on these factors appears to be conclusive.

Summing up his various analyses, he states that in the Cotton Belt, as a whole, the industrial factor exerted a somewhat greater pull than the agricultural. In South Carolina and Georgia, in which the farmers had not yet learned to counteract the effect of the boll weevil pest, the agricultural factor was more important. In the Mississippi River valley the pull of industrial labor demand was by far the more important influence upon the migration of colored workers; the agricultural factor was apparently negligible. The author is satisfied that the intensity of the industrial demand was so great as to make it the predominant factor in the movement of the Negro.

Then he turns to the future, asking what are the current and prospective developments in southern agriculture and in the industrial demand for Negro labor which may influence the flow of Negroes between North and South. He says that the southern Negro's future movements will be greatly affected by cotton prices. He fears that even if cotton prices rise the Negro cultivator will be in danger of extinction, as prices which may be profitable to operators in the low-cost areas of Texas and Oklahoma may be inadequate for those in the older cotton states, in which the Negro chiefly resides. There is also the danger that the introduction of a mechanical cotton picker may eliminate all the tenant farmers, black or white.

Yet the future is not entirely dark. This study covers the years from 1919 to 1924. Though the industrial demand for labor has decreased since 1924, the Negro remains as a potential source of expanded labor forces. The continued policy of restricted immigration and the recovery (when it comes) from the present depression may compel industry to call upon the Negro again. For good or ill, the industrialization of the Negro is destined to continue, and the author maintains that the economic salvation of the race lies in its adjustment to the status of industrial wage-earners.

—AUBREY BOWSER.



Read the answer in this Astounding Book

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A STORY OF LIBERIA

By GEORGE SCHUYLER

George Schuyler, the distinguished Negro writer, after months investigating the Black "Republic", has written this novel based on facts as they are in Liberia today—a shocking and exciting story!

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5 East 53rd St. New York

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER'S SECOND BOOK OFF OF THE PRESS

Reviewer Hails Volume As Significant Study

NOV. 14 1931

JAMES W. IVY

Slavery is one of Africa's most ancient institutions. The very earliest written records of that continent speak of this institution. And the Romans and Greeks had a few slaves from that continent, as vases, paintings, carvings, and statuettes mutely testify.

But native African slavery was not the cold, crass thing which sugar and cotton culture fastened upon the Americas. There were no purse-hungry investors to be satisfied, no lordly, cultured aristocrats to be maintained in idle splendor, nor sadistic overseers to fully and beat and otherwise maltreat the poor, defenseless chattel slave.

The African regarded his slave as more of a relative; he treated him kindly; and in some cases almost as one of the family. In other words, there was little commercial profit to be got from traffic in human flesh. This was left for the white man: The Portuguese, the Spainards, and the English.

So for hundreds of years the world had to endure this ghastly traffic and to condemn a part of its population to the worst degradation known to civilized man.

Were Mistaken

When the United States, Brazil, and the islands of the West Indies did away with slavery; i.e., chattel slavery, we believed that slavery as an institution had been forever abolished from the world. But we were mistaken. We failed to foresee the partition of Africa, which took place in the early, '80's. We also overlooked the enormous expansion of our industrial civilization, which made cheap labor, abundant land, and plenty of raw material almost obligatory.

That is, Africa became a potential El Dorado. And the commercial interests of Europe quickly became aware of this fact. What did Europe do abuot it? She divided Africa up into spheres of influence and then proceeded to bite off what she could chew, and in many cases much more than she could either chew or digest.

Each Takes Portion

Great Britain bit off 3,871,337 square miles; France, in equatorial Africa alone, 982,049 square miles; Portugal 912,932 square miles; Belgium, 900,654 square miles; and Spain 140,000 square miles.

Now that Europe has her lands and the people the next in question is how to extract the enormous mineral and agricultural wealth with the minimum of expense and the maximum of labor power, since the natives can see no sense in toiling day after day for a mere pittance from their taskmasters.

But the exploiters were not at a loss for a plan. And the plans they adopted were as follows:

1. Domestic slavery, 2. Compulsory labor for administrative purposes, 3. Forced labor for private profit (modern slavery), and 4. Fradulent contract labor (modern slavery).

How Plans Worked

To operate these plans the following two methods have been adopted:

a. Direct demands made upon the chiefs, either with or without the aid of administration. b. By dispossessing the natives of their land and virgin produce, thereby forcing them to work for the whites.

These methods have been, and are still used, by France, Great Britain, Portugal and Spain. Even the little Negro countries of Abyssinia and Liberia have been forced to resort to them. It is not a question of race so much as it is a question of stark economic necessity. You must conform or be swallowed up by the big fellows.

Schuyler's New Book

Yet when Mr. George Schuyler, after spending three months in the little Negro republic of Liberia, wrote that black men, in the haven established expressedly for manumitted slaves, were enslaving their fellow blacks, race patriots rushed into print in an attempt to deny the truth of the charge.

Now Mr. Schuyler has amplified his charges in a novel, "Slaves Today" (Brewer, Warren & Putsam. $2.50). Although the book is in the guise of fiction it is really a masterly expose of the wretched condition of the Liberian natives under the harsh rule of the Americo-Liberians.

The first intimations that there was slavery in Liberia, the first open charges, came not from outsiders, but from the Liberians themselves. Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell, 'tis true, had already studied the veiled forms of slavery which exist is Liberia in his book on foreign imperialism, but no serious attention was payed to his findings. It was not until the League of Nations, upon the insistent demands of certain Liberians, appointed its International Commission to officially investigate these charges and this commission had published its findings that there was any general publicity given to the condition.

Lady Lugard, an English woman, had, however, we'll remember, published a very biased acount of the Fernando Po boy traffic, not so much with an eye to reform as in an attempt to discredit Negro rule in the country.

Where Schuyler Steps In

Upon the publication of the report of the International Commission appointed by the League, Liberia promised to put her house is order. From time to time rumors would come through that Liberia had not lived up to her promises, and this is where Mr. Schuyler steps into the picture. George Palmer Putnam, of the aforementioned publishing firm, commissioned Mr. Schuyler to investigate the rumors and to see if Liberia had actually made any efforts to abolish the slave traffic.

His investigations showed that she had not, and being an honest journalist he said so. Almost all of Mr. Schuyler's critics, however, seem to have thought it a racial disgrace for one Negro to tell on his fellows in Liberia, despite the fact that the welfare of the 2,000,000 or more natives is far more important than the petty selfishness of a few Americo-Liberians ensconced in Monrovia.

They took very much the same attitude that the French nationalists took when they accused Andre Gide of being an unpatriotic Frenchman for writing "Voyage au Congo" and "Le Retour du Tchad." They said that a Frenchman should not have criticised other Frenchmen, even if they were exploiting the poor natives.

Unfair Criticisms

Like stockholders in the various African concessionarie companies, certain Aframericans maintained that Schuyler had been in the pay of the Firestones, that he had been a catspaw for European imperialists, who wished to gobble up Liberia, and that he had been misled into discrediting his race by the dedal minded, race-biased New York "Evening Post," However, no one who reads "Slaves Today," I feel, can get up from the book with any serious beliefs in these charges. If there ever was a story suffused with pity and compassion this is one.

The story, briefly told, is that of President Johnson, who drains the country of its resources and traffics in human flesh is order to maintain himself and his henchmen in the proper luxury, and the Commissioner of the First District, David Jackson, who sees to it that his chief is well supplied with these things.

About the Story

Jackson's doings in the little village of Takama are typical. When he leaves at nightfall the chief Bungomo has been foully murdered, the town taxes increased, the chief's daughter, Pameta, added to Jackson's harem, and her husband Zo on his way to Fernando Po. In following the trail of Jackson we have a cross section of Liberian society and Liberian social and political life and corruptions. In following Zo we learn all about the horrors of the traffic in human flesh with the Spanish planters of Fernando Po.

Of course I can merely give an idea of what the book contains, but I am sure that it will do for the Liberian slave trade what Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" did for the meat packing business. it will lead to reform.

It is surely a novel worth reading. And it again proves that race is not so important a thing in human exploitation as greed and class and graft.

No Slur on Race

Here in Liberia we have blacks exploiting their fellow blacks just as ruthlessly as the paler faced French in the adjoining territory. Nor does an expose of Liberia's ruling class necessarily discredit the Negro as a ruler despite the ironic twist which is given to the mess by the fact that the country was established as a haven for freed Negroes. As the late Anatole France once told his secretary Brousson: "I exploit you, yes: my publishers exploit me; we are all exploited by some one."

Exploitation Is Exploitation

And I don't see the difference between being exploited by our fellow blacks and being exploited by the whites; it is all exploitation. What I should like to see is the abolition of privilege, of exploitation of a favored class, whether the class be white or black. If we must kick out the present Liberian ruling class to clean up Liberia, I am in favor of doing it.

I am also in favor of kicking out the French, the English, the Belgians, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese. They are all an excrescence upon the native life of Africa.

For Which The Author Was Fired

JANE JUICE. By John Earle Uhler. The Century Company, New York and London, 1931. 340 pages. $2.50.

This, of course, is the book that caused its author's dismissal from the faculty of Louisiana State University. A priest started the thing by contending that the Cajuns of Louisiana. And L. S. U. found that he had likewise misrepresented the grand old Acadians.

After reading the book one understands thoroughly the attitude of both the injured parties. The worthy cleric, not unnaturally, took exception when his parishioners were depicted as so regardless of moral values that a Cajun youth from the country could visit his sister, committed to a life of shame in New Orleans.

And so far as the dear old college is concerned—well, the vivid description of the Footfall Special which pulled out of the Baton Rouge station is not unsuggestive of the good time that was had by all in the gardens of Nero's palace. If such things be not, then the book is a malicious misrepresentation. If such things be, why the greater the truth, greater the libel.

The matter of L. S. U. having been hug disposed of by the foregoing neat bit of hedging, let us turn our attention again to the Cajuns and their wrongs, real or imaginary. Just as a matter of statistics, these descendants of the banished French Canadians haven't half the cause of complaint against Author Uhler that we "hundred per cent" Americans have.

Here is how the three population elements compare in the novel residing the worst for the last:

Bernard Couvillon, hero. Football star, colonel of cadets, science student, sort of Luther Burbank and reviver of Louisiana's sugar industry.

Mrs. Couvillon. The hero's good mother.

Couvillon pere. A Cajan grouch.

The Hero's Brother. A Cajan [illegible] off to the big city and goes astray. Graduates from nymph of New Orleans pavement to mistress of Frank Niles (q. v.) and almost attains the exalted status of Niles's comon-law wife.

Lucie. The hero's boyhood sweetheart. Religious enthusiast. Decides to take the veil for no apparent reason connected with a worldly disappointment.

Ulysse Davide. Confederate veteran with fine war record. Idealist of both Old and New South.

Creoles:

Raoul St. Amant. Student, son of wealthy patrician family, thorough gentleman with no outstanding strength, but no glaring weakness.

Juliette Filastre. Another aristocrat. The rather unconvincing heroine. Described by the author as "clean and sweet," seems to be above the college whoopee set, but always appears to be Janie-on-the-spot whenever a wild party is being thrown. Anyway, the author wants to leave the impression that this brain-daughter of his is a perfect lady, although modern to the nth degree. But she keeps the Blond Beast (q. v.) on her string to the last and likes to play around in bad company.

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Milton Fairchild. The Blond Beast. Gridiron star, hazer, drinker, woman-chaser, bruiser, bully and bad sport.

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Frank Niles. The hero's near-common-law brother-in-law. Literary man of New Orleans. Goes alcoholic.

Marcia Hopkins. Love pirate. A glorious jade, but still a jade.

These data has a right to feel offended, anybody has the scions of Evangeline's peo- it is not the s- it is the folk descended from ple. No, it is the Jamestown and the Plymouth Rock settlers.—JOEL W. WOODRUFF.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER'S SECOND BOOK OF THE PRESS

Reviewer Hails Volume As Significant Study

NOV 14 1931

Slavery is one of Africa's most ancient institutions. The very earliest written records of that continent speak of this institution. And the Romans and Greeks had a few slaves from that continent, as vases, paintings, carvings, and statuettes mutely testify.

But native African slavery was not the cold, crass thing which sugar and cotton culture fastened upon the Americas. There were no purse-hungry investors to be satisfied, no lordly, cultured aristocrats to be maintained in idle splendor, nor sadistic overseers to fully and beat and otherwise maltreat the poor, defenseless chattel slave.

The African regarded his slave as more of a relative; he treated him kindly; and in some cases almost as one of the family. In other words, there was little commercial profit to be got from traffic in human flesh. This was left for the white man: The Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English.

So for hundreds of years the world had to endure this ghastly traffic and to condemn a part of its population to the worst degradation known to civilized man.

Were Mistaken

When the United States, Brazil, and the islands of the West Indies did away with slavery; i.e., chattel slavery, we believed that slavery as an institution had been forever abolished from the world. But we were mistaken. We failed to foresee the partition of Africa, which took place in the early '80's. We also overlooked the enormous expansion of our industrial civilization, which made cheap labor, abundant land, and plenty of raw material almost obligatory.

That is, Africa became a potential El Dorado. And the commercial interests of Europe quickly became aware of this fact. What did Europe do about it? She divided Africa up into spheres of influence and then proceeded to bite off what she could chew, and in many cases much more than she could either chew or digest.

Each Takes Portion

Great Britain bit off 3,871,337 square miles; France, in equatorial Africa alone, 982,049 square miles; Portugal, 912,932 square miles; Belgium, 900,654 square miles; and Spain 140,000 square miles.

Now that Europe has her lands and the people the next in question is how

Upon the publication of the report

to extract the enormous mineral and agricultural wealth with the minimum of expense and the maximum of power, since the natives can see no sense in toiling day after day for a mere pittance from their taskmasters.

But the exploiters were not at a loss for a plan. And the plan they adopted were as follows:

1. Domestic slavery. 2. Compulsory labor for administrative purposes. 3. Forced labor for private profit (modern slavery). and 4. Peaceful contract labor (modern slavery).

How Plans Worked

To operate these plans the following two methods have been adopted:

a. Direct demands made upon the chiefs, either with or without the administration. b. By dispossessing the natives of their land and virgin produce, thereby forcing them to work for the whites.

These methods have been, and are still used, by France, Great Britain, Portugal and Spain. Even the little Negro countries of Abyssinia and Liberia have been forced to resort to these methods.

It is not a question of race so much as it is a question of stark economic necessity. You must conform or be swallowed up by the big fellows.

Schuyler's New Book

Yet when Mr. George Schuyler, after spending three months in the little Negro republic of Liberia, wrote that black men, in the haven established expressedly for manumitted slaves, were enslaving their fellow blacks, race patriots rushed into print in an attempt to deny the truth of the charge.

Now Mr. Schuyler has amplified his charges in a novel, "Slaves Today" (Brewer, Warren & Putsam. $2.50). Although the book is in the guise of fiction it is really a masterly exposé of the Liberian ruling class of stark eclipsed the present Liberian ruling class of clean up Liberia, I am in favor of kicking it.

I am also in favor of kicking out the French, the English, the Belgians, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese. They are all an excrescence on the native

Like stockholders in the various American concessionarie companies, certain Aframericans maintained the Schuyler had been in the pay of the Firestones, that he had been a cat's paw for European imperialists, who wished to gobble up Liberia, and that he had been misled into discrediting his race by the dedal minded, race biased New York "Evening Post," However, no one who reads "Slaves Today" I feel, can get up from the book with any serious beliefs in these charges. there ever was a story suffused with pity and compassion this is one.

The story, briefly told, is that President Johnson, who drains the country of its resources and traffics in human flesh is order to maintain himself and his henchmen in the proper luxury, and the Commissioner of the First District, David Jackson, who sees to it that his chief is well supplied with these things.

About the Story

Jackson's doings in the little village of Takama are typical. When he leaves at nightfall the chief Bungomo has been foully murdered, the town taxes increased, the chief's daughter, Pameta, added to Jackson's harem, and her husband Zo on his way to Fernando Po. In following the trail of Jackson we have a cross section of Liberian society and Liberian social and political life and corruptions. In following Zo we learn all about the horrors of the traffic in human flesh with the Spanish planters of Fernando Po.

I can merely give an idea of what the book contains, but I am sure that it will do for the Liberian slave trade what Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" did for the meat packing business. It will lead to reform.

It is surely a novel worth reading. And it again proves that race is not so important a thing in human exploitation as greed and class and graft.

No Slur on Race

Here in Liberia we have blacks exploiting their fellow blacks just as ruthlessly as the paler faced French in the adjoining territory. Nor does an expose of Liberia's ruling class necessarily discredit the Negro as a ruler despite the ironic twist which is given to the mess by the fact that the country was established as a haven for freed Negroes. As the late Anatole France once told his secretary Brousson: "I exploit you, yes: my publishers exploit me; we are all exploited by some one."

Exploitation Is Exploitation

And I don't see the difference between being exploited by our fellow blacks and being exploited by the whites; it is all exploitation. What I should like to see is the exploitation of privilege, of exploitation of a favored class, whether the class be white or black. If we must kick out the present

For Which The Author Was Fired

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These data speak for themselves. If anybody has a right to feel offended, it is not the scions of Evangeline's people. No, it is the folk descended from the Jamestown and the Plymouth Rock settlers.—JOEL W. WOODRUFF.

Bibliography - 1931

Book Review

Black Parnassus

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY—Chosen and edited, with an essay on the Negro's creative genius, by James Weldon Johnson. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.00.

WHEN THIS BOOK first appeared, ten years ago, it was a surprise. Though Paul Laurence Dunbar was the only American Negro poet to be nationally recognized, we all knew that here and there other Negroes had written poetry some of it good. There were Wheatley, Corrothers, Braithwaite, Johnson and a few more. Not till James Weldon Johnson compiled his anthology did we realize how much poetry had been written by Negroes and how long they had been writing it. The Negro intelligentsia, like all intelligentsia from the dawn of history to this day, was asleep on the job; race consciousness was just beginning to stir. Its stirrings took the form of speculation as to what the Negro would do. Only a handful of men like Weldon Johnson, DuBois and Woodson realized that the Negro already had done a deal of remarkable work in history, literature and music.

Johnson's first anthology opened our eyes. We found a line of Negro poets extending from Phillis Wheatley to the twentieth century. Even before Phillis Wheatley there was Jupiter Hammon, who published a poem in 1760, a year before Phillis was brought here from Africa. Soon after, George Horton came along. Then there were James Bell, Mrs. Harper and A. A. Whitman.

This new edition of the anthology brings the record to the present date; it includes the work of the past ten years, with its rush of Negro poets. If you leave out the names of Dunbar and Claude McKay you can say that more good Negro poetry has been written in the past decade than in the preceding two hundred years. It is true that James Weldon Johnson has been writing for several decades, but his best verse has been written since 1921. This is not saying that the black bards of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries were naturally inferior poets; they just happened along too soon. For, if most of the best Negro poetry has been written in the past ten years it is equally true that in these years Negro poets have had more incentive to write.

Imagine the would-be Negro poet sixty or seventy years ago, without a single publication in which to place his work. Today there are Negro magazines and newspapers, to say nothing of the changed attitude of the large white publishing companies and periodicals. Half a century ago the Negro poet had no outlet. It is easy enough to say that he should have written anyhow, just as a skylark sings without a thought of being heard; but a man is not a skylark and has too much sense to imitate one. No poet or school of poets ever did great work without an adequate incentive. If fame and fortune had not beckoned William Shakespeare would probably have thrown away his pen and turned pirate, like so many others of his day.

Not till Dunbar's time did the general press turn a hospitable ear to the Negro poet. Even then it welcomed only dialect. The expressed idea was that Negro dialect was a quaint idiom that was catchy in verse form; but that was only half the truth. The other half was that Negro dialect nourished the white man's sense of superiority. In those days one of the surest ways for a Negro to irritate a white person was to speak and write impeccable English. The most striking proof of Dunbar's genius was that several of his straight - English poems broke through that barrier of prejudice and were quoted far and wide.

A perusal of this anthology reveals, however, that Negro poetry has not yet come upon its greatest days. In vain you will look through all these poems for some stanza, line or phrase that is strong enough or sharp enough to bite its way into the consciousness of the world, something durable enough to be embedded in the language. In ten minutes you can make a list of twenty British poets and give from each of them a quotation that will last as long as English is spoken. You canont do this with any white American poets but Poe and Emerson, and why you cannot is neither here nor there in this article. Just now we are asking ourselves why it cannot be done with Negro poetry.

The principal reason is that for 170 years the Negro poet has carried on his back the burden of race. It was not his fault, it was as inevitable as death and taxes; he had to respire it and perspire it. He would have liked to forget it; but he was never allowed to; he had to drag it everywhere like a ball and chain.

Thus Negro poetry generally tended to become an argument, a plea, a defense, an attack, always something polemic or propagandist. Such poetry never lives, it never effects anyone but those immediately concerned, it fails of a general effect.

A foreigner, reading verses on slavery or the troubles of the Negro today, might be sympathetic; but he would find nothing in them to apply to his own life. But when Blake writes: "Love seeketh not itself to please," or Coleridge: "All passions are but ministers of love," or Keats: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," the universal note is struck as a clock strikes the hour. Such lines apply to the South Sea Islander quite as much as to the men who wrote them. The nearest thing to them in Negro poetry is Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem, "Life," which he defines partly as "a crust of bread and a corner to sleep in."

Up to fifteen years ago the Negro poet thought himself duty bound to be the advocate of his race. In the past decade there has been a healthy reaction from this idea. Cullen, Hughes, Horne, Bontemps, in fact, all of the newer poets, have cast off racial restrictions and written just as human beings. That is why more good Negro poetry is being written today than ever before. Not that these young writers deliberately eschew racial questions; indeed, they are as likely to write of race as of other subjects. The point is that they are not confined to it, that four out of every five of their poems have no racial identification.

It is these poets, or the wave that follows them, who will sound those universal notes which are heard round the civilized world. A Negro may well be the first American poet to give the world the equivalent of "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And in days to come no history of Negro poetry, or Negro literature, will be complete without a tribute to James Weldon Johnson, discoverer, encourager and preserver.

AUBREY BOWSER.

Dunes of Dialect

American Mercury

4-29-31

COLD BLUE MOON. By Howard W. Odum. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $2.50.

New York, N.Y.

PATRICK HENRY, the great orator of Revolutionary days, was to make a speech to an audience of Virginia mountaineers, an ignorant, woebegone lot of humanity. He thought he would please them if, instead of using his natural diction, he spoke in their patois. For several days he studied it, then he delivered his speech, expecting them to take him to their bosoms. The result appalled him. They all but walked out on him; they were insulted and they vociferously told him so. They asked him why on earth he didn't talk his own talk, they said they had come to hear an orator and not an ignoramus, that he needn't think he could make fun of them.

Colored people may be pardoned for feeling like those mountaineers when they read some of the far-heralded books written by white authors purporting to tell the Negro's story in his own words. Such books, of course, will be raved over by all the white critics and such colored ones as don't dare gainsay them. Anybody who assails them will be met with such things as this: "Why, man, H. L. Mencken praised this book. Do you think you know more than Mencken?" They expect the skies to fall on you if you don't agree with the dear white folks' estimate of you.

Regardless of what all the white literary panjandrums and their heelers say, there is one reviewer to whom such books give a far-reaching pain. There is, of course, the natural resentment of any self-respecting Negro who sees the oneriest and stupidest of his race picked up and slobbered over as if they were Lindberghs. But there is more than that: there is a great artistic fault in such writing.

In their efforts at realism many writers go too far. It is more overdone than romanticism ever was. Suppose a book were written describing everything a man did in the course of a day—everything, making no concessions to decency. That would be absolute realism and absolute negation of art. We have seen nothing that bad as yet, but there is a tendency toward it. Suppose, again, you were to write the life of a dog in his own words—you would have three hundred pages of barks, howls, yaps and snarls, a triumph of realism—and absurdity.

One gets somewhat the same impression in reading the Black Ulysses stories. Dialect can be striking when it is judiciously used; it can give charm and spice to a narrative. It can be effectively used throughout a story, if the story is short enough. But when you have a full-size novel of it, when you have to labor through a hundred thousand words of semi-gibberish, it is too, too much, You feel like imitating the Virginia mountaineers and asking the author why on earth he doesn't talk his own talk.

"Rainbow Round My Shoulder," Odum's first book of this series, was like that, and "Wings On My Feet" followed suit. In "Cold Blue Moon" the author gives us a respite now and then by interspersing a few pages of his own English; but even there he shows that his habit of writing in dialect has corrupted him. You feel like asking him if there are no verbs where he comes from. Except for these few comparatively green oases in the book we are compelled to tread the dreary dunes of dialect.

A story runs through the book, a story, which, though not especially original, deserves a better telling. The author might have done it justice if he had talked his own talk. It is about a typical Big House of a Southern plantation. One rainy day the Negro stable boys gather in a shed, telling ghost stories. Black

Ulysses is with them and he listens condescendingly till he decides to open up. When he does begin it is just a yarn that Bert Williams used to tell: "Wait till Martin comes," and the oft-told tale of the Negro who prayed for the Lord to come and take him home to Heaven, but reneged when someone knocked at the door and said he was the Lord. Through all the book there are all kinds of ghosts of persons and animals of the old slave days, ghosts without hands, or feet, or heads, ghosts of dogs, cats and horses.

In the story, the Old Colonel is the leading man of his neighborhood. His son, Marse James, is a roisterer who kills a man in a duel over a horse race and plays pranks on the slaves. The younger son has a Northern friend, who is the sweetheart of Little Mistis, the daughter of the family. The Civil War comes on and they go off to whip the Yankees. Little Mistis' lover fights on the Union side. Times get hard and everything depends on the loyalty of Uncle Wailes, an old slave very much like Uncle Tom.

Some of the slaves take advantage of the chance to run off and be free, and Uncle Wailes tries to keep the rest on the plantation. The Colonel comes home and overhears Uncle Wailes testing their loyalty. Misunderstanding him, the Colonel whips him almost to death before he finds he is mistaken. Yet Uncle Wailes stays on till he dies.

The war ends and the Colonel and Marse James come home. The Yankee lover of Little Mistis, wounded and sick from long imprisonment in a Confederate prison, comes to see her. The Colonel, furious at the victory of the North, tears the girl from the Yankee's arms and knocks him down. The sick boy dies and so does the girl, that is, they join the other ghosts who keep hovering round the Big House. Finally all the family die and nothing but ghosts are left.

This story works its way through the stream of dialect, bringing out the life of the old South, with its prodigality, the South whose celebrated hospitality cost its dispensers nothing, and whose chivalry was born of idleness, the South of the famous horse race sand fox chases and slaves, the South that, thanks to the guns of Grant, is gone forever. The author in one place stops for a roll call of the Southern heroes of the Civil War.

Odum got away with something in this book. If he had told this ordinary tale in his own speech it would have commanded little attention. But he puts it into the mouth of an ignorant Negro whose speech a lot of readers won't understand, and the critics will fall for it like flies tor honey.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Columbia S. C. State

"The Carolina Low-Country," a Forthcoming Work of Uncommon Interest.

Macmillan announces for fall publication a work that cannot but hold for readers of The State a special and various interest. The Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, unique Charleston group, has compiled "The Carolina Low Country," which, with 50 spirituals, or Negro songs of worship, most of them not heretofore published, will contain also a wealth of "background" material, in text, map and picture, descriptive and interpretive of the region in which these folk-hymns originated. A de luxe edition of 400 copies, numbered and autographed, at $25 a copy, will precede a trade edition; the net proceeds from the sales to be devoted, as are practically all earnings of the society to the care of aged and indigent Negroes and the alleviation of distress among Negroes of "The Black Border."

De luxe copies may be had only through the society itself. With more than 200 copies ordered at $25, prior to the appearance even of a prospectus the indications are that this edition will be absorbed by advance subscriptions. The book is already in process of production and will be ready late in September or early in October. Writers and artists contribute their services without compensation. Maj. Alfred Huger, president, writes to The State:

> "We have tried, through the work of the various authors and artists, to depict, in prose, poetry, song, painting, etching and drawing, the spirit of the civilization of the Low-country of South Carolina, which went down in the defeat of the Confederacy. . . . The book has...a double purpose. It records and preserves some of the spirituals that we have rescued and expresses the feelings of the members of the society toward their home and the civilization of their forefathers, while at the same time doing an important and much needed work in charity."

Enthusiastic over the materials provided by the society, the publishers are giving the work a distinguished format. The book will measure 7 1-2 by 10 1-4 inches, will be printed on handmade paper and will be handsomely bound, with a specially designed jacket in colors, appearing through a glassine protective cover, and further protected by a slide case. Textual matter will include: Preface, by Augustine T. Smythe; "The Low-Country: Its Beauty and Its Glamor," by Herbert Ravenel Sass; "The Story of the Low-Country," by Alfred Huger; "Charleston: The Capital of the Plantations," by Thomas R. Waring; "Plantation Lights and Shadows," by Archibald Rutledge; "The Negro in the Low-Country," by DuBose Heyward, and "The Negro Spiritual," by Robert W. Gordon, chief of archives of American folk song, Library of Congress, Washington. Poems in the book will be: "The Yemassee Lands," by Beatrice Ravenel, and "The Island Boy," by Josephine Pinckney. The music and words of the 50 spirituals will be provided with drum-beat symbols to show the movements of hands and feet. The Gullah language in which the wording is cast will conform in spelling to the rules established by the late Ambrose E. Gonzales, publisher of The State, in his "Black Border" series. The arrangement of the spirituals is by Katherine C. Hutson, Josephine Pinckney and Caroline P. Rutledge.

Artist collaborators have contributed a round dozen of items. Anna Heyward Taylor, formerly of Columbia, designed the jacket. The endpiece, by Augustine T. S. Stoney, is a pictorial map, in the old manner, of the Low-Country. The front cover will carry an impression in gold of the society's seal, designed by Albert Simons. Four paintings by Alice R. Huger Smith are to be reproduced in full color, and a like number of etchings by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner in photogravure. Albert Simons contributes pen and ink drawings of Drayton Hall and Butaw Plantation.

The coastal country of South Carolina, historically known as the Low-Country, and the seat of one of the earliest settlements, became the scene of a plantation-supported civilization which ranked with and yet was quite different from that of Tidewater Virginia and of the lower Mississippi Valley. Those who are interested in the story of this people, in a past full of achievement, of tragedy, of romance, and who love the natural beauty of a region having peculiar charm, will await with pleasant anticipation "The Carolina Low-Country."

Virginia Felonies

CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN VIRGINIA, *by Hugh N. Fuller, in association with Dobie Ribble, Moley. Century. 195 pp. Price $2.25 postpaid of The Survey.*

ARE felony cases increasing or is the so-called crime wave due to prohibition? What is actually happening to the criminal cases which absorb the time—and the money—of criminal courts of record? Is it true that severity of punishment is decreasing? Are more pleas of guilty being entered? How do urban and rural areas differ in criminal matters? This study of 15,000 felony cases arising in Virginia in 1917, 1922, 1927, 1928 throws some interesting light on such questions as these for the criminologist. Perhaps the mere interested layman or ordinary social worker would be in some danger of losing his way in the morass of figures and charts. As the study was based directly on meager and "atrocious" court records, information regarding the defendants as human beings is lacking. Recognizing the deficiencies of the statistical method of studying the operation of criminal courts, judges and prosecuting attorneys of the state were queried on the administration of criminal justice in Virginia. The widely differing opinions of 120 public officials on the problems presented and the changes needed are extremely interesting. Unquestionably this survey was ably directed and reported and will become an indispensable source book along with similar studies available for the City of Cleveland and the States of Illinois and Missouri. The value of the present survey would have been increased by tabulating Negro and white defendants separately if possible, as Negroes form 29.9 of the Virginia population and formed 29.3 in the sample studied.

JUNE PURCELL GUILD

College of William and Mary

Book Review

IVORY, SCOURGE OF AFRICA
Harper and Brothers....$4.
By Ernst D. Moore....New York:

Ernst Moore's name is well enough known to those familiar with Africa and things African. In this book he gives a popular description of the ivory trade, of a sort to be read with interest not only by travelers but also by those who have never left civilization, because of its exact and pertinent information and because of a style that proclaims the artist. Incidentally, the story of Tippoo Tip is told, and had to be told, for that cold-blooded scoundrel had all to do with the ivory trade; nor is he unsurpassed in the literature of rascality. Yet, as Moore points out, while Tippoo saw more wanton bloodshed, and more cruelty and human suffering than any man alive in his time, he was a "courtly, affable, distinguished figure, considerate and kindly; an Oriental man-of-the world whose personal virtues contrasted strangely with his professional depravity."

The world called for ivory, and to supply the commodity men were enslaved, murdered by the hundred thousand, treated inhumanely at the best. Tippoo could not have continued his nefarious business had all explorers been of the sturdy honesty of Livingston; but they were not. Also, those who held business communications with Tippoo had the backing, more or less openly, of European politicians and diplomats engaged in the partition of Africa, whose alleged higher motives were mere pretences to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation. Back of all the talk of civilizing the natives were the lust of greed, a hunger for profits to be snatched by fraud, strength, chicanery. So hair-raising is the tale that it calls for fine restraints and delicate art to make it readable.

But there were others besides Arab traders who were guilty of barbarisms. Moore has fine scorn for many heroes of the chase—such well known names as Cumming, Baldwin, Oswell, Vardon, and others, listing them rightly, as little better than butchers for blood-lust's sake. I was glad to see that he quoted on pages 170 and 171, that passage from "Five Years of a Hunter's Life" in illustration of this point of view. En passant, Moore refers to other atrocities, such as dropping bombs on an elephant herd from airplanes though the result was nil, for most of the ivory thus obtained had been blown to bits with the animals that carried it. It is a magnificent book, and Moore carries his reader to the center of the subject with arrow-like directness.

Bibliography-1931

Book Review

Another "Land of the Free"

Amsterdam News 12-2-31

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY boasts that it is ruled by reason. It looks down upon the Nineteenth century as a period ruled by dowdy Victorianism, upon the Eighteenth as the era of Rousseau's sentimentalism, and upon all the others as reigns of greed and passion. The other centuries might well retort that reason is not so wonderful, that no matter how much reason you have you will not follow it in the deeper matters of your life; that the vaunted reason of this century did not prevent the World War.

The real master of the world has been, is now, and always will be emotion, and the successful swayers of mankind have always understood as much. Men had feeling before they had brains, and they are still ninety per cent feeling.

If you wish, therefore, to convince the world, to stir it to action, don't confront it with didactic treatises and columns of statistics. Choose the emotional form of literature, depict men and women, who are always more moving than columns of figures. For eighty years Abolitionists tried to conquer slavery with statistics and sermons, and the slavers laughed at them. Then a little woman wrote "Uncle Thom's Cabin" and the nation was roused to a rage.

George Schuyler has wisely chosen the same form of literature to attack the evils of Liberia—wisely for his subject and for his reputation. Schuyler, like Bernard Shaw, too long has been known as a mocker, and a man who mocks, however adroitly, comes to be rated as merely a mocker, and readers go to his works for a laugh. Schuyler has turned just in time to avoid this.

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First, the story shows us the governing class, scheming how to bolster up a rotten administration by extracting more and more tribute from the natives of the hinterland. The vice-president is a graduate of an American penitentiary, to which he was sent for forgery.

The scene changes to the interior, to an African village where a chief is about to celebrate the marriage of his favorite daughter, Pameta, to a young tribesman named Zo. The marriage is consummated and everybody is happily dancing. Into the village march the Liberian soldiers, commanded by Jackson, an official notorious for his harsh dealings with the natives. He demands the regular tribute of rice and palm oil. It is not forthcoming, and Jackson has the soldiers seize the chief and flog him in the presence of the villagers. The chief puts up a fight; the soldiers kill him and some of his men. Jackson, who calls himself a connoisseur in women, has the bride kidnapped and added to his train. Already he has more women than he knows what to do with, but such men's eyes are bigger than their powers.

This, the author tells us, is a common thing in Liberia. Not content with squeezing from the natives the fruit of their toil, or with carrying off the chiefs' daughters to their harems, the officials demand a number of young men from each village as laborers. They seize them at the point of the gun, take them to Monrovia, and ship them to the Spanish plantation colony of Fernando Poo, where many of them spend the rest of their lives in thinly disguised slavery. Fernando Poo reeks with filth, venereal disease and cruelty.

Zo, the wronged bridegroom, tries to follow Jackson's troop and rescue Pameta; but he is captured and take into Fernando Poo. There, of course, his life is hell; it is a real shock to know that such places still exist in this century. When Zo's time is up he returns to Monrovia, only to have all his savings taken by a magistrate on a trumped-up charge of disorderly conduct. He still seeks Pameta, his bride, who has been forced to live in Jackson's house for two years. The happenings in that house show to what sadistic barbarism the governing class of Liberia has reverted.

In the face of all this flogging, kidnapping, slavery and murder, what is the church doing? Tom Saunders of the Liberal party, who is working for better government, gets after the bishop about it. The bishop knows very well what is going on; but he says that any agitation would hurt the interests of the church. So much for the supposedly beneficent work of missionaries in Africa.

Meanwhile, the republic of Liberia staggers on like a moribund horse, ridden to death by its official thieves, An end of some kind is not far off. The natives are taking to the inaccessible jungle rather than pay outrageous tribute, the slavery has been exposed to the world, and the government is finding it harder and harder to pay the interest on its foreign debts. The only hope lies in the Liberal party. Until it succeeds Negroes must hang their heads whenever Liberia is cited as an example of their power of self-government.

By the way, Zo at last finds Pameta; but it is too late. He also comes to grips with Jackson, with what result you will find in the story.

This is not a polished book, nor did the author intend it to be. He was more concerned with force than with grace, and the story is the more effective for it.

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A Mississippi Dreiser

The Cabin in the Cotton. By Harry Harrison Kroll. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.

Nation

THIS novel has great defects, but its very faults give it not a little of its interest; they are indeed deeply involved with the author's chief virtue, which is a passionate absorption in his subject matter. Mr. Kroll undoubtedly has the first requisite of literary talent—the capacity to see the essential features of his material, and to concentrate on them. The story is confined to the life of a Mississippi cotton plantation, an economic and social organization which is the last remnant of feudalism in this country. The conflict of viewpoint that makes the story is the strife between the planter and his poor-white tenants, and Mr. Kroll, with the true instinct for drama, puts these warring attitudes in one person, his hero, who is a poor white educated out of his class by the beneficence of the planter. Thus Danny Morgan is divided between loyalty to his "own folks" and gratitude to his employer. Now, the planter—in this respect doubtless typical of his feudal class—pads the accounts of his tenants, so that they never "pay out"; in retaliation the tenants burn the plantation store and the gin house. Morgan is privy to the rascality of both parties: which side shall he choose? His desire for self-advancement (he passionately wishes to be "like" the planter folk) urges him to betray his kin; his better instincts tell him that true character is the best ambition. After partial betrayals of both loyalties (which Mr. Kroll motivates and builds up with considerable power) he finally, in a melodramatic scene at the end, repudiates the planter and becomes a sentimental hero.

The trouble with the plot is this: there is constant vacillation between a sociological, or pseudo-economic, thesis and a pure interest in the characters. It is dramatically most effective to limit the scene to the plantation, a complete world confining the destinies of a hundred lives: to Morgan there could be nothing higher or more powerful than the planter, nothing more abused and debased than the tenant. But as a social thesis, which is the chief impulse of the book, it is curiously false: the planter exploits the tenant, but the whole agricultural system is exploited by big business. Doubtless the planter, in this situation, should be noble, and refuse, even if ends cannot be met, to exploit the tenant in return; but he is not noble, he is human. To make the economic thesis of the book credible, Mr. Kroll would have been compelled to analyze the whole economic system of the country—which his dramatic instinct, or perhaps a kind of saving ignorance, would not let him do. But, as it is, his chief character does not wrestle with fate; he wrestles with an incomplete economics.

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Danny Morgan is thus an abstraction. The only characters who come to life are three or four poor whites, incidental characters who are not involved in the oversimplified terms of the thesis; these are rich in conception, and show a thwarted power in Mr. Kroll for disinterested contemplation of people. The planter, feared and hated by his tenants, is not feared enough; he is only abstract injustice. Mr. Kroll has little insight into the complex forces that have made the Mississippi planter. For the same reason he misses the true vulgarity of the planter's daughter in the vulgarity of his hero's perceptions of her: the mind of the planter class is a great mystery that the hero thinks he can fathom with motor cars and fine clothes. The fuddled hero and the magnificent rich—shades of Mr. Dreiser; and I think it is remarkable that a writer with much of Dreiser's power, and some of his conscientious vulgarity, should have come out of a Mississippi plantation.

ALLEN TATE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW FLORIDA POETS

From the publishing house of Henry Harrison in New York has just come "Florida Poets: An Anthology of Contemporary Verse" with a foreword by Vivian Laramore, prominent poetess of Miami and secretary of the Florida Branch of the League of American Penwomen which includes a group of unusually fine poems by the pro-mising young author, Alpheus Butler. Vivian borne, Georgiana Bole King, Ethel Yeiser Laramore, who writes the foreword Alpheus Butler gives the distinction of first mention. Among the other poets represented are included in titled "Make Way for Happiness" published shortly with the paragraphs devoted to the living Mr. Butler's first book, a collection of his sonnets and lyrics entitled "Make Way for Happiness" published shortly with the imprint of the Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass.

Forty-four tion of his poems Butler is given Both on the jacket and in the Brooks Koger, Edwin D. Lam-

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ALLEN TATE

Vol. 133 Dec 9 1931 p 567

ALPHEUS BUTLER APPEARS IN NEW ANTHOLOGY

From the publishing house of poets represented. Forty-four tion of his sonne Henry Harrison in New York has gifted Floridians are included in titled "Make Wa just come "Florida Poets: An An- this anthology which contains 144 is to be published thology of Contemporary Verse" pages and sells for two dollars a imprint of the with a foreword by Vivian Yeiser copy. lishing House, 11 Laramore, prominent poetess of Both on the jacket and in the nue, Boston, Mass Miami and secretary of the Florida foreword Alpheus Butler is given Branch of the League of American the distinction of first mention. penwomen which includes a group Among the other poets represented of unusually fine poems by the pro- are Franklin N. Wood, the poet mising young American Negro laureate of the state, Helene Clai- author, Alpheus Butler. Vivian borne, Georgiana Bole King, Ethel Yeiser Laramore, who writes the Brooks Koger, Edwin D. Lam-

ROGERS SAYS WORLD'S GREATEST MEN ARE OF AFRICAN DESCENT

Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Famous Novelist's Latest Book Comes Off Press—Hitherto Unknown Facts Are Revealed.

12-26-31

NEW YORK, Dec. 24 — The first book to be published by J. A. Rogers, world traveler and journalist, since he released his famous "From 'Superman' to Man" 10 years ago, was released this week when the 80-page volume, "World's Greatest Men of African Descent" came from the press. The book is attractively printed, with a cover done by William C. Chase, well-known Harlem cartoonist. The book sells for $1.10 by mail, and may be ordered from Mr. Rogers at 2293 Seventh avenue.

J. A. Rogers.

Among the famous Negro men of history whose biographies appear in the new Rogers book are Abraha I, King of Ethiopia, who lived 1,600 years ago, but who wields a tremendous influence on present-day affairs in Abyssinia; Abraha II, Emperior of Yemen and Ethiopia; Akhenaton, most remarkable of the Pharaohs; Alessandro De Medici, surnamed the Moor, first Duke of Florence and son-in-law of Emperor Charles V; Behanzin Hossu Bowele, King of Dahomey, who was a poet and sat on a throne of beaten gold; Chaka, Zulu monarch, one of the world's greatest despots with the heart of a tiger and the military skill of a Caesar; George A. P. Bridgetower, one of the most brilliant musicians of all itme; Alexander Dumas, the general who was at one time the superior officer of Napoleon; Prince Thami Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakeech, Lord of the Atlas, head of a Berber clan that has been a power in Morocco for more than a 1,000 years; Kafur Al-Ikshidi, the Magnificent; Captain Heliodore C. Mortenol, artillery expert, who was in command of the air defense of Paris during the World War; Moshesh, king of Basutos of South Africa, one of the ablest generals and shrewdest statesmen of the 19th century; Mulai Ismail, one of the most powerful monarchs of the 18th century; King Prempeh of the Ashantis, who fought the British invasion of Africa, defeating them several times; and others. Photographs of all these characters, as well as others, appear in the book.

A Kafir Chieftain

CHAKA. By Thomas Mofolo. 188 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.

THE great African chieftain Chaka, who welded many of the tribes of South Africa into the nation called Zulu, is the subject of this historical romance. Written in Sesuto, from which it has been translated into English by F. H. Dutton, it is an interesting contribution to our knowledge of the days before the white man came to South Africa, made by one who is himself a native of Basutoland. As a story, it combines history, legend and fiction. Its hero, Chaka, who became the chief of chiefs, was in his boyhood practically an outcast, the social and moral regulations of the Kafirs of his time being as strict as those of any New England village. These regulations his parents had violated, his mother, Nandi, having been seduced by Senzangakona, chief of the little tribe of the Mazula. Now in those days:

In Kafirland an unmarried girl who bore a child was put to death and her boy and girl companions were put to death as well; that is to say, all who slept in the same huts. It was said that the whole group must have known of her act when she committed it, and that they would corrupt the tribe and the younger generation by teaching them bad habits.

To avoid disgrace, Senzangakona hurriedly married Nandi, and for a little time after Chaka's birth all went well, no one of the chief's great wives having as yet given him a son. But presently two of these wives bore each a son, and then they began to murmur against Nandi and the illegitimate Chaka, and even forced Senzangakona to send them away by threat of scandal, which was apparently as greatly dreaded in Kafirland as in the United States. The book tells how Chaka was persecuted and tormented by other boys and of the woman witch doctor who helped him. It was with the help of another witch doctor, Isanusi, and his "medicines" that Chaka became chief upon the death of his father. But his ambition was not yet satisfied, and for the great chieftainship Isanusi offered him he agreed to pay even the terrible price the witch doctor demanded.

Chaka literally waded through blood to power. Before his time "the country looked good, adorned with villages and cultivation and great herds of cattle," and apart from occasional very small wars the people lived at peace with one another. But Chaka's conquering regiments spread destruction everywhere they passed, bringing famine and desolation where there had been plenty. And then it was that because of the famine:

People first began to eat men, as the flesh of the slaughtered animal is eaten. * * * It was the famine that caused them to begin, and afterward they continued in their cannibalism out of habit.

The benevolent and kindly Dingiswayo had tried to instill his own "spirit of humanity" into the tribe; he did not succeed very well, but he taught them to make things, and to trade, and under him there were peace and plenty. All this was undone by the terrible Chaka, whose bloodlust became at last a veritable mania, to which he sacrificed even his own mother. The author, who is the son of Christian Masuto parents and was educated in the government schools, has a sense of drama which enables him to portray effectively the ambition and ultimate misery of the dreaded Chaka. The book gives an unusual picture of native ways, ideas and legends, and is especially interesting in its mingling of the natural and the supernatural.

They Don't Mix

THE ETHIOPIAN. By Clarence L. Blakely. Published by Independence Publishing Company, 313 West 37th St., New York.

THIS author perhaps without realizing it, has chosen one of the most difficult forms of literature. It is a hybrid, half novel, half thesis, and is seldom done well. Thomas Carlyle managed it in "Sartor Resartus" and Nietzsche carried it off in "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; but genius is required to make it both convincing and palatable.

"In "The Ethiopian" the author had the making of a good romantic novel of the Sabatini type; but he was not content with a novel. He might also have written a stirring thesis on racial questions; but he tripped it up with a story. He has done two books in one, and they don't mix very well.

It looked, at first, as if we were going to have one of those romantic stories of the Negro that are asking to be written. The time of this one is the beginning of the nineteenth century. The hero is a giant African named Abu Harra, a native of Abyssinia, fired with the glory of his ancestors and wishing to find the reason for his people's failure to achieve their earthly heritage. He was born in the Hebrew faith; but was inspired by the life of Christ. With a Jesuit priest he journeys to Algiers. There he finds work as a blacksmith. One day a sailor comes into the shop, looking for a blacksmith to do a job on his ship, and Abu goes with him.

Abu is down in the hold working when the ship weighs anchor and sails. He finds himself one of the crew, practically shanghaied. Soon his ship holds up another and robs it, and he is aghast to know that he is aboard a pirate craft. The pirates sink the captured ship after seizing and abusing the women, who are afterward made to walk the plank. Because Abu objects to being a pirate he has a fight with a big bully, whom he knocks senseless.

Soon another ship is captured, and Abu saves one of the women by hiding her and dressing her as a boy. A storm comes up, the ship is wrecked, and Abu, with three officers and the woman, gets away on a raft. They finally land on the island of Haiti, where the black people under Toussaint L'Ouverture are rebelling against the French. Abu again finds work as a blacksmith and even becomes a friend of L'Ouverture.

After L'Overture's capture Abu goes to New Orleans, where he becomes a prisoner of war, is saved through the intercession of the woman he saved from the pirates, and is released from prison and permitted to work in a shop run by two of the men who escaped with him from the wrecked pirate ship. His status remains that of a prisoner.

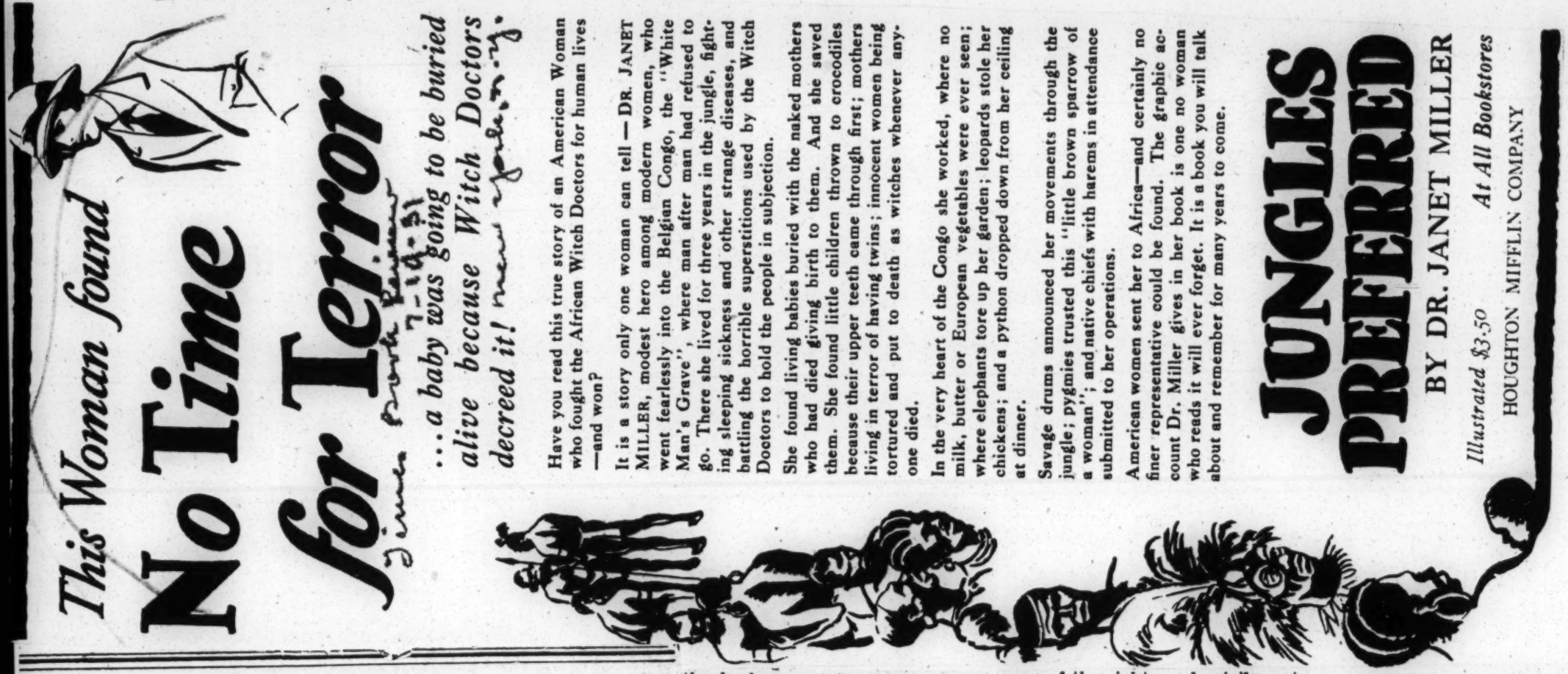
The two former pirates are now respectable carriage makers. In their household are two slaves, a mother and her daughter. The daughter, a beautiful dark brown girl, is the prize of the house. The two masters have solemnly agreed to let her alone; but one of them is weakening. The girl, Dolores, falls in love with Abu, which mixes things up. In spite of Abu's continual spouting of philosophy, Dolores works on him till he yields.

One night the ex-pirates are startled by a visit from one of the pirates who escaped from the wrecked ship. He says that a group of their former mates are hiding in a swamp, and that they want their share of the booty from captured ships. The ex-pirates agree to go to sea again, and Abu, who wishes to return to Abyssinia, goes with them. Once they are at sea, they revert to piracy. Abu thwarts them, and the story ends in a farcical tragedy.

The narrative does not run so clearly as it is presented here; it has to be picked out like a trail in a forest. Like so many writers in their first books, the author tries to lecture the reader. Lectures are all right if they have some bearing on the plot of the story; in this case they are extraneous. The sad feature is that they are really good lectures; in their proper place they would be effective. But you shouldn't put glass in applesass.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Bibliography - 1931


This Woman found
No Time
for Terror
...a baby was going to be buried alive because Witch Doctors decreed it!
Have you read this true story of an American Woman who fought the African Witch Doctors for human lives —and won?
It is a story only one woman can tell — DR. JANET MILLER, modest hero among modern women, who went fearlessly into the Belgian Congo, the "White Man's Grave", where man after man had refused to go. There she lived for three years in the jungle, fighting sleeping sickness and other strange diseases, and battling the horrible superstitions used by the Witch Doctors to hold the people in subjection.
She found living babies buried with the naked mothers who had died giving birth to them. And she saved them. She found little children thrown to crocodiles because their upper teeth came through first; mothers living in terror of having twins; innocent women being tortured and put to death as witches whenever anyone died.
In the very heart of the Congo she worked, where no milk, butter or European vegetables were ever seen; where elephants tore up her garden; leopards stole her chickens; and a python dropped down from her ceiling at dinner.
Savage drums announced her movements through the jungle; pygmies trusted this "little brown sparrow of a woman"; and native chiefs with harems in attendance submitted to her operations.
American women sent her to Africa—and certainly no finer representative could be found. The graphic account Dr. Miller gives in her book is one no woman who reads it will ever forget. It is a book you will talk about and remember for many years to come.
JUNGLES PREFERRED
BY DR. JANET MILLER
Illustrated $3.50
At All Bookstores
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Book Review

Typ. 3- Hysteria Dixiana

JIM AND MR. EDDY. By Algernon B. Jackson. The Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C. Price, $2.15.

THE author of this book has rushed in where many others of his ilk have feared to tread. After spending his life in the North he has written a book on the Negro of the South. This is a hazardous thing to do; the Negroes of each section have long been sensitive to the opinions of the other section. And both have been at fault. The Northern Negro, with greater educational and political advantages, too often grows supercilious when speaking of his Southern brother.

On the other hand, the Southern Negro has been too outspokenly contemptuous of the Northern. In this city the Northern Negroes organized a society whose requisite for membership was having been born above Mason and Dixon's line. The Southern-born Negroes retaliated by starting a league whose members must have been born south of the line. Not having enough to fight about, they went out and found something.

It looks as if the Southern Negro will be the first to get over this foolishness. He vastly outnumbers the Northerner, and is too busy working to notice him. The Northerner shows some few signs of recovery, but not enough.

This book, "Jim and Mr. Eddy," betrays the need for sloughing off more arrogance. The substance of the book cannot be objected to by the Southolaters; it is a fair and appreciative treatment. The title somehow sticks in the throat. The ignorant Negro is spoken of as Jim and the educated, prosperous Negro is called James. Southern Negroes will say that this author is too confoundedly patronizing, and ask why the devil he should take such a condescending tone. Poor Jim won't care what a writer calls him, he won't read the book, anyhow; but the upper-class Southern Negro certainly will object to being labeled James, or any other first-name.

With that objection out of the way, the book becomes an informative and entertaining disquisition on the Negro and his place in the South. For all the flood of books about the Negro, the real spirit of the Southern Negro does not find its way into print; in fact, very little of the actual truth about the South gets printed. The Negroes there are not so abject and servile as you think. They are gritting their teeth in a silent determination to win out, and gradually they are doing it.

"Repression is not easy," said one of them to the author of this book; "in fact, it is most difficult at times, but usually it is expedient, if we are to expect even a momentary, yet relative, freedom to obtain for ourselves and our posterity some of the rights and privileges to which we are entitled as citizens of this republic. Ofttimes we smile in order to stifle an oath, we consent for the moment rather than resent in order to pave the way for resentment later, we accept instead of rejecting. . . . We are thoroughly conscious of the difficult row we have to hoe down here, but we just keep on keeping on. Incidentally, I get a whole lot more kick out of being a Negro than I could possibly get out of being a white man, for there is always something to work for, to strive for and hope for."

In the face of spirits like this the attitude of the Negro-baiter looks very small. This fact is being borne in upon the white South, especially by its younger people who have traveled and studied in the outside world. They have seen how backward is the land of their birth and have analyzed the reasons. Just as the grandchildren of the Abolitionists do not carry on their ancestors' passionate desire for justice to the Negro, so these grandchildren of the slaveholders do not keep up their forebears' desire to brutalize the Negro. The old passions are dying out on both sides.

Ridicule is often more effective than indignation, and the way Southern prejudice has been derided before the world has got under young Southern skins. In this book the author details a few of the myriad jokes that have blown about the world at the expense of the South.

For instance, when Negroes play baseball they must blacken the ball—they dare not hit a white ball. When a Negro driving a white mule ran over a white woman the judge gave the white mule only thirty days, but the driver and the harness both were sentenced to life imprisonment because they were black. You can't even say Miami; you must say Yourami.

All this is nothing new to Negro readers. They know such things by heart, and a Negro writer feels that it is a waste of time to tell them. It is like gravely asserting that a man is an animal with two feet, two hands, two eyes and a nose. The childish inconsistency of the white man's dealings with the Negro are familiar to every Negro child of adolescent age.

But, with all the improvement in interracial relations noted by the author, he has some terrible things to tell. The Negro's chance for medical service in the South is wretched. Neither in church nor hospital is there a spirit of ordinary humanity. A woman fell sick in an Alabama village. The white doctor said she had peritonitis and urged an immediate operation. He wrote a note asking the nearest

Bibliography - 1931

This Woman found No Time for Terror

Times Book Review 7-19-31

...a baby was going to be buried alive because Witch Doctors decreed it! New York, N.Y.

Have you read this true story of an American Woman who fought the African Witch Doctors for human lives —and won?

It is a story only one woman can tell — DR. JANET MILLER, modest hero among modern women, who went fearlessly into the Belgian Congo, the "White Man's Grave", where man after man had refused to go. There she lived for three years in the jungle, fighting sleeping sickness and other strange diseases, and battling the horrible superstitions used by the Witch Doctors to hold the people in subjection.

She found living babies buried with the naked mothers who had died giving birth to them. And she saved them. She found little children thrown to crocodiles because their upper teeth came through first; mothers living in terror of having twins; innocent women being tortured and put to death as witches whenever anyone died.

In the very heart of the Congo she worked, where no milk, butter or European vegetables were ever seen; where elephants tore up her garden; leopards stole her chickens; and a python dropped down from her ceiling at dinner.

Savage drums announced her movements through the jungle; pygmies trusted this "little brown sparrow of a woman"; and native chiefs with harems in attendance submitted to her operations.

American women sent her to Africa—and certainly no finer representative could be found. The graphic account Dr. Miller gives in her book is one no woman who reads it will ever forget. It is a book you will talk about and remember for many years to come.

JUNGLES PREFERRED

BY DR. JANET MILLER

Illustrated $3.50 *At All Bookstores*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Book Review

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hospital to admit her. She was carefully taken there. They refused to let her in because she was colored. Her husband took her to a church hospital, and they refused her there. She was taken to a nearby house, where she soon died.

James is the name the author gives to Southern Negroes of his own class, the ones who have risen in business or the professions. It is commonly supposed that this kind of Negro is hated by white Southerners; but, according to this author, there is a lot of friendship between them that doesn't get into the papers. The author warns James that if he doesn't watch out Mr. Eddy will take Jim's trade away from him, for Mr. Eddy is growing more and more courteous toward the little coins in Jim's pocket.

In conclusion, the author reiterates his belief that the educated young people of the white South will bring about a better day. Young white university professors expressed to him their belief that in a not far distant day Negro students will be accepted in Southern white universities. Those students had better provide themselves with asbestos coats.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Writes New Book

Charles S. Johnson, the American member of the International Commission to investigate slavery in the Republic of Liberia, has written "Bitter Canaan: The Story of Liberia," which Henry Holt will publish in the autumn. Mr. Johnson, professor of sociology at Fisk University, first showed his literary quality when, as editor of "Opportunity," organ of the Urban L[eague], he called public attention to the movement in Negro art and letters.

Novelist

HARRY F. LISCOMB

Young writer of New York, who has just finished his second novel, "Missing Daughters," which is purported to be an expose of racketeers who prey on love-starved coeds. Young Liscomb is the author of "The Prince of Washington Square." He has been writing since he was 14 years old.

Young Writer Finishes His Second Book

[Chicago Defender Press Service]

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Harry Francis Liscomb, the lad that launched forth on his career as a writer at the age of 14, and who at 20 had his first novel published, has completed his second novel, which is soon to be published by one of a number of book houses that are bidding for it.

"Missing Daughters" is the title of his new book. It is purported to be an expose of racketeers who prey on love-starved coeds, and is said to present an "inside picture" of the orgies of youth of the modern age.

Book Strictly Modern

The young writer terms his new book as strictly modern in tenor and tempo. He said Carl Van Doren, the author, read the manuscript and praised it highly and said it was the finest thing of its kind that he had perused since "The Plastic Age."

Liscomb has two more novels near completion. His ambition is to have some work transferred to the motion picture screen. This has been his ambition ever since, when he was 15, Fox Film corporation offered to train him for a scenario writer. He would have taken the job but his mother thought he was too young.

The young writer will soon celebrate his 26th birthday. He lives at 435 W. 126th St., near Morningside Ave. His first novel was accepted when he was but 19 years old by Frederick R. Stokes Co., and in 1925 "The Prince of Washington Square," the name of his novel, was on display in every book store in town. The critics praised it, and Liscomb became a personage in New York's writing world.

Wrote at Night

At one time he was employed at the custom house, and most of his writing was done at night. He was forced to give up writing for a time due to ill health and it was six years before he resumed his work.

Mr. Liscomb lives with his family.

Liberia's Capital

FORTY STAY IN. By John W. Vandercook. 323 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

MR. VANDERCOOK is justifiably known for the care he employs in the delineation of his settings, a rare fusion of literary local color and authentic atmosphere. In his dramatic biography of Henri Christophe, "Black Majesty," in "Tom-Tom," and again in his collection of short stories, "The Fool's Parade," he offers certain evidence of a brilliant evocative gift, the ability to capture the beauty or ugliness of physical surroundings. His genuine knowledge of strange lands enables him to compress the intangible spirit of a locale within the confines of a single phrase.

In this, his first novel, he has unwisely attempted the longer narrative form; but fortunately his skill in description invests the book with a charm not inherent in the story itself. "Forty Stay In" borrows its title from an old West African song of the white outlander who feels himself capitulating to the ruthless forces of a merciless climate as his hopes of going "home" fade into a taunting mirage.

Beware, take care, of the Bight of Benin;
Where for one that comes out, there's forty stay in.

Mr. Vandercook places his amorphous novel of politics, romance and adventure in Monrovia, capital of Liberia, the last independent foothold of the Negro in Africa.

NEGRO YEAR BOOK. 1931-1932. Edited by Monroe N. Work. Svo. Tuskegee Institute, Alabama: Negro Year Book Publishing Company. $2.

Eighth edition of the annual encyclopedia of the Negro.

WRITER RETURNS FROM EUROPE

NEW YORK (CNS)—Eric Walrond author of two important contributions to Negro literature "Tropic Death," and "The Big Ditch," landed here last Saturday aboard the Vulcania, after having been away for three years. He spent one year in the tropics and two years in Europe, making his home for the most part in the South of France.

Walrond, who has been the holder of a number of important fellowships available to writers, plans to return to France after two months spent in this country.

Settlers in Kenya

WIVES WIN. By Florence Liddell. 304 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

AFRICA always produces something new. Perhaps it is because this book does not come out of Africa, but merely deals with it, that it manifests such a deplorable lack of newness. As a morality it may have a purpose; as a novel addressed to people of average intelligence it does not seem successful.

Dell goes out to Mombasa to marry her fiancé, Terence Brett, and is greeted by a telegram telling her to return to England. She persists, however, in going on up-country, finds him "entangled" with another woman, hastily marries him during her absence, and settles down to defending him from the wiles of the charmer. Then follow the usual adventures—bad crops, native risings, snakes, old admirers, the arrival of "a little one," through all of which Dell's Terence displays a feebleness of character which seems to make it scarcely worth while for his wife to win at all. And she shows a degree of obtuseness which would make it impossible for her to win in any case, were it not for the ingenious devotion of her friend Stephen Lang, who practically flings the weak-kneed Terence back into her arms.

In spite of the woodenness of the characters and the trite sentimentality of Dell's story, Miss Riddell gives a clear picture of the lives of the Kenya mountain settlers, struggling bravely in their strange surroundings to keep up the manners and customs of "Home."

BOOK REVIEWS

"MULATTO JOHNNY"

By [illegible]lin Laubreaux
(E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York)

Yan[illegible] half-breed. The son of a French sailor and a Popinee Kanaka tribes-woman. He is raised in one of the South Sea Islands in the Pacific. Physically strong and attractive his personality is appealing and at the same time is the cause of a life of continued struggle and sorrow.

As a young man and on his first spree he kills, with his fist, a white man, while both were on a drunken whopee party. There, in the islands, as elsewhere, this meant death to Yan, if caught. He escapes. His father aids him by providing a well provisioned boat. He sails for America but in a storm he is washed ashore on an island populated by cannibals.

Eventually the cannibals capture him but his physique so attracts them that instead of making the proverbial stew out of him they imprison him, providing a retinue of tribe-girls, who, one by one are replaced as they are about to become a mother.

This situation continues until, Maele, a captured girl of a foreign tribe, is brought to him. From her he learns that his progeny have all been killed to provide a delicious meat for the tribe and to his dismay he learns that the "pork" they have been feeding him and of which he was so fond is his own kin.

Maddened by this knowledge he plans and effects an escape and the eight years of adventure, slavery and trouble he goes through to reach his native land and his father, only to find him dead, makes an absorbing and thrilling story of intrigue in Australia and the South Sea Islands.

Bibliography - 1931

The Color Problem in South Africa

CALIBAN IN AFRICA. By L ard Barnes. 245 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

IT appears, after reading "Caliban in Africa," that there is no Ariel winning freedom in the southern part of that continent, and that unless some Prospero is quickly found to wave his magic wand, dire misfortune must soon overtake the Union.

In his book, Mr. Barnes, assistant editor of The Johannesburg Star, has written down the results of his observations and of his careful study of the past events of the State and of the present documentary evidence. For him, the tragedy of South Africa centres in the Afrikaner's treatment of the native. The subtitle—"An impression of color madness"—gives the keynote of the volume.

Mr. Barnes approaches the color question by analyzing the character of the old Dutch settlers and their descendants. Though he notes their good qualities, his criticism is outspoken. After summing up the old Dutchman as admirable as an old-fashioned family man but harsh and insolent as a politician, and a public menace as a trustee for any subject peoples, the author turns to the Afrikaner. The latter he takes as a personification of the general will of white South Africans as a class toward the natives as a class, making scant distinction between Briton and Boer, and finding that "the predominantly British parts of the country are today not more reasonable than the predominantly Dutch." He sees politicians and press playing upon racial prejudice and the will to dominate, whatever the cost. The Afrikaner, it seems, "is neither Boer nor Briton, for he represents sometimes a physical, always a psychical, merger of both," a merger in which the Boer element dominates.

There is a sympathetic consideration of the native's good qualities and of his weaknesses, in which the differences of his culture, needs and desires from those of the white man are thoughtfully stressed. What is made to stand out is the native's growing distrust and impatience. It is in this section that Mr. Barnes comes to one of his main theses, namely, that the Afrikaner's own economic ills for the most part spring directly from the backwardness and indigence in which he forcibly holds down the huge majority of his mixed society.

By quoting official documents and the reports of various commissions the author makes out a strong case for his arguments. Though the native land reserves, according to him, are permanently insufficient, the Afrikaner, he says, will not surrender any more land to the native; while, on the other hand, he is always trying to filch further fields of native employment for himself. Not content with having created a large class of landless natives, he is now busy creating a large class of workless natives as well. * * * Meantime the mass of natives extruded from the land and from employment in industry is steadily swelling—an ugly, poverty-stricken crowd, ideal fuel for disaffection to feed on.

The author goes into details concerning the restrictions placed upon the native as regards land, industry and suffrage, and he points out the inequality of the educational facilities and the general lack of what may be called welfare work on behalf of the native. He sees the turning of the worm in the formation of the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union (1921), though its progress has not been rapid.

But what can be done to ameliorate conditions, under the present circumstances, Mr. Barnes does not indicate. He considers there is no one in South Africa with an effective conception of how to combine the diverse populations into a single national whole. The Afrikaner's chief need, he holds, is intellectual integrity, but all are swayed by fear, thus making impossible a study of the native problem in the light of reason. But it is one thing to point out that the true philosopher's stone of South African statesmanship is a principle which will avoid gross interference with local sovereignty while preventing any racial group from exercising arbitrary control over another, and it is quite a different thing to find that principle and stimulate men to act on it.

Mr. Barnes advocates transferring the power of determining the main lines of native policy from Parliament to a court of interracial justice composed of experts, but he goes on to say that no such court will ever come into existence in South Africa. As he adds that it will need a "devastating local upheaval to induce the Afrikaner to hand the native question over to the scientific spirit," there is not much comfort to be found in his suggestion. There might be hope, he continues, in some powerful economic stimulus, but, on examination, he concludes that any impressive expansion of South African prosperity is improbable.

And so one shuts the book without being able to foresee any bright spots in the country's future and with the words "apparent South Africa must now proceed straight to disaster by mere force of "inertia" echoing in one's ears.

LESLIE BRAYSHAW.

COMPILES NEW TOURIST GUIDE

8-8-31

In response to a long standing need of colored motorists traveling along the extensive highways of the country, Major Taylor, former world champion bicylist has compiled a most unique and complete motorist directory, known as the Eureka Guide and Business Directory System. In this novel publication is listed the various places of accomodations for tourists. The principal services listed include: hotels, lodging houses, private boarding-houses, restaurants, cafes, cafeterias, parking places, garages, and other places of convenience used by motorists.

In the compilatio nof the Eureka Motorist Guide, the authors have not committed the unfortunate error of self-discrimination but have listed all suitable places of accomodations irrespective of race or color. The only prerequisites being safe and comfortable lodging, identical accomodation and reasonable prices.

It is the ai mof the Eureka Guide and Business Directory System to eventually cover all of the principal motor routes of the country. The first volume of "Eureka Trail No. 1," covers the Chicago-New York City route and return. The directory is arranged so as to be essentially helpful for tourists desiring to stop over each night during the tour.

HUGHES' NOVEL IS CHOSEN

NEW YORK, Sept 3.—The novel of Langston Hughes, "Not Without Laughter," is one of the two novels selected by the American Library Association in its list of the forty best American books of the year.

The author will make a lecture tour of the South this winter, speaking on Negro literature and reading his poems and those of other Negro writers. The tour, which is scheduled to begin November 1, will cover the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama and perhaps New Orleans, La. Mr. Hughes has written two books of poems, "The Weary Blues" and "Fine Clothes to the Jew" and has contributed verse to the leading magazines. He is the author also, of a novel, "Not Without Laughter," which has been selected by the American Library Association as one of the forty outstanding books of the past year.

Gold Coast Folklore

TALES TOLD IN TOGOLAND. By A. W. Cardinall. To which is added the Mythical and Traditional History of Dagomba, by E. F. Tamakloe. 290 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.

THIS book deals with the folklore of that portion of the former German colony of Togoland, on the African Gold Coast, which is now under British mandate. It contains, says Mr. Cardinall, who is District Commissioner of the Gold Coast, a conglomerate of tribes, especially numerous and varied in the district of Krachi, with which his book mainly deals. There, although half a score or more of tribes are to be found in an area of three thousand square miles, the population, according to the census of 1921, averages only five to the square mile. For many reasons it is, he says, particularly interesting to the anthropologist and it is also notable "for its fine fishing and hunting, and its natural beauty—mountain torrents, waterfalls, boiling rapids, virgin forests, vast plains of treeless grass, distant panoramas of river stretches that seem almost lakes, and a great background of lofty hills, all cragged and crested, almost Alp-like." Mingling constantly with the people, as his official duties have made necessary, Mr. Cardinall has talked much with them and apparently has won their confidence, so that his collection of tales is varied and authentic. He has, he says, taken especial care to record only the views of the ordinary people, the peasantry, hunters and villagers, and has paid no attention to the beliefs of priests and chiefs. He adds that it must be remembered in reading and studying these tales that the people who tell them absolutely believe in their truth.

Mr. Cardinall has not attempted to make a comparative study of the interesting mass of folk-tales he has collected in this volume, but he has classified them according to theme and has coordinated them with reference to the tribes in which they are told and the tribal influences they show. One chapter deals with the origins of earth and sky, man, death, farming and other things; another with beliefs in the minor deities, and a third with the doings of dwarf fairies or pixies. Tales of hunters and their lore, of friendship, of guile pitted against strength, of the evil influence of women and other matters fill the rest of the book.

The Slave Trade

FOUR HANDSOME NEGRESSES. By R. Hernekin Baptist. 235 pp. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. $2.

R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST, according to the publishers a pseudonym, has written an interesting and powerful book based on an incident taken from Portuguese chronicles. In his preface he writes,

> four Negresses were taken aboard the Guinea Coast on one of the pioneer voyages of the Portuguese in the golden age of their maritime achievement. They were, it is recorded, to be well tended, richly dressed and left ashore at different points of the African Coast as emissaries of trade and, presumably, of Christian missionary enterprise; women, it was reasonably argued, being less likely than men to be slain by savage tribes.

The fate of these four Negresses is the theme of Mr. Baptist's novel. With language dipped in poetry he paints a macabre and realistic picture. He spares no one, neither his reader nor himself, in reproducing the horror and the cruelty of the capture and the experiences of the four simple and beautiful creatures who were doomed to carry on the message of the white man's civilization. With skill he draws the contrast between the beauty of their savage life, its purity, its dignity and its pride, and the ugly degeneracy of the lives of their captors, with their greed, their faithlessness and their bestiality.

On the ship which sets out on this

voyage of the propagation of faith and of trade are gathered representatives of Western civilization. The Church is there with three priests, a Prior and two underlings; the State, with its Governor and his soldiery; the Merchant, the Poet, the Mariner. Because this is a voyage destined to bring salvation to souls living in darkness, no woman is permitted on board the ship's planks, and what this means as the days grow hotter and longer and more monotonous, the author takes no pains to elude. When the four women are captured in the name of the holy church one knows what to expect. Of all that miserable company, only three emerge with decency, the mariner, the poet, and the young priest who gives his life in a vain effort to save one of the girls. Three of the Negresses die, one of fear, one in a drunken orgy, one seeks the sea in madness. The fourth finds some promise or happiness when, in the strange land on which she is left to carry on the work of the Church and trade, she meets a creature as lost and miserable as herself, a Negro whose hand is beginning to show the marks of leprosy. To the dwarfed bushmen of the territory, these two, tall and straight and beautiful, take on all the wonder and splendor of gods.

There is more than story in this book and therein lies some of its weakness. Mr. Baptist feels to the core the bitterness of the tale he relates. To him the fate of the four handsome Negresses epitomizes the fate of the colored race when the white man came upon its tranquil shores. "White man, where is peace?" are the closing words of his book.

Undoubtedly the guilt inherent in that question is the white man's, but Mr. Baptist destroys the fiber of his narrative by the corrosive quality of his pain. He forgets, or can be accused of forgetting, that conquest of the sort he depicts has not been limited to the enslavement of the black race by the white; that ever since the beginning of time peace has been destroyed by conquerors, almost invariably marching under the banners of righteous causes and ideals and that always the fate of women has been that of his four handsome Negresses. The wars of Troy, the Crusades, the Great War were separated by centuries but fundamentally they were the same in purpose and in conduct. The strong conquers and the weak goes under, a truism and a platitude which history repeats with monotonous constancy. The indictment is not one against Christianity or civilization; it is one against man without respect to color of skin or creed. Black tribes in the African jungle have sinned against each other in very much the same manner and the conquerors have used their victims in no less miserable fashion.

There is without question a tremendous tale to be told about the entrance of the black men into the life of the white. It is strange that his rich source of virgin material has not been tapped by writers. The saga of a Negro family, from the moment of forced departure from the shores of Africa to life in America brought up to the present, is a story that has yet to be told. Writers in the past have been content to picture the life of night clubs and cabarets, disregarding the dark heritage of gripping background. Mr. Baptist has touched a spring of illimitable depths, and its strength and beauty are not to be denied, but he has, unfortunately, let the acid of his feelings mar the purity of the waters.

A NEW BOOK ON KENYA.

"Kenya without Prejudice." By H. O. Weller. ("East Africa," 91, Great Titchfield St., W.1. 5s.)

The political problems of Kenya have loomed so large in recent years that a title like "Kenya without Prejudice" suggests propaganda. Mr. Weller, however, seeks to give an unbiassed account of the country, its possibilities, and its peoples in a way that can be understood by tourists or would-be settlers. As far as possible, he eschews politics, but his recognition of the need for some direct association in education between European and African in a country dependent on both races, and of the "flat impossiblity" at this time of day of restricting education to technical matters, are admissions that will assure his book a sympathetic welcome. Naturally, since he is writing for his own people, prominence is chiefly given to their interests, and to saving newcomers from the pitfalls by which they may lose their time and their capital, so that the chapter on "The Native Races" takes little account of their aspirations, other than as those of a number of tribes which are steadily being evolved into a Kenya race. In saying that the East African responds well to education, but is unlikely to reach the intellectual plane of the European or Indian, the author is probably falling into the usual error of comparing the average almost intellectually unknown African with the more than average quality of European that has made Kenya his home, for if, for instance, the untouched Masai knew, before the European, that mosquitoes carried malaria, and even that malaria cured certain other diseases, he has shown himself able to understand the facts of his experience at least as well as other people, and the same mental powers only need similar stores of book-knowledge to allow him to start reasoning on the European level, although in practical matters his new environment will naturally demand experience before he can meet with success. The Indians in Kenya Mr. Weller seems to regard as temporary sojourners, and therefore, in spite of their numbers, as of relatively little permanent importance, as far as can be seen at present, but one doubts whether the problem will prove so simple, for the community, even if it is a floating one, is large enough and sufficiently well organised to be of considerable permanent weight. The chapter on missions shows both sides of this oft-discussed question, the weight of the evidence being decidedly in favour of missionary work generally.

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Writes Book Defending Race in America

A new race, 12,000,000 of which are living in the United States, and yet which has never been recognized as a new race, is discussed in the book, "Brown America: The Story of a New Race," by Edwin R. Embree, president of the Julius Rosenwald fund, just published by the Viking Press. In the book Mr. Embree discusses the fact for the first time that American Race members are not simply transplanted Africans but are a brand new race.

Product of Evolution

"In the American Negro we have not only a Race problem but an exciting event in human evolution," Mr. Embree said in an interview. "A new race with new customs has been formed in a 100 years, as contrasted with the thousands of years usually required to form distinct racial groups such, for instance, as the Germans, the Japanese or the Jews.

"The skin of the new race is brown—not black—and through its veins runs the blood of the three principal branches of mankind," he continued. "The new race is composed first of the descendants of many African tribes and kingdoms as diverse as the peoples of the various countries of Europe. In addition the great bulk of the Brown Americans have white and Indian blood; they are a new composite of Caucasians, Mongolians and Africans. In their social or cultural life they are equally new. They do not follow the old African customs but speak the English language, have adopted the Christian religion and follow the labor patterns of the new world.

Inhabit Entire Country

"Twelve millions of this new race are in the United States—one-tenth of our total population. And they are no longer simply in the rural South but live all over the country, in the North and West and in all the principal cities. The Race has had a turbulent and exciting history. Its progress has a great deal to do with the future of America."

Mr. Embree can speak with authority on the Race question. He grew up in the South. For 12 years, first as director and then as vice president, he was an officer of the Rockefeller foundation, which was largely engaged in the promotion of public health and education in the South. For the past three years he has been president of the Julius Rosenwald fund, which has helped to build 5,000 schools for non-whites in the South, and has as one of its chief interests Race schools and Race relations.

Mr. Embree is one of the pioneers in the new science of human biology. He has made a study not only of the Race in America, but of many other races. His investigations have carried him to all the principal countries of the Pacific and to many remote parts of Eastern and Southern Europe and Central and South America. His reports on the customs of diverse peoples, especially in medicine and religion, have appeared in technical journals and in national magazines.

Book Traces History

The book, "Brown America," discusses not only the biological and social newness of the race but traces its exciting history from the African slave raids of 300 years ago to the present position which Race members hold in American life. The Brown Americans, Mr. Embree shows, have had no easy time of it. They are still far behind American standards in prosperity and education, in orderliness and health, but they are climbing fast.

Special chapters of the book describe the struggle for jobs and schools, the fight against disease and discrimination, and the special gifts of the Race in folk art and folk music, especially the spirituals and in such spectacular recent proofs of dramatic ability as the play "The Green Pastures."

Bibliography - 1931.

OUR FIRST NOVEL—

Time Book Review 10-29-31

The Cabin in the Cotton

New York, N.Y.

We are putting a bet on HARRY HARRISON KROLL. We believe he is a writer you'll be glad to know. In "The Cabin in the Cotton" he builds vivid, exciting romance against a background of the cotton plantations of the Mississippi Delta country. His characters are real because they are of his own people. He knows their joys and their sufferings, their loves and their hates, and he presents them with a fidelity that stamps him a writer of front-rank power. There is one scene, especially, between young Danny Morgan and the pampered daughter of his boss, which you won't forget in many a day.

$2.00

Note for BARTON CURRIE and other collectors of first editions: Inasmuch as this is the first novel under our imprint, we have designed a special edition of two hundred and fifty copies which will be signed by Mr. Kroll, Mr. Long and Mr. Smith. It is presented in an attractive binding and boxed, and sells at five dollars.

HERALD

Spartanburg, S.C.

OCT 12 1931

'THE CAROLINA LOW COUNTRY'

"The Carolina Low Country," the interesting book published under the auspices of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, of Charleston, by the Macmillian Company, of New York, will appear in a deluxe edition on the 20th of this month. The volume unusual in its conception has been in the course of preparation for several months, with a list of contributors representing many who have won their laurels with stories of the low country. The News and Courier in an advance notice gives the table of contents as follows:

Preface, Augustine T. Smythe.

The Low Country: Its Beauty and Its Glamour, Herbert Ravenel Sass.

The Story of the Low Country, Alfred Huger.

The Yemassee Lands, a Poem, Beatrice Ravenel.

Charleston: The Capital of the Plantations, Thomas R. Waring.

Plantation Lights and Shadows, Archibald Rutledge.

The Island Boy: A Poem, Josephine Pinckney.

The Negro in the Low Country, DuBose Heyward.

*Some Songs the Negro Sang, arranged by Katherine C. Hutson, Josephine Pinckney and Caroline P. Rutledge.

The Negro Spiritual, Robert W. Gordon.

*Here are the music and words of fifty spirituals with the music and symbols to indicate movement of hands and feet in shouting. There is also an explanation of how primitive negroes sing these songs.

Paintings by Alice R. Huger Smith, reproduced in full color: Frontispiece: Old Oak at Middleton Place; the Beach at Edisto; in the Great Blake Reserves, and Going Home Along the Rice Field Bank.

Etchings by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner, reproduced in photogravure: St. Philip's Portico, Kitchen Court Yard, The Venders and Court House Square.

Pen and Ink Drawings by Albert Simons: Drayton Hall, Eutaw Plantation.

A Map of the Low Country by Augustine T. S. Stoney.

Jacket Design in Colors by Anna Heyward Taylor.

The first design of the society was to publish simply a book containing the spirituals which the society has collected on the Low Country plantations and in Charleston and which it has sung in its concerts. It was soon realized, however, that this would be inadequate, and out of this realization grew the much larger conception of the present book—an effort to present in pictures, prose and verse the glamorous and lovely region and the romantic plantation civilization out of which the spirituals arose.

When this plan was proposed to publishers in New York, their enthusiasm for it was instantly manifest, and this became even more marked as the work progressed and the material for the book was placed in their hands.

Because the book was the work of no one man or woman, but of many, there were intricate problems to be solved. To Major Alfred Huger, the President of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, the moving spirit in the production of the book and author of one of its important chapters fell the task of dealing with these problems. That task was performed ably, and now the book, in a de luxe edition worthy in every way of its theme, will soon be ready for distribution.

Out of Africa

FORTY STAY IN—*A Novel, by John Vandercook. Harper & Brothers 323 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

BEWARE, take care, of the Bight of Benin;
Where for one that comes out, there's forty stay in."

From this fragment of a chantey of the African slavers comes the title of John Vandercook's newest book, a novel, the locale of which is Liberia, the last foothold of black sovereignty on the West African Coast. The story concerns itself with the illicit love of an American artist and the wife of a treaty official. Certainly the theme is not new. The incidents of Paul Brand's amours could just as well have occurred in Shanghai—in Galveston—since infidelity is not, I fear, an uncommon phenomenon among Americans in Africa or in the United States. Strange to say, however, this novel does attain a certain distinction, not by virtue of its principal theme but because of the devastating picture which the author draws of the Liberian government. With the recent exposé of Liberian slavery still fresh in our minds, this close-up of the administration of the black republic is particularly interesting; and recent disclosures of the League of Nations' Commission to investigate slavery and forced labor in Liberia tend to confirm its authenticity (see The Survey, March 1, 1931, page 590).

Despite the fact that it is asserted on the fly-leaf that the "characters and incidents of this novel are wholly fictitious," one familiar with the contemporary history of Liberia cannot fail to see the close resemblance of some of the characters in the novel with some of the prominent figures in the affairs of the republic. In truth it appears that the author merely employed a rather trite love motif to impart a degree of sentimental interest to a rather grim depiction of the incompetent and pompous bureaucracy which rules Liberia.

In Black Majesty and Tom-Tom John Vandercook displayed great gifts in interpreting the thoughts and feelings of black peoples in their struggles for freedom and autonomy. It is to be regretted that he did not follow the same technique in this delineation of the African scene. Forty Stay In is not to be compared with his previous efforts. And although it is evident that he has lost none of his brilliant descriptive power, nevertheless this insipid love story will add little, if anything, to his stature.

ELMER A. CARTER

Opportunity

"The Mobility of the Negro"

By EDWARD E. LEWIS
(Columbia University Press, New York City)

It was most appropriate that I should thoroughly digest the contents of this book immediately on its receipt. It concerns the Negro, particularly his economic, industrial and labor situation.

Just when the South is in the midst of much discussion as to ways and means of curtailing the cotton crop, which affects the Negro more than any other group, the conclusions drawn and analyzed by Prof. Lewis, in his book, "The Mobility of the Negro," were most welcome and timely, to me.

While the definite studies in this book cover the five-year period from 1919 to 1934, the statistical and research information contained therein is of vital assistance in focusing the attention of our laboring class of people, especially in the South.

With the definite knowledge of the trend of the labor movement under given conditions during the years specified, we can at once compare circumstances with the present, especially, with both the industrial and agricultural conditions at low-tide.

If you fancy the romance that is to be found in delving through facts, compiled statistics, etc., in an effort to gain a better understanding of certain portions of our economic life, you will find plenty in "The Mobility of the Negro" to start you thinking on the subject.

CLIFFORD C. MITCHELL

Negroes as Americans

BROWN AMERICA: The Story of a New Race, *by Edwin R. Embree. Viking Press. 311 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

FOR a century or more all who wrote about the Negro in America were too partisan to see straight, and the results were about as true to life as a prize debate. Here at last is a sane, non-controversial and graphic account of the American Negro that has dared to state the basic truths which the partisans would too often suppress and has remembered to state the commonplace essentials which the experts too often have taken for granted. So we are indebted to Mr. Embree for one of the most readable and informative books in the whole range of the literature of this subject; one especially useful, as the author himself says, "for that great group who are hopefully called intelligent laymen."

Even the title—Brown America rather than Black America—is nearer the truth than we have usually come. Taking the most recent scientific conclusions that the American Negro is really something anthropologically unique, Mr. Embree makes it his basic theme that we have a situation without historical precedent, one that has infinite possibilites as a race in the making reacts to the stimulating stresses and goads of the New World.

It is sound and constructive doctrine,—to base one's hopes for the Negro in a general American program and objective and yet, without invidious separatism, to find room for the continuance and development of his racial individualities.

Mr. Embree's account of the Negro's past qualifies as excellent history not so much by exhaustiveness or erudition as by scrupulous, even-handed honesty, incisive common sense and the graphic touch. Almost at random one may pick out such terse pithy statements as this:

As a race, the Negro is on our conscience, and by a principle of psychology understood by every schoolboy, we turn our distress because of him into active enmity against him. During slavery an intellectual justification of caste was built up that is slow to down. . . . The inertia of all this official talking down of the Negro persists long after the occasion for it has passed.

In much this vein, Benjamin Franklin might have written of the race question. It is just such basic honesty and common sense that on both sides must ultimately become the great social solvent between the races. Particularly sound and penetrating are the chapters on discrimination and Southern oppression, Odds against the Nigger, and the appreciative account of the Negro's artistic and cultural contribution, Soil and Soul. It will be a long while before another book appears to excel or even equal Brown America as an undistorted and panoramic picture of the Negro in America. The book is in every way worthy of the spirit of the constructive and common-sense humanitarianism of the two great philanthropists, John G. Fee and Julius Rosenwald, to whom it is dedicated.

Howard University ALAIN LOCKE

TWO IN WEST AFRICA.

"Fantee Carter." By Warren Henry. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 3, York Street, St. James's, S.W.1. 7s. 6d. net.)

To do them justice, yarns with a West African setting demand the collaboration of reviewers with and without experience of the Coast, and "Fantee Carter" is no exception in this respect. To the non-Coaster the yarn is one in an attractively new setting describing the complications caused by the introduction into a pioneer trader's post in the Ivory Coast of a lady engaged on "research." Admitted to the trading station for a fortnight, the lady is kept through port quarantine for bubonic plague for another month, before the end of which period her personal interest in the affairs of her host makes no further excuse for postponing her departure necessary, and the story progresses steadily, with graphic pictures of West Africa intermixed with long interchanges of opinion between Carter and Rhoda, his paying guest, to the sale of his factory to a big firm and his happy retirement to married life in the English countryside.

To Coasters, such a story is in the first place a study in atmosphere and local colour. In the present instance, the background is drawn with accuracy, although one could wish that the author had refrained from calling huts "kraals" in one place, and that the problems of the origin of the (for the Coast) tasteful furniture loaned to Rhoda and the picture, and so on, broken by Carter in the first frenzy of realised love, and of the washing of Rhoda's "filmy gossamer vest-slips" in a bush post were cleared up, as also how a relatively negligible place like Kabré had "supported" three deaths a day for at least three years. Such nuisances as ants, snakes, and tornadoes have chiefly been utilised as means for bringing hero and heroine together rather more lightly clad than is usual in West Africa, where there are few social facilities of the Lido type, but in all cases the reactions of the two chief characters are given more attention than the possibilities of the setting.

Carter's African assistants and neighbours form but a small part of the background of the tale, but where they appear they are shown as human beings, and not as comic relief or as picturesque barbarism. In the attempt to depict West Africa as a place where a fertile Nature is ceaselessly producing and, on the other side of the scene, as ceaselessly allowing her creatures to commit every crime, however, the human section is more fully identified with both types of activity than is just, and in regard to Europeans there is an untrue remark that "when a Coaster is bright without imbibing, there is something beautifully wrong."

Part of the price that an author has to pay for writing an analytical novel is that his readers use his material for an analysis of his own outlook. Thus Africans will tend to judge Mr. Warren Henry for making Carter drop Africa and his people directly he has made a competence, for he might at least have included in his expressed ideals of retirement further voluntary work for the progress of the continent to which he owed so much. It is perhaps inevitable that Carter should be the "old-gold god" type of hero, with the exaggerated dislike for the "half-baked" civilisation of the Coast towns that true "bushmen" affect. In youth he had worn a bush-cloth like an African, we read, and Rhoda thought it not remarkable, but sane—but Rhoda had not tried it. He had also contracted temporary matrimonial alliances in his day, a fact which, while it does not account for his heroic repression during most of the period of the story, possibly explains the ease with which he fell when Rhoda decided that she must give herself unconditionally to him.

As for Rhoda, when she appeared within Carter's horizon she still had the complexion with which she left Home, but the promptness with which she launches such subjects of conversation as miscegenation, natural selection, and so on, suggests that her intellectual complexion had been affected by the tropics, and when she says, after three months' experience of Nigeria, that "everyone there seems to have fallen for "miscegenation," she is made to speak like the narrowest-minded of feminine types in West Africa, and the added error of her accepting the fact as a matter of course, does not, as the author seems to suppose, indicate any specially broadminded charity. Then again, the reasoning powers of Carter and Rhoda do not shine in their admiration for the theories of a philosopher whose early suicide seems effectually to have proved the inadaptability of his ideas to the needs of ordinary life.

The gradual development of Rhoda's instincts of self-protection against the minor trials of Coast life—the instinct that most Coasters develop unconsciously—is well and accurately described, although it makes it harder to believe, later on, that she could have donned pyjamas without realising that there was a snake in her pocket, necessary though that adventure was to bring about another of those undress encounters in which Carter was to prove so selfless. Instinctive self-protection is not the only natural gift of Rhoda's that is stimulated by residence in Africa, however, and a pretty little picture of African maternity turns her thoughts more consciously to a sentiment that had long been hers, and leads her finally to an alliance with Carter which, however generously it left him free, seems unnecessary to the story except to prolong it for an account of her reactions to the report of his death and to his subsequent safe return, and for the acceleration of their marriage.

"Fantee Carter" is full of interest, but its characterisation is so much more important than its Coast background, accurately drawn though that be, that it is less a tale *of* West Africa than of two exceptional people *in* West Africa. This toning-down of a background that an author with less personal knowledge of the Coast would have been tempted to emphasise unduly considerably increases the attraction of the book for the non-Coast reader, for while there is plenty of local colour, the book never degenerates into an ethnological treatise masquerading as a novel.

Ambrose Caliver Writes Book

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Announcement was received here on Tuesday that a book written by Dr. Ambrose Caliver, of the bureau of education, will come off the press within the next week or two. The announcement was made by the bureau of publications, Columbia University.

The book, entitled "A Personal Study of Negro College Students," covers an investigation by Dr. Caliver over a period of more than five years. Students of various colleges were interviewed and their high school foundation was studied by the author.

Among the findings were: that more girls are sent to college than boys and that if they show a slight superiority in intelligence over non-athletes, it is not reflected in classroom work; and that the economic standard, as far as the families of the students are concerned, has been raised several points in the past few years.

According to the announcement, this book should be of interest not only to persons concerned in general matters of student personnel, research and administration, but also to those having to do with students. It reveals the need of greater attention to personnel factors in teaching and in educational organization, administration and research and in the improvement of the technique of education and vocational guidance and in personality development.

Bibliography-1931.

GEO. SCHUYLER'S NOVEL PLACED ON MARKET

Dedication Challenges Ancestry of Caucasians; High Praise for Work

NEW YORK, Jan 29—George S. Schuyler's first book, "Black No More," a novel, was published on Friday, aJnuary 16, according to announcement by his publishers, The Macaulay Company, 257 Fourth avenue, New York City. The book contains 250 pages and sells for $2.00.

"Black No More" is very attractively printed and bound, and carries a dedication from Mr. Schuyler "to all Caucasians in the great Republic who can trace their ancestry back ten generations and confidently assert that there are no black leaves, twigs, or branches on their family trees."

The novel is a satire built around the discovery of a serum that turns Negroes into white people. It is, the publishers say, "the most important book dealing with the relations between the white and black people in the United States ever to be published." The publishers also state: "It contains no special pleading; it views the situation as relatively fixed by basic economic conditions and psychological fixations beyond the influence of reformers."

A synopsis of the story reveals: "Suddenly New York's Black Belt begins to disappear. Far-famed Harlem with its black and tan dives is black no more. Where has it gone? Before long it is learned that Dr. Crook-man, a Negro scientist, has discovered a serum which bleaches the black skin and has other curious physiological effects. The doctor's clinics spring up in all parts of the country. Black America with fearful swiftness merges into white America. Negro reformers join with the Ku Klux Klan to attempt to stop the process but without success. The nation is thrown into a par[illegible] And in the resulting confusion three black adventurers lead startling, romantic, picturesque careers."

SCHUYLER'S BOOK

OUR own George S. Schuyler has written a book. The title is "Black No More," and the story consumes several interesting pages. The story as told by Mr. Schuyler has its beginning in 1933. A colored physician goes abroad and learns through the application of a serum to turn black people white. The physician returns to Harlem and opens up a sanitarium and proceeds to wipe out the black people of this country by turning them white.

As a satirist, we think our own George Schuyler is about the best we have produced, and he certainly employed a fortunate vehicle for his talent. The book is one continuous satire. Mr. Schuyler starts out by describing his own people as blacks and winds up with the "southern crackers." Of course the doctor who turns black people white naturally becomes a multi-millionaire. Mr. Schuyler devotes most of his book to telling us how miserable Negroes are after they are turned white, and then how miserable the whites are when they find out that Negroes can be made white. Perhaps no one but George Schuyler could crowd so many phases of Negro activity into one story. Nearly every experience he has had is touched upon in his book. It is easy to discern as you read certain organizations well known in this country; it is easy to even pick out individuals well known in this country, although they are given characterizations to suit the story.

The book will probably be read by thousands and thousands of people who simply like to read George Schuyler. It will also be read by people who like satire. Our opinion is that many Negroes will object to some of Mr. Schuyler's references, but there will be few, if any, who will deny the truthfulness of Schuyler's conclusions. One thing is certain—Mr. Schuyler has just about cleared his entire system of his opinions on Negroes, whether they be black, yellow or white, and on "crackers" and white folks, whether they be rich, poor or ugly. He has crowded into his book about everything he thinks about sociology, psychology, race and color.

Richmond, Va. News-Leader
Friday, January 9, 1931

The Negro Wage Earner.

Reviewed by J. J. Corson

The Negro Wage Earner, by Lorenzo J. Greene and Carter G. Woodson; Washington, D. C.; Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc.; 1930; [$3.00].

Too large a proportion of the books purporting to be scientific studies of Negro life in this country are, consciously or unconsciously, flavored by the author's zeal to improve the lot of the "oppressed Negro race" or by prejudice against that race. Eminently more worthwhile are those relatively few studies in which the Negro race is accepted as an integral part of the population of this country and a sincere attempt is made to analyze the relationships of this group and the dominant white race with a view to determining what part the Negro may play in contemporary civilization.

"The Negro Wage Earner," written by two thoughtful Negro authors, belongs to the latter group of studies of Negro life. Representing the result of exhaustive and painstaking research and flavored with but a modicum of racial prejudice, this volume is of real worth. Its merit lies in the vast amount of information included between its covers dealing with the economic life of the American Negro. It is thoroughly documented and equipped with a meaty appendix and comprehensive bibliography. As a reference work it is of particular value.

Commencing with a description of the Negro laborer's position in the period before the war between the states, the authors trace the progress of these workers as agricultural laborers and domestic servants up to 1890. After this year the proportion of Negroes in these two fields of endeavor decreased. Competition furnished by the increasing number of foreign-born entering this country and the drift of Negroes to other occupations combined to bring about this effect. As yet, however, an inordinately large number of Negroes are concentrated in these two types of work.

Since 1890 the outstanding tendency of the Negro in occupations has been to move into the industrial field, into manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, trade and transportation, with a few into professional services. Although a few industries such as the textile and garment trades recruited few Negroes, the majority of these occupations have accepted relatively large numbers of Negroes. The drift of the Southern Negroes to the Northern urban centers and the industrial development of the South combined to attract an increasing proportion of Negroes into the industrial field.

Not a few handicaps have confronted and continue to confront the Negro in working out his economic salvation. Prejudice against the Negro race, though diminishing in intensity, is still an important factor. The Negro is limited in his development by the prevalent opinion that he is both inefficient and lazy, although his record would seem to have discountenanced the latter criticism. The competition of immigrant white labor and the unwillingness of trade unions to accept Negro members are additional handicaps.

To prosper in the future, the American Negro must not only hold the position he has gained in industry, but must raise his status from that of an unskilled to that of skilled laborer. To accomplish this, the Negro must be trained in industrial and technical schools. And, finally, his position will be materially improved when the Negro laborer is accorded the benefits to be obtained by organization into trade unions.

THE BLACK WORKER

THE NEGRO AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT

By Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris

Price $4.50

Columbia University Press

King Cotton's Many Aches and Pains

KING COTTON IS SICK. By Claudius T. Murchison. 190 pp. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $2.

THE Professor of Applied Economics in the University of North Carolina writes sensibly about the troubles of cotton textiles, in a way which anybody can understand. Though this book does not contain most of the detailed evidence on which his conclusions are based, he has done so much research of a high quality into the subject that what he says here deserves the most careful attention. Some of it has been clear before; some of it is contrary to common impressions.

The trouble with cotton textiles is not traceable primarily to the existing depression; it is of much longer standing than that. Nor is it true that the New England mills have all "moved South," and that the principal difficulty is due to intersectional competition. As a matter of fact, costs are not generally lower in the South—at least not enough lower to make much difference. Those sections of the industry in which the South has a marked advantage have already moved; that competition has already been liquidated. The market for cotton goods, as a whole, has not shrunk; on the contrary, it has expanded. Nor is the exploitation of labor by low wages and long hours a consequence of hard-hearted slave-driving; while some mills are profitable, many, in the South as well as in the North, make so little that they simply cannot afford good wages and conditions.

The main and lasting trouble may be summarized as the consequence of the high degree of individualism which has characterized the industry. It is split apart horizontally as well as vertically, and while all parts are, in the last analysis, interdependent, they cause endless waste in their competitive trafficking, dickering and speculation. The growing of cotton is uncontrolled; wide fluctuations in crops and prices lead to speculation in the raw material which often overbalances manufacturing profits; spinners and weavers deal with finishers and dyers; all have to sell through the New York bottle-neck of commission houses and converters; rapid style changes, intensified by competition, lead to wide seasonal fluctuations in production, to uncertainty in the prospects of the single concern and to uneconomic increases in capacity; tradition-bound and stupid managements fail to make their way through such complex entanglements.

Agreements to curtail production may furnish occasional relief in this situation, but they scarcely offer a permanent remedy. Dr. Murchison recommends combination, not to achieve mere size, but to build rational vertical units in which intelligent management, utilizing research, planning and—to add a fine New England word to his vocabulary—"gumption," may bring order into the manufacture and sale of textiles. Activity of this sort is already well under way. One may doubt whether even this will lead the industry out of the wilderness, in view of the difficulties of other industrial aggregates which already have these advantages, but at least it can lay a foundation on which something further may be built.

GEORGE SOULE.

MENTAL DIFFERENCES

RACE PSYCHOLOGY. A Study of Racial Mental Differences. By Thomas Russell Garth. Introduction by R. S. Woodworth. 260 pp. New York: Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. $2.50.

By the time the author of this book, who is Professor of Experimental Psychology in the University of Denver, has led you through to its end you are wholly willing to admit his conclusion that this is a subject which needs a great deal more study before much that is really definite can be said about it. For years he has been pursuing the question of whether or not there are racial differences in mental processes in his own experimental investigations and in the reports of the work of others in the same field. He tells the reader in his preface that he began this inquiry with the "silent conviction that he would find clear-cut racial differences in mental processes." But now, after years of study and research, he is not at all sure that this is true, while he is sure that it has not yet been proved. In this book he aims merely to lay before the reader—and the book is meant for the layman quite as much as it is for the psychologist—an account of the work that has been done by a great number of investigators who for fifty years have been seeking to find solid bases of truth for the elements of the problem, to discuss the results of their research and point out the implications of their findings.

In his introduction Professor Woodworth of Columbia University speaks of the "new data in abundance" that Professor Garth has contributed to the "rapidly increasing literature of the subject," and cordially gives him credit for the "critical and circumspect attitude toward the facts" he has preserved, for the fairness, the judicial balance and the open-eyed attitude toward all sides of the question that mark his book. The reader soon discovers these qualities and realizes how particularly necessary they are for any trustworthy treatment of a problem whose elements are as difficult to pin down to actual fact. Professor Garth calls attention to the importance of the question, since upon it will depend race survival. He finds in the end that three pertinent facts are proved: the modifying power upon traits of selection and of nurture and the mobility of race.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

RIVER GIRL. By Homer Croy. 320 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

STEAMBOATING days on the Mississippi in 1860 have provided Mr. Croy with so much color and incident that he has failed to assimilate enough of it to make "River Girl" the moving and absorbing novel it should be. The thread of his plot is almost lost in the mass of detail.

In "River Girl" there is material for a splendid novel—one that grows out of the treacherousness, the tireless strength and the fascination of the Mississippi; and the fascination it had for the colorful and picturesque people who followed it. Mr. Croy seems burdened by the wealth of anecdote and color of the days when the river was the focal point around which the lives of the people along its banks eddied and flowed. One feels that his haste to get it all into a novel prevented his creating his characters.

The struggle between the two river captains, the mild and hard-working Cash and the weather-beaten old whaler, Leather, for supremacy on the river and in the favors of the river girl, Odette; and the crowds of "quality," slaves, gamblers, magicians and the heterogeneous group who followed the river, are Mr. Croy's material.

Unfortunately, "River Girl" is lacking in that realism which Mr. Croy obtained in some of his earlier Junction City stories.

THE SLAVE TRADE

SLAVE TRADING IN THE OLD SOUTH. By Frederic Bancroft. Illustrated. 415 pp. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company. $4.

ONE opens this book with something of the feeling one might have toward a scientific examination of an Egyptian mummy. But presently, under the influence of the extracts from contemporary prints, the mummy comes alive and one grows more and more interested in the features and characteristics it shows until, before many leaves have been turned, one realizes that here is an important and scholarly contribution to one section of our national history. Mr. Bancroft has gone largely to contemporary writings for his sources — newspapers, travelers' books, magazines, city directories and similar material, and he has quoted extensively, summarized, used statistical tables, so that his work becomes a picture of the time painted in its own colors. And it is so thoroughly documented that every detail is made authentic.

In his initial chapter Mr. Bancroft inquires into and discusses some of the important facts and conditions out of which slavery grew, others which nurtured its increase, and the general background of the institution. Slave trading in the earlier years, its development as slavery strengthened its hold, its characteristics in different portions of the South and some of its important phases and features are among the factors of his subject which receive his detailed and careful attention. There is a specially interesting chapter on the slave trade in the District of Columbia, which was described at the time as its "very seat and centre." It was so important that even John Randolph, although he had voted against the bill to prohibit the foreign slave trade, denounced it bitterly in Congress in 1816. Interstate traders made the district their headquarters and used it as a depot for their human property. The important matter of slave breeding and rearing is portrayed by means of quoted facts and comments of the time so graphically that the twentieth century reader marvels and is horrified. Of particular historical value are the chapters that deal with the prices of slaves and the speculative activity, then called "the Negro-fever," that swept the South in the years just preceding the Civil War. It seems to have had some of the characteristics of the stock speculation manias of our own time. In his final chapter Mr. Bancroft discusses the numbers of slaves and their value involved in slave trading. He thinks the latter may have reached, just before the war, an annual average of $150,000,000

Race Psychology

By THOMAS R. GARTH

Are there actually racial differences in mental traits of men? Does color or language change men's thinking processes? Professor Garth presents for the first time an account of all scientific studies on the subject. $2.50

W. White Writes On Negro In Book Of Literature

Plaindealer

New York, Dec. 11th—(ANP)—A chapter on Negro literature, by Walter White, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is included in "American Writers on American Literature" edited by John Macy. The book, consisting of essays by 31 contemporary writers, published by Horace Liverlight, Inc., traces main currents in American writing from the early Colonial writers to the present day.

In concluding his essay on Negro writers Mr. White calls it a "note" written during a period of development, rather than a final appraisal which could come at a later time. The work done thus far by the Negro in the arts, is "chiefly pioneer work for that which is certain to come," writes Mr. White.

Mr. White's essay shows how the work of Negro writers, among whom Charles W. Chestnut was a pioneer, helped to break to break up stereotypes of the Negro in the public mind and how since the World War, "with dramatic suddeness America awoke to find that the Negro had definitely achieved a place as an important factor in the literature and art of his country."

Among other contributors to the volume are: William Allen White, who writes on "Fiction of the Eighties and Nineties:" Louis Untermeyer on "Contemporary Poetry"; Gilbert Seldes on "Thorean"; Carl Van Doren on "Thomas Paine"; and Rupert Hughes on "Washington, Franklin, Adams Hamilton, Jefferson."

Bibliography-1931.

Industrialism and the Agrarian Tradition in the South

Times Book Review 1-4-31 New York, N.Y.

Two Forces Are at War for Control of the Future Below the Mason and Dixon Line

Times Book Review 1-4-31 New York N.Y.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH. By Broadus Mitchell and George Sinclair Mitchell. 298 pp. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

I'LL TAKE MY STAND. By Twelve Southerners. 359 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

By ARTHUR KROCK

INDUSTRIALISM is not a new aspect of the South. But lately a literary discussion has been raging with Southern industrialism as the point of attack. Labor troubles in the textile mills have had something to do with bringing the matter to a head. Perhaps the success of the Republican ticket in five Southern States in 1928 called the watchmen of the agrarian tradition to the parapets. Possibly they read into Mr. Hoover's campaign speech at Elizabethton, Tenn., a warning that they must save from Northern commercial standardization the region in which they were born and bred. Whatever the sequence of the causes, there has been a great deal of writing about this topic of late, and a joint debate was held at Richmond.

Yet Birmingham since the '90s has been the second steel and iron capital of America. William Gregg of South Carolina, in the '40s of the last century, built the cotton factory at Graniteville to prove that manufacture could be successful in the South. Kentucky is an agricultural State with the fingers of many county families gripped fast to the old social tradition. Nevertheless Louisville for decades has been a city of manufacturers and jobbers. During the early days of the war in Europe a distinguished Briton, invalided from the front, was being shown the great, graceful houses and spreading estates along the River Road, leading eastward from Louisville. Invariably he would ask: "Where did this wealth come from?" Invariably he was told: "hardware" or "whisky" or "wagons" or "wholesale commodities" or "flour milling." His comment may illuminate the present Southern debate: "But these tradespeople are all gentlefolk." They were and they are.

"Souvenir of South Carolina."

From a Water-Color by Charles Burchfield. "Americans," by Edward Alden Jewell. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

The Mitchells, writing their "Industrial Revolution," are impatient with the determined agrarians. They are writing facts, dealing with the old time and with the new, and they see in the present development of the South not only an inevitable progress; not merely a surrender to that national standardization of ideals and customs which alarms the Twelve Against the Yankees, but very definite advantages. One of them summarizes:

> We are nearly seventy years away from the surrender of the Old South. Our Confederate veterans' homes still contain a few gray-clad figures. I hope they find sunny places on the long wooden galleries. In the main those whose feelings would be hurt by utter frankness in one of their own blood are gone. For those Sons of Confederate Veterans who have taken up the old cry in a false note I have no respect.

And from these authors, Southern-born and bred, comes this appraisal of the past:

> Slippers and Old Sorrel. What do they connote to the South today? Mostly, of course, the ante-bellum leaders got us into trouble. * * * They took the easiest way with their economic environment, and were fertile in rationalizations of their course. They pursued a wasteful staple agriculture; only a few paid more than lip service to the utility of manufactures, while most of them treated industry with fear and contempt. * * * They grew into a personality pleasing aristocracy, allowing the Poor Whites to be shouldered aside in penury and ignorance. Their vaunted chivalry was thus a mockery.

To those who insist that a regional tradition can be maintained by resisting the intrusion of commerce, that the South can by determined oratory be prevented from sinking to the dull social levels of industrialized sections of the nation, the authors have this message:

> The Old South expired like a fine gentleman who, after protracted years as a burden to his family, has passed on leaving sons and daughters penniless. What do we owe to the memory of this gallant? He once had a grand manner, but even in his heyday his linen was habitually soiled. Why embalm his remains and keep his few belongings like relics at the shrine of a saint? We paid him too much honor while he lived, and furthermore sad reminders of his handiwork are all about us in the South this long time afterward: poverty, race hatred, sterile fields, the childish and violent crowd gulled by the demagogue.

But to the twelve authors of "I'll Take My Stand," the question is: "Shall the South surrender its moral, social and economic autonomy to the victorious principle of union?" There are signs of "wanting to join up behind the common or American industrial ideal." Science has made a slave of our human energies in trade. There is no leisure where it prevails, the graces of life are lost. The evils of unemployment, overproduction and unequal distribution of wealth follow industrialism. Religion does not flourish in such a society. Nature and the arts are neglected. Thus the collaborators, who dedicate their book to Dean Fleming of the Graduate School of Vanderbilt University. They blow the note of resistance on eloquent trumpets, but confess that they are by no means sure how that resistance could be made successful. To one asking what they propose to do about it, beyond writing passionate essays, they respond:

> These principles do not intend to be very specific in proposing any practical measures. How may the little agrarian community resist the Chamber of Commerce of its county seat, which is always trying to import some foreign industry that cannot be assimilated to the life-pattern of the community? Just what must the Southern leaders do to defend the traditional Southern life? How may the Southern and Western agrarians [let big business take notice] unite for effective action? Should the agrarian forces try to capture the Democratic party, which historically

is so closely affiliated with the defense of individualism, the small community, the State, the South? Or must the agrarians, even the Southern ones, abandon the Democratic party to its fate and try a new one? What legislation could most profitably be championed by the powerful agrarians in the Senate of the United States? * * * These and other questions are of the greatest importance, but they cannot be answered here.

If a community, or a section, or a race, or an age, is groaning under its industrialism, and well aware that it is an evil dispensation, it must find a way to throw it off. To think that this cannot be done is pusillanimous.

So, obviously, here is but Cassandra predicting the dismal fates in store. There is no Hector visible in the foreground. The Greeks have landed from their ships; the topless towers of tradition, considerably obscured by the fogs of time and imagination, are threatened.

If a respectful word may be interjected by one, Southern-bred, who grew up in the last days of the old South and the first days of the new, when reconstruction had become a memory and damyankee was getting to be two words again, he would suggest to the Twelve that they do not seek aid from Congress. Congress is not devoted to traditions. There comes to mind no Representative or Senator who protests against the capture by his district of a factory or mill. Five Senators, elected as Democrats—only one from outside the South—insured by their votes the passage of the Hawley-Smooth high-tariff bill. Congressmen like to have their districts prosperous. Most of them were born in the '70s and '80s, when few Southerners had enough money or leisure from the land to get an education. The fleshpots give off to their nostrils an aroma not displeasing. It is so with their constituents also, save those who are spiritual enough to stand with the Twelve. For, after all, industrialized New England and Pennsylvania have a rural culture. Their literature, even, is not to be despised. Long Islanders who made their fortunes in commerce enjoy a graceful country life which, when transplanted on horseback to Warrenton and Middleburg in Virginia, can hardly be told from the Southern article. In the second generation they breed fox hunters as if to the saddle born.

Perhaps the most insecure of the suggestions made by the Twelve is that about combining with the agrarians of the West. Georgians and Carolinians have been seen actually to shrivel with loathing for the folkways of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. There is not much tradition to sustain in those parts, except to vote the Republican ticket despite what the party policies have done to profits of farm labor. If it is the "Southern life-pattern" which the young writers would preserve, they had better keep away from Senators Norris, Brookhart and Nye.

Both books are full of informing, at times charming, reading. Each approaches the problem from an opposite angle. From the viewpoint of history and economics there is more basis for forming a sound opinion in "The Industrial Revolution" than in "I'll Take My Stand." Perhaps this reviewer has been rash enough already in discharging his personal counsel upon the wordy battlefield. But he would like timidly to point out to the Twelve that, if Southern culture and tradition assay to a fraction of the estimate and if Southern people are really as individual as described, industrialization will be absorbed by the South without a loss of sectional distinction. What is more alarming than all this, to the over signed, is that Southern audiences in town, city and at the forks of the creek, enjoy the shoddies' movies precisely as do audiences in Lowell, Mass.; Herrin, Ill., or in the Bronx N Y

The New South

An American Epoch: Southern Portraiture in the National Picture. By Howard W. Odum. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50. World Tomorrow

NOWHERE is the struggle to achieve a Christian civilization greater than in our South; and perhaps nowhere is the struggle going on more hopefully, for the vast majority of the white people of the South still believe in Christian ideals. To get a fair picture of that struggle, one cannot do better than to read this new volume by Howard W. Odum, of the University of North Carolina. The book spans the last four generations of Southern social history, but it is not primarily an historical work. Rather, it is a social survey somewhat on the order of *Middletown,* but embracing sixteen American states instead of a single community. Without fear or favor, the author sets down the lights and shadows of the Old South, of the conflict between North and South, of Southern politics and government, Southern religion, Southern rural and urban life, Southern factory and industrial development, Southern racial conflicts and adjustments, Southern education, and finally Southern literature, art, and science. The whole story is woven together by the literary device of following the fortunes of two typical Southern families, one from the aristocratic class, the other from the common people.

Professor Odum points out that the fundamental difficulty in understanding the South is that there are many Souths instead of merely one, just as there are many Germanys, many Italys, and many Frances. Each region of the South developed differently, in some cases with widely divergent cultures and ideals. In part this is explained by the isolation and the diversity of geographical environments. But it is also explained by the inherent differences among the settlers of the South. In a single state, such as North Carolina, were to be found English Quakers, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, German Lutherans, Italian Waldensians, Spanish, Huguenot French, a considerable number of American Indians, and of course hosts of Negro slaves brought together from many sources. The author effectually explodes the myth of a "pure Anglo-Saxon" stock in the South. While there is no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon stock predominated, he has no difficulty in showing that it was thickly sprinkled with many other peoples, and that all of these together must be taken into account to understand the present South.

Still another factor in the South's development has been the bi-racial conflict, which was, of course, aggravated by the outcome of the Civil War and the attitude of the North. Professor Odum does not, however, make this bi-racial conflict the determining factor in all other Southern attitudes, as superficial writers have done. He points out that there are almost as many different attitudes among white people in the South toward the Negro as there are among whites in the North. He has little difficulty in showing that in the solution of this problem the South is not only making progress, but that in some respects she has become the leader in adopting a more liberal attitude toward the Negro.

An enthusiastic Southern reviewer speaks of the book as "the most important contemporary contribution to sociological literature about the New South." The present reviewer, however, feels that Dr. Odum's work illustrates the difference between the description of social facts and sociological explanation, and he regrets that the writer did not attempt more of the latter. It is unfortunate that he did not show how the civilization of the South is rooted in the fact that it has been essentially a colonial society made up of many diverse elements; that in this colonial society, until late in the nineteenth century, survived essentially the eighteenth-century civilization of France and England; that the survival of that eighteenth-century civilization into the nineteenth century produced many economic, political, and cultural maladjustments. Even yet the New South shows necessarily many marks of its history; but eighteenth-century manners, morals, and ideals are now being rapidly swept away in nearly all Southern communities with the coming of the machine civilization of the twentieth century. Whether the outcome will be ultimately good, only time can tell.

CHARLES A. ELLWOOD

A NEW BOOK OF ANANSE STORIES.

"Kwaku Ananse onye ne Mfefo hon Nkwadaasem," by D. J Blair and L. O. Deakin. (Atlantis Press, 7, Carlisle Avenue, E.C.3.—2s. net.). West Africa

Miss Blair and Miss Deakin are assistant mistresses at Achimota, and their collection of 34 Fante-Akan stories, printed in large type in the new script, is, therefore, presumably intended primarily for use in the junior classes at Achimota. "The Pranks of Kwaku Ananse and his Friends" have been handled in numerous collections of tales, and many educationists and others, in West Africa and elsewhere, have made use of them in one form or another, but the present collection is the first designed for direct use in schools, and also the first to be reproduced in the new script. One or two stories, such as that of the fox and the crow, in spite of their present African setting, are probably derived from old-fashioned English primers, but that makes them none the less suitable for inclusion in the collection. The illustrations, by Miss Deakin, are of the simplest,—almost too simple for scholars capable of reading the text,—and they are marred by a slip that, in a book intended to help the African reader to keep in touch with the best of his own environment, becomes an error that is almost glaring. The word *Osebo* is, as all know, commonly translated "tiger" on the Coast, but to no one familiar with the fauna of the country does it signify the striped Asiatic animal by which it is thrice depicted in the book, and it is to be hoped that in future editions the leopard, the true *osebo,* will be inserted in its place.

1-31-31

John Davies, 32, a West African, a fireman, pleaded guilty at Liverpool to removing 25,000 percussion caps to the Appam without having a licence to do so. He was fined £3 and the caps were declared confiscate.

BLACK NO MORE, by George S. Schuyler. *New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.* New Republic 2-11-31 vol LXV no 845 New York N.Y.

A Harlem alchemist discovers the secret of turning black to white and causes the white population of the United States, in order to protect itself from the social and economic menace of a minority become externally indistinguishable from its betters, eventually to stain its collective face a deeper brown. Mr. Schuyler's satire is racy and amusing in a sophomoric way; it would be more amusing if he had not achieved his cynicism quite so cheaply—by an unfunny and indiscriminate lampooning of the leaders of his race.

Bibliography - 1931

Creme de la Creme—1669-1931

CAROLINA LOW COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE 12/31/31

THE CAROLINA LOW COUNTRY by Members of the Society For the Preservation of Spirituals, New York, quarto, 326 pp., $5.

The average American and this is an American writing in all humility and sympathy, finds an abiding if vicarious satisfaction in the contemplation of those suave aristocracies which established themselves hard upon the settling of this new world, flourished through two centuries and then disintegrated when the elders of this generation were barely old enough to be aware of the passing of an epoch and to bear articulate memories of the older into the new. 12-6-31

It is a paradox, perhaps, that a people so often indicted for laying too great a store by the future should so tenderly regard its past. An ill-natured answer might be that Americans are infected with a sentimentality often mistaken, in a materialistic period, for idealism. Certainly this answer occurs to one in the audience of a habitual boaster of his grandfather's slave yards, but I think the true answer is that there was something really fine and lovely in that early American civilization which was hardly more than a European civilization transplanted in a more spacious setting. That it is highly regarded is proof, I think, of a just assessment of its value and influence upon the manners of the present.

It is a highly invidious business to weigh against each other the colonial centers of culture—the New England merchants, the Dutch gentry along the Hudson, the gentlefolk of the Virginia tidewater, or the proud planters of the Carolina low country. Each of us is permitted his predilection, and the several authors of "The Carolina Low Country," being of the low country, cannot be blamed for esteeming their ancestral order, of all the rest, the most winsome, the noblest and the most urbane.

And yet an appraisal of this book must take into account the fact that its authors felt something more than the appeal of a noble country to the historian. There is abundant evidence of a reverential, an almost worshipful regard of the past which is treated here. If this subtracts from the value of the book, it has a value of its own in the insight it gives into the mind of the present low country folk and in whatever light it may throw on some of the problems newcomers have encountered in Charleston.

There are six main chapters in the work, each by a different author. In addition there is a collation of negro spirituals with music. Herbert Ravenel Sass, whose name's components suggests a low country lineage, begins the procession with a brief chapter on the low country itself. He has essayed to tell, and has quite well succeeded, what manner of a country the low country was and is. Those who have visited that semi-tropical region with its scattered approaches to paradise, can forgive him his rhapsodies. Indeed, in what other manner could he have dealt with it justly?

Alfred Huger has contributed the longest chapter, and naturally, as he has written the historical sketch. In limited compass his task was difficult, for the past upon which he drew was a very rich treasure, to discard any of which must have been a wrench.

His was the task of leavening dates and names and events with the proper amount of anecdote and his effort certainly was not without success. His chapter might have gained something had he been able to detach himself, to have written of the low country and its people as the country and people of some other than himself. But surely that is too much to ask.

Probably the most delightful chapter is that by Archibald Rutledge, "Plantation Lights and Shadows." For many years Mr. Rutledge has been roaming the swamps of the low country and many of its secrets he has learned for himself in his rambles. The lore, the legend, and the tradition of the region are his also and he has fashioned from them all a most pleasant picture.

DuBose Heyward's contribution, "The Negro of the Low Country," is a brief treatment of some aspects of slavery. He endeavors to picture the true conditions in the slave quarters, the true relations between master and slave. He discards both the abolitionist's charge of cruelty and the rather idyllic connection, in which the slave was only a "little lower than the angels." He has also dealt with the slave's characteristics according to the portion of Africa from which he was brought.

It would be a little purple to call the book a mosaic and yet it is too well done to call a patchwork. In any case it is a most informing and delightful picture of a country whose past is as proud and lovely as that of any other section of this new world. The Low country aristocracy had many things to distinguish it from the other early American aristocracies. To us of South Carolina they still appear more engaging and certainly better mannered than the Lowells and Cabots and the exclusive little god they talked to.—H.

News
Jackson Miss

DEC 6 1.

ROSCIUSKO STAR-HERALD:

Governor Adelbert Ames, now of Massachusetts, but who spends his winters in Florida, recently celebrated his 96th birthday, the oldest living governor of the state. At the suggestion of the editor of the Jackson Daily News he is likely to be invited to visit this state during the coming session of the legislature.

Governor Ames was twice governor of Mississippi; one time by appointment as military governor by the president and one time by election.

In 1968 he was made military governor of what the North was pleased to call Mississippi Territory. In 1873 he was elected governor of the state on the Radical ticket, against J. L. Alcorn on the Conservative ticket, both being Republicans. Governor Ames, in other words, was elected mostly by the negroes and "Carpet Baggers," and it was a case of poor Tray—sinned against more than sinning.

For example, the lieutenant governor, A. K. Davis, was a negro; the secretary of state, James Hill, was a negro; the speaker of the House was a negro, and there were 55 negro members of the House. The other members, with the exception of Col. H. M. Street, and now Judge Stevens, who were Democrats, were mostly "Carpet Baggers" and negroes. The Senate was presided over by a negro and there were nine negro senators. This motly crew of ignorant blacks just out of slavery, and a lot of aliens constituted the law-making body.

In 1875 there was an upheaval and the white people of the state as General George once expressed it, "got mad" and elected a Democratic legislature.

At the assembling of the new legislature in 1876 a committee was appointed to look into the affairs of the commonwealth, and after a six weeks deliberation, the committee reported suggesting impeachment proceedings against Gov Ames on eleven counts for "unofficial conduct." The others were charged with various crimes, but only one, Davis, was tried and convicted, the others resigned. This ended the trouble, and Mississippians felt that the state was redeemed.

This writer, while a boy, has a very vivid recollection of these dark days, and while in perfect accord with the idea of inviting Governor Ames to visit Mississippi, in fact if the governor does come back to Jackson to visit his former haunts, it is our aim; if well, to go to Jackson as a representative of what might be called the old South.

It is due Governor Ames and to the people of the state to say that the white people of Mississippi never felt in her darkest days that Governor Ames was dishonest, or that he betrayed her to the gang that he was by bad fortune thrown with. It was felt at the time that the only way to rid the state of the bad crowd that afflicted the country was by a general house-cleaning, and Governor Ames had to go.

Almost 60 years have rolled away since those troublous times and we all want to forgive and forget. There is no bitterness against the old-time governor, and our people are ready to extend to him the glad hand.

At his great age, it is doubtful about his coming to the state; but if he does, he will receive a warm welcome; and it will be a gracious act on the part of Governor Conner and the legislature to invite him.

Book Review

Heal It, but How?

MIND SURGERY. By Daniel Boone Herring. Published by The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc., Holyoke, Mass. Price $1.00.
A SCRAP BOOK. By Noy Jasper Dickerson. Published by The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass. Price $1.25.

TO SPEAK of practicing surgery on such an immaterial thing as mind is mixing metaphors; but Daniel Boone Herring manages to make his meaning clear. Whether you will agree with his conclusions is another matter. He is one who believes that purely physical afflictions can be cured by purely mental means—a Christian Scientist, or, if you object to that term, a New Thought disciple. He says that after able physicians gave him but a few months to live he cured himself.

One is inclined to be skeptical of the many stories of people who have recovered after having been given up by reputable physicians, especially of those who claim to have effected their own cures. But when their cases are as striking as Herring's they are worth listening to. After serving in the World War, Herring came home totally disabled, with a shattered spine. Expected to die in a few months, he is living yet and playing eighteen holes of golf a day. After wearing glasses for twenty-five years, he can now see clearly and without strain. In this book he proposes to tell how all this was done, and how others can do it. This is a large order; if practicable it would put all the physicians, dentists and occulists out of work.

The fault of most, if not all, books of this kind is their proneness to vague generalization. The mind healer will tell you to adopt a new attitude toward life and yourself, to look up and not down, forward and not backward, out and not in. He exhorts you to get in tune with the infinite, to feel as one with God. He never tells you exactly how to do these things, so you are as much in the dark as before.

"Mind Surgery" is no exception. If there is any point on which this book should be specific, it is in the chapter telling how the author cured himself of the necessity of wearing glasses. If he made this clear, the millions who are condemned to wear glasses would make his book the best seller of the year. But he only asserts that if you can see with glasses, you can see without them; his advice is "Open thou thine eyes and see." The reader looks in vain for a set of exercises or other specific suggestions as to the restoration of normal vision.

It is the same with other problems which the jacket of this book assures you are solved within its pages. The jacket says that the book details the exact process by which the author was raised from near death to life and health, and maintains that "in the amazing chapter with which he closes the book you will learn how to apply mind surgery to the solution of any personal problem of health or prosperity." This reviewer fails to find any exactness in the first, last or intervening chapters.

This is not said to deny the existence or the importance of mind healing, or the considerable effect of the mind upon the body. But the author who presumes to cure a mental condition must do something more than quote the Bible. For definite advice we still have to go to the trained psychologist. William James, in his famous chapters on the will and on habit-forming, gives us more and clearer specifications than ten volumes like "Mind Surgery."

"A Scrap Book," by Noy Jasper Dickerson, is a collection of verses with a few essays and a story added on. The verses are not poetry, verses seldom are when they are composed on such subjects as life's key to success, luck and pluck, fond memories and blaming oneself instead of the world. Beginners in verse-writing make the mistake of trying to instruct the world, and the substance of their precepts is always something that the world has learned and forgotten a million times.

The first thing a poet should learn is that he must try to charm the world, not teach it. He may teach the world after charming it, or while he is charming it; but the charm comes first and the teaching is incidental.

Over every young poet's desk there should hang the motto: "It's not what you say that counts, but how you say it." What with all the great thinkers who have gone before, it is impossible to say anything new; but there is always a new way to say old things. Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Keats, Goethe, all the great poets say just what you have been saying since you were eighteen years old, but, good Lord, how they say it!

Poetry, like all things beautiful, consists of manner rather than substance. If the young author of "A Scrap Book" ponders this truth, he will give us a better volume next time.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Bibliography-1931

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

APR 4 - 1931

Four Authors Wrestle with Negro Problem

THE BLACK WORKER. By Sterling Spero and Abram L. Harris. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

THE NEGRO WAGE EARNER. By Lorenzo J. Greene and Carter J. Woodson. Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. $3.

RACIAL FACTORS IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By Herman Feldman. Harper & Bros. $4.

NEGRO: NATIONAL ASSET OR LIABILITY. By John Louis Hill. Literary Associates, Inc. $3.

By HARRY ELMER BARNES.

TO the Northerner the Negro problem conjures up an Ethiopian orchestra, a Harlem night club, plays like "Shuffle Along" and 'Green Pastures," or the figures in Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven." Occasionally on the subway we bump into a batch of Negro workers on their way home from labor, or note them spreading hot asphalt as we cross a street. But we have little consciousness of the existence, to say nothing of the toil and wages, of the 1,500,000 Negroes now engaged in manufacturing, trade and transportation. For one "Gabriel" or Florence Mills there are a million and a half dark-skinned brethren whose life is thus described by the superintendent of a Southern factory:—

"Negroes do work white men won't do, such as common labor, heavy, hot and dirty work, pouring crucibles, work in the grinding room, and so on. Negroes are employed because they are cheaper. Negro common labor starts at thirty cents an hour and soon gets thirty-five cents, whereas white labor starts at forty-five to fifty cents. On piecework whites make sixty to sixty-five cents an hour. The Negro does a different grade of work and makes about ten cents an hour less."

* * *

ALL this raises the moot question as to whether the great crusade to free the Negroes, which cost millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives, really made the black worker better off than he was in the slave system of the pre-civil war days. Has the North enabled the Negro to realize his vision of "forty acres and a mule" or their equivalent? Hardly.

In 1865 there were about 4,000,000 Negroes in the country. Today there are 12,500,000. There are seven cities in the country with more than 100,000 Negroes in each, and two with a Negro population of over 200,000. There are as many Negroes at work in basic industries as laborers in 1931 as there were in the entire country on the day of Lincoln's assassination.

The most striking change in Negro life and occupations in the last generation has been the entry of the American Ethiopian into manufacturing and trade. In 1890, 1,728,325 Negroes—or 50 per cent of those employed—were engaged in agriculture. Some 956,164—or about 33 per cent—were employed in domestic service. Only 354,000—or 12.5 per cent—were employed in manufacturing and trade. By 1920 no less than 1,506,000 Negroes were employed in manufacturing, trade and transportation, an increase of nearly 300 per cent in thirty years. This movement has proceeded apace in the last decade.

How about wages? Are the Negroes paid as well for their work as whites? Decidedly not. In the South the wages paid to Negroes run from 10 to 40 per cent less than those paid to whites. In the North the discrepancy is not as great, but it is marked. Further, unemployment falls heavily on the Negro worker.

* * *

IS the Negro adequately organized to help himself out of these harsh and backward conditions? Not at all. No great Negro organization is primarily concerned with the industrial emancipation of the Negro workers. The best of them all, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is chiefly interested in promoting civil liberties for the black folk. The Neo-Uncle Tom's Cabin Movement led by the followers of Booker T. Washington; the National Urban League and the Negro churches aim to help the Negro chiefly through promoting an attitude of kindly sympathy on the part of the white overlords. In some areas the Urban League has even helped along strike-breaking activities directed against organized Negro labor. They all promote an attitude of industrial docility.

Organized white labor has been hostile to the idea of admitting Negroes to membership. The Knights of Labor did admit Negroes, but the American Federation of Labor has steadfastly opposed such a policy. As Spero and Harris observe:—"For three hundred years the Negro has been kept in a position of social and economic inferiority, and white organized labor, dominated by the hierarchy of the skilled crafts, has no desire to see him emerge from that condition."

The National Negro Business League is interested in encouraging Negro capitalism and has no stomach for the stimulation of Negro labor organization.

In religion and politics, likewise the Negro worker finds little aid in his battle for betterment. The Negro churches are immensely powerful in their psychological hold on their congregations and, for the most part, seek the favor of the white industrial hierarchy. The affiliation of the Negroes with the Republican party ties them up politically with organized plutocracy.

* * *

THE blocking of ordinary avenues to advancement has led to some development of colored unions which are as yet too weak to accomplish anything of great significance. Frustration also opens the way to Communistic propaganda for the Communists are no respecters of color. In this way the Red and Black issues are merged in some areas. This provokes a doubly savage defense-reaction.

In Atlanta an old statute, antedating the civil war and prescribing the death penalty, has been revived to apply to Communist organizers working among the blacks. It has also made the police extremely excitable on the question of Communism in many a Southern city; witness the recent happenings in Atlanta, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Memphis and Dallas!

The way out is not clear, but we may be sure that Negro labor will not indefinitely remain satisfied with oppression, inferiority and insufficiency. Emancipation may be secured in a peaceful manner, but there is danger that aggressiveness and ambition may provoke greater determination and fierceness in repression. At any rate, we have a real Negro problem in industry that can not be plumbed by animated attention at a ringside seat at the Cotton Club.

These four books contribute their part in different ways to the exposition of the issues at stake. The volume by Spero and Harris is far and away the best book which has ever been published on the economics of the Negro problem in America. It is both informative and strikingly intelligent. Greene and Woodson's volume is replete with statistical information, but only slightly interpretative.

Dr. Feldman weaves a frank exposure of the backward state of Negro labor into a general study of working conditions among all the alien races in the United States. Mr. Hill's volume is an amiable expression of Neo-Uncle Tomism—an appeal to sympathy for the blacks.

OCCUPATIONAL INFORMATION PRESENTED

American Press Association

Booklet for Negro Youth

An interesting and informative booklet entitled: "My Vocation," published by the National Urban League and prepared by Miss Sarah Strickland, Vocational Counselor at the Howard High School, Wilmington, Delaware, is being issued from the offices of the League, 1133 Broadway, New York City. 4-16-31

The pamphlet is prepared especially for the use of young people, particularly those in school, as a means of encouraging them to think of vocations outside of the professions. Names of a number of men and women in the Negro race who have succeeded are listed. The whole pamphlet is written in an attractive style for young people, and is the first publication of its kind adapted especially for youth of the Negro race. It is recommended to school teachers for distribution among their pupils and is being sold at 10c per copy, $1.00 a dozen or $6.00 per hundred.

'Disgust' Produces A Better Mystery

BLACK BUCK, by Linton C. Hopkins, Little, Brown and Company, Publishers, 256 Pages, $2.00.

Linton C. Hopkins, Atlanta lawyer and short story writer, has turned out a mystery novel vastly different from the ordinary run of such writings. It is as entertaining and interesting as most of them are dull and witless. 4-12-31

"Black Buck" was written, according to the author, "largely because I hate all present-day detective and mystery stories and I thought I'd see if I could write one I'd like."

It is the story of a man who committed suicide on the eve of his release from prison. He had plenty of money in the bank. The woman he loved, and who loved him was waiting 'outside' to marry him the minute he was free.

He had everything to be thankful for and a life of happiness ahead—yet less than 24 hours before the prison gates would have swung open for him, he blew his brains out with a guard's pistol.

This is the mystery which the author unravels step by step, without the use of a single trapdoor or detective. Reading it leaves you with the taste of cleanliness and fresh air, instead of sordidness, despair or possible disgust.

Southerners should especially enjoy this book, because the scene is laid in Atlanta and the negro plays a prominent part. And Hopkins knows his negro dialect to perfection. The prison camp in which Bob Williams took his own life is located on the Chattahoochee River, near the Alabama border.

If Mr. Hopkins wrote this book merely as an experiment, his effort should be awarded a 100 per cent mark, and he should write more like it. It is indeed a relief from some of the so-called murder mysteries of the day. — NEILSON O'BEAR.

WRITES BOOK ON "HOW TO TEACH READING"

George W. Scott, principal of Cherry Avenue Public School, Pratt City, Alabama, has written a very interesting book entitled "How To Teach Reading." 4-18-31

Mr. Scott has been engaged in educational work for nearly 40 years. He is a man of fine vision, and his book just published has already received compliments from many of the best educators of the state.

The Wise Man's World

Manchester Guardian

It would be interesting to know how many human minds, when their owners read of cricket in Australia, are haunted by a picture of Bradman batting upside down and Duckworth crouching at the wicket like a fly on the ceiling. That is the way Sir Arthur Eddington thinks of them; in a little pamphlet called "Science and Religion" he remarks: "I confess that "when I think of Test matches in "Australia I cannot help picturing it "as played upside down—so much has "the roundness of the earth become "part of a familiar outlook." It may be doubted whether with many people

it has become so familiar as to interfere with their conception of cricket played the right way up; it is probably Sir Arthur Eddington's lifelong preoccupation with astronomical conceptions which makes the spherical nature of the earth such an obstinate part of his outlook. If many people examine themselves closely on this point they will probably find that they are in reality little better than "The Village That Voted The Earth Was Flat"; they have accepted the proposition that it is round because they were told so at school, but it has never become a really warm and lively article of faith. They are, in Arnold's phrase, "light half-believers in their casual creed"; it never in any way interferes with their plain, straightforward appreciation of cricket on the flat. The true scientist, with his greater grasp of the earth's rotundity, is more embarrassed—and if this is what happens with the roundness of the earth, what sort of daily difficulties must the physical nature of matter present to the modern expert? In theory he knows that the very table he writes on is a bounding mass of molecules in a state of violent commotion. Does he think of it that way if he finds the ink knocked over—or does he blame the cat or a careless maidservant? We do not know—but Sir Arthur Eddington's difficulty about the cricket suggests another example of the truth of Anatole France's reflection: "In the darkness where we all "are the learned bump their heads "against the wall, while the ignorant "sleep calmly in the middle of the "room."

Book Review

Eden Goes Black

ADAM VS. APE-MAN AND ETHIOPIA.
By Edward A. Johnson.

FOR SEVENTY YEARS the world has made a fetish of science. Religion has been more or less dismissed by students as a matter of superstition, an atavistic hangover, and science has been acclaimed as the torch of truth. Say that a thing is a scientific fact, and all debate is ended; the oracle has spoken, and every head is bowed to the dust.

The worship of science has become as much of a superstition as was the worship of religion. This would not be so deplorable if it were confined to the exact or mathematical sciences, to geometry, calculus, or physics, in which everything can be irresistibly proved. The mischief arises when this attitude is carried over to the non-mensatory sciences, to ethnology, archaeology, anthropology, and the like. These studies are given largely to deduction and speculation, and are, therefore, in danger of being colored by the personal bias of investigators.

You cannot dodge a proposition in trigonometry, and in physics you cannot bridge the formula for kinetic energy; they are as immovable as mountains. But when you speculate upon the origin of man, the relative values of civilizations, or the contributions of different races, you can bend your theories any way you wish to.

That is exactly why the general sciences have been so hard on the Negro. Your Egyptologist is a white man, conscientiously seeking the truth so long as it bolsters his belief in the original and eternal superiority of the white race, but dodging it, hiding it, or twisting it refutes or threatens his theory. So is your ethnologist, anthropologist or other ologist who studies the origin and nature of man. The dispassionate truth-seeker is hard to find. Negro students have long felt that if a scholar of their race were given a chance to dig into antiquity many things would be unearthed to startle the world.

That is what Edward A. Johnson, teacher, historian, lawyer and former member of the New York Legislature, has endeavored to do in this book. He has attempted to cover a vast ground in one book, therefore it is suggestive rather than conclusive. He develops theories which it is hoped may some day be demonstrated as facts. This, however, does not impair the value of the book for, after all, the great body of the non-mensatory sciences is a mass of theories, including Darwin's generally accepted "Descent of Man."

The first hundred pages of Johnson's work are given to cosmology, to the Biblical and the scientific theories of the creation of the earth. He reviews the steps in evolution from the colloids and the amoeba to the higher forms of life, till he reaches Pithecanthropus Erectus, the walking Ape-Man of Java. Then he goes on through the Heidelberg, Neanderthal and Piltdown discoveries, arriving at present-day mankind's immediate ancestor, the highly developed Cro-Magnon. This last specimen, he declares, was a black, or at least a dark, man, who originated in Africa and wandered into France and Spain. He cites authors who contend that the first men in Europe were dark.

The location of the Garden of Eden is still a question, most students believing that it was in Asia. Johnson advances the theory that it was in Africa. In this he has the support of one scientific theory which holds that man first evolved in southeastern Africa. He makes a long geographical and historical argument, maintaining that Adam and Eve could easily have been Ethiopians.

He takes a fling at the notion that the black man is closer to the apes than other men. If he has simian features, so have the others. The white race prides itself on its brachycephalic skull; but this is a simian feature. The Negro's chief simian feature is his prognathous face. The Negro's much-derided thick lips, however, are not found in the apes, which have the thin lips of the Caucasian.

Even American scientists, Johnson says, agree that originally and to this day there are but two main races of mankind, the Negroid and the Mongoloid, the Caucasian group being derived from one of these.

Coming down to historic times, Johnson points out many things which white scientists have either hurried past or glossed over. He shows how many times Ethiopia is mentioned in the Bible, he tells of her mighty kings and armies. One of them had an army of a million men and 300 chariots.

He dwells upon the history of Ethiopia and Egypt. The school and college histories place the beginnings of civilization in Egypt; Johnson asserts that they were in Ethiopia. It is noticeable that the histories do not ask whence came Egypt's civilization. Johnson holds that the ancient Egyptians were upstarts compared with the Ethiopians, that they wandered into Africa from Asia and learned all they knew from the blacks.

It is very significant that the Sphinx and all the statues of Egypt have distinctly Negro features. He places the early Ethiopian period at 20,000 B.C., and says that the Egyptians did not arrive till 1500 B.C., long after the Pyramids were built by black men. The black kings were conquered, but returned to power in 1066 B.C., holding their power till Cambyses invaded Egypt in 530 B. C.

The wonder of the ancient world was the great city of Thebes, in upper Egypt, and its ruins are still the marvel of tourists. Johnson contends that Thebes was an Ethiopian city. It was there, or from men who studied there, that such great figures as Solon, Pythagoras and Plato learned their law and philosophy. In fact, Johnson maintains that practically all the civilization of Greece and Phoenicia was given them by Ethiopia. She first taught the doctrine of life after death, she was the first to conceive the idea of an immaterial God. Moses studied at Thebes and married the daughter of Jethro, his black teacher.

Thus this book adduces a great array of facts and theories calculated to prove not only that the first men were black but that the black race is the begetter and nurse of all our civilization. It is largely theoretical; but in the absence of incontrovertible proof to the contrary its theories are at least as good as those which have hitherto been accepted. It would have been well if the author had appended a bibliography for those who would like to follow up the subject.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Embree Finishes New Book On American Negro

CHICAGO—(ANP)— The first complete story of the American Negro was finished recently by Edwin R. Embree, President of The Julius Rosenwald Fund. Mr. Embree signed a contract for its publication with The Viking Press of New York, prominent eastern publishing house, and the book which, it is believed, will attract great attention throughout the country, is scheduled for publication in October. It will be called "Brown America: The Story of a New Race."

Mr. Embree, in the manuscript, treats the American Negro as a new race and not as a transplanted African. He gives facts and figures to prove that the American Negro has blood of many different races coursing in his veins and that the group is the newest as well as one of the most interesting races on the face of the world today.

In the book he traces their progress in education, business, politics, folkways, and in gradual integration into the stream of American life and civilization.

FOUR HANDSOME NEGRESSES. By R. Hernekin Baptist. 12mo. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. $2.

A story of the beginnings of the slave trade on the African coast.

"ALABAMA IN THE FIFTIES."

Out of the musty files of newspapers and magazines published so and more years ago, Miss Minnie Clare Boyd, a graduate of Agnes Scott College, has reconstructed the southern ante-bellum life in an interesting and historically valuable work which she has put in book form under the title "Alabama in the Fifties."

Much of the background for the unusual volume of this gifted young woman was dug up in the archives of southern and Alabama history in the state capitol at Montgomery, thus giving authenticity to the portrayal of customs of the old south.

The homes, schools and churches and the villages and plantations of the aristocratic south, of which there are now few living survivors, are vividly painted by the witty and scholarly young author.

The volume will undoubtedly be of keen interest to those whose lives came in contact with the influence of the south's romantic period, and its true picture of the times and conditions of their forbears should make it a welcome volume to the generation of the present day.

Bibliography - 1931

PAUL GREEN, PLAYWRIGHT, RETURNS TO COTTON FARM

Instructor Who Flashed Brilliance on Broadway Returns to Carolina

Telegraph

NEW YORK, Oct. 3 (AP).—Paul Green, the university instructor who flashed into Broadway brilliance as a playwright, has turned his back on the white way and returned to North Carolina where his fame is that of a champion cotton picker.

Three days on the Rialto were enough for the author of The House of Connelly, after he had seen the Theater Guild launch his third play. He spent one of them in the theater and most of the other hours in a small room of an obscure hotel just off the main avenues of Metropolitan traffic.

"I've a lot more work to do," he said, "and I'd rather do it on my little farm where it is quiet and peaceful."

10-4-31

A part of that work will be the completion of Potters Field, his fourth play.

"Mr. Paul," as his southern neighbors call him, chafed at the hemmed-in confines of streets and stuffy buildings. The author of In Abraham's Bosom, Pulitzer prize winner of five years ago and The Field God, which followed and was not a success, is no threatrical man as New York understands the term.

North Carolina Instructor

He is an instructor of philosophy in the University of North Carolina. His friends say he is a poet with an inherent dramatic sense and a knack of putting life into lowly characters.

The critics agree his latest work has raised him high in the field of American playwrights.

When he wrote In Abraham's Bosom," Paul Green never had seen a stage play. For his characters he drew upon life as he knew it. For the mechanics of its production his innate logic served him.

The House of Connelly took its audience by storm and critics praised Green's talents. They heralded as an outstanding success the simple tale of a worn-out aristocratic southern family, reduced to extremes and making its come-back through marriage with a "poor white" but wise and ultra-modern girl.

Green is about 35, married and the father of a little girl and boy who are curly headed and wide-eyed like himself. He fought on the western front in the World war and last year toured Europe under a Guggenheim educational fellowship.

He Stole for Love!

8-23-31

BLACK FORTUNE

New York, N.Y.

by E. K. Means

The odyssey of a blundering black Ulysses in the swamps of the deep South. Real adventure among real negroes.

$2 at all book stores

Publishers **BRENTANO'S** *New York*

"The Sentinel"

N.Y. City

10-3-31

By Stansey Newman

The Phoenix Press — Hartford, Conn.)

In this book the author has attempted to inspire Afro-Americans towards the goal of Nationhood. Apparently he is a firm believer in the isolation of races and the possibility supremacy of the black race, in direct opposition to the creeds, theories and policies of those that foster propaganda for white supremacy.

There are chapters in this book in which the author's theorise and facts to me, appear so sound and reasonable that my whole soul was stirred to a desire for activity along the suggested lines and would be all-inspiring were it not for other chapters in which the author stoops to plain spreading of propaganda for certain organizations and individuals and a corresponding wholesale onslaught against others.

New York, N.Y.

This writer has never believed in anything that is all-white or all-black. I cannot distinguish merit logic, truth or justice purely from the color of those administering same. My personal opinion is that if we are all created from the one origin that we cannot effectively live in the spirit of true brotherly love by erecting artificial barriers on the heels of color. I may be wrong! At least The Sentinel, will make you think and because of this fact it should be widely read.

CLIFFORD G. MITCHELL.

A Mighty Legend

John Henry. By Roark Bradford. With Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

National

THE Negro legend about John Henry, strong man who "beat the steam drill down" but "died with his hammer in his hand," is one of the masterpieces of American folklore. And now Roark Bradford has written a book about John Henry—but not the John Henry of the legend. His is a jazz version, so to speak, adapted to a lower Mississippi River setting. The old John Henry was a tragic, almost a sacred, figure. He symbolized man versus the machine. This new John Henry is a tragic personality also, but in so far as he symbolizes anything it is man versus woman. True, he meets his death in a contest with a machine as did John Henry of old, but the parallelism does not extend much beyond that fact. Not that it matters much, but one rather hates to see one's favorite American ballad and legend sprout more new variants between the covers of one novel than it would in fifty years of normal folk growth.

10-7-31

> The night John Henry was born the moon was copper-colored and the sky was black. . . . The panthers squalled in the brake like a baby and the Mississippi River ran upstream a thousand miles. John Henry weighed forty-four pounds. . . . He came into the world with a cotton-hook for a right hand and a river song on his tongue. . . .

Thus begins this tall tale of the black Paul Bunyan. John Henry soon wanted to be "gittin' around," so he went to the steamboat landing and began to roust cotton. He would take a five-hundred-pound bale on his shoulders and tote it while the other Negroes rolled theirs. Then he went up to the Black River country and rousted ten thousand tall razor-back hogs for the Big Jim White to haul down the river so that the folks down there could have hog meat with their turnip greens. Next he went to the Bends and showed everybody how to pick the big cotton crop. He showed old Billie Bob Russell something about building the Yellow Dog railroad. They built it before the sun went down, "but John Henry wasn't there when the job was done. For John Henry was a man and he meant to get around!"

Vol. 133, no. 3437

That was John Henry—he could outwork a dozen men because he was "f'm de Black River country whar de sun don't never shine," and he had to be on the move. But he couldn't handle the women. There was Poor Selma the whore-lady, the kittenish Ruby, the "too anxious" Delia, and the only woman he ever really cared for, the faithless Julie Anne. He could quit Delia and Ruby and even Poor Selma, whose boast was that she couldn't be quit, but Julie Anne quit *him,* and he couldn't get her off his mind. When he found her she was penitent. "I never did love no man but you," she told him, "but I got so lonesome in dat Yaller Dog camp, darlin', I'd a run off wid a mule efn he had pants on." But next day it was the same old story. While John Henry was working hard rousting cotton and boasting about his good woman, that inevitable "nigger named Sam" was creeping to Julie Anne's back door. Finally John Henry couldn't stand it any longer, and to ease his weary soul he went to the church where old Hell-buster was preaching and let the Lord take his burden. He told his Julie Anne goodby and went out to roust some cotton. But there was a steam winch on the job now, and John Henry tried to beat it loading cotton. He died with his hook in his hand just as the sun went down.

"John Henry" just misses being a brilliant piece of work. At times it almost gets down to something vital, something elemental in Negro life. There is a little too much of the tall-tale and big-talk sort of thing—and yet it may be that it will live for just that reason. The dialect is of a sort that never was on land or sea, but that is perhaps appropriate and quite forgivable in a strong-man extravaganza like this. If it is a whopping tale told interestingly that one wants, then here it is, but Bradford will not do his best Negro work until he gets rid of his tendency toward burlesque.

GUY B. JOHNSON

The Changing South

Penhally. By Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Nation vol. 133 no. 3457

THE unit of the old South was the family and not the individual. Caroline Gordon, in reciting the emotional history over a period of a hundred years of the Llewellyn-Crenfrew-Allard connection, which is simply "family" on a more inclusive scale, produces in the reader by cumulative effect a sad and powerful sense of changing time and interrupted destiny. In "Penhally" she has not swung to the extreme of sentimentality which used to distort and prejudice many novels about the South, or to the opposite and latter-day extreme of hard disparagement—I regret to say by Southerners—which is likewise falsifying many novels about the South. She has taken the middle way of implicit praise and censure, of divination by sympathy, of sensitive observation and honest reporting. She has realized that the truth about the South before the war, during the war, and since the war is a blending of many elements; is a question of relation and proportion.

10-7-31

WHO'S WHO IN COLORED LOUISIANA

National Urban League

The editor of the VOICE has read "Who's Who In Colored Louisiana and found it unincumbered with superfluous data, easy to read and to the point as it deals with the biographical, historical, business etc. of colored Louisiana and presents to a limited degree, the background of Negro Progress in the State of Louisiana.

11-14-31

An entire section of the book is employed in describing the business, social, religious, educational and general economic progress from which valuable information is afforded.

A. E. Perkins, B.S., A.M., connected with the city's public schools, hopes that the contents of the book "may make for a larger outlook, for greater individual effort, group cooperation, loyal and efficient citizenship," as he offers it to the general public.

The personal sketches of some of the leading Negro citizens of Louisiana together with photographic cuts of these leaders are both interesting and informative.

Throughout the work is valuable as a reference book to persons seeking authentic information on the Negro in Louisiana.

Persons desiring to purchase works of Louisiana Negroes and they will not regret having secured a copy. The editor, Professor A. E. Perkins, will be pleased to hear from persons desiring to purchase the book. All mail should be addressed to Mr. Perkins at 2911 Milan Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

THE NEGRO AS AUTHOR

By Vernon Loggins

An historical and critical survey of the literature consciously produced by the American Negro before the end of the nineteenth century, this book discusses the work of two hundred and more authors who reflect their social environment.

Price, $5.00

ALABAMA IN THE FIFTIES

By Minnie Clair Boyd

This study of the civilization of ante-bellum Alabama relegates the glamorous colonel and his lady-in-crinoline to the background and stresses the importance of the plain people who planned well but futilely for posterity.

Price, $4.25

Book Review

The Negro Mother and Other Dramatic Recitations (a Booklet) by Langston Hughes. published by The Golden Press, New York, Price, 25 cents.

In a booklet containing a few dramatic recitations, Langston Hughes, author of **The Weary Blues**, poems, and **Not Without Laughter**, a novel, gives us five beautifully-composed ballads, entitled **The Colored Soldier, Broke, The Black Clown, The Big-Timer,** and **Dark Youth.**

Each of these ballads tells an interesting story of Negro life. They are exceedingly colorful in character, and quite suitable to be recited in churches, schools and clubs.

Four of the ballads—**The Negro Mother, The Black Clown, Broke,** and **The Big Timer**—are printed separately in broadside form ready for framing, and can be purchased at ten cents each.

According to the publishers, a limited number of booklets, containing hand-colored illustrations, will be obtainable at seventy-five cents the copy.

ARNOLD C. DEMILLE.

A BISHOP WRITES A BOOK

It is so seldom, in these political days, that a bishop writes a book, that we must stop to make special comment on the achievement of Bishop Cameron Chesterfield Alleyne, of the A. M. E. Zion Church. This learned prelate has just sent forth a small volume, "Gold Coast At A Glance." Packed into its 143 pages is a world of information, useful to the general readers and particularly to the reader interested in African missions. The books issued in commemoration of the Golden Anniversary of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the A. M. Zion Church, which was organized in Montgomery, Alabama, with Mrs. Hazleton T. Jones as its first president. It is dedicated to the late Bishop J. B. Small and Mrs. Annie W. Blackwell (widow of Bishop Blackwell) and "all like spirited crusaders for African redemption." Some of its chapters are "Situation and Discovery of Gold Coast," "Geographical Features," "Relics of Slavery," "Political Division,' "People and Their Customs," "More Tribal Customs," "African Exclusiveness," "The Fallacy of Cannibalism.' "Educational Awakening," "Are Missionaries Necessary?" "The Religious Awakenin," "Our Stations and Workers," "Governmental Aid and Self Help," "Responsibility and Attitude," "The Prospect."

Education is Africa's great hope. Her life needs to be lifted intellectually and spiritually. She is longing for knowledge, and looks to America for help. "Africa calls and the heroic among us will answer," says Bishop Alleyne. The book is printed by the Hunt Company, No. 34 W. 136th St., New York City and can be purchased for $1.00.—The Christian Recorder.

DALY WRITES A WAR NOVEL

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Victor R. Daly, of Washington, former battalion adjutant of the 367th Infantry, has just completed a short novel entitled, "Not Only War."

The book deals with the double combat in which the colored soldiers were engaged in the World War—an open, above-board fight with the German, and an under-cover, but nevertheless constant battle, against the race prejudice, with which the American army was saturated.

Mr. Daly, who is an alumnus of Cornell University, has been writing short stories, just as a hobby. This is his first serious attempt at anything like a novel.

The book is a radical departure from the usual type of fiction. The Christopher Publishing House in Boston announces that the novel will be off the press early in November.

UNFINISHED PUSHKIN NOVEL FOUND

MOSCOW, Russia—In the archives of the library of the Academy of Science at Moscow have been discovered several autograph manuscripts of the celebrated colored poet Puskin, together with a portrait of the poet painted by himself and dating from 1820, as well as several other designs.

Among the manuscripts was an unfinished novel, entitled "On Saucasian Waters," a poem, "Vadime," and an anthology of poems by students at the lyceum he attended, prepared by Puskin.

ANNOUNCE PUBLICATION OF BOOKLET OF HUGHES' POEMS

New York City.—(ANP)—A new booklet containing six dramatic recitations in rhymed verse by Langston Hughes, author of "The Weary Blues" and "Not Without Laughter," was announced by the Golden Stair Press Friday. Decorations for the booklet have been drawn by Prentiss Taylor.

The booklet bears the title, "The Negro Mother." The ballads published are The Colored Soldier, Broke, The Black Crown, The Big-Timer, The Negro Mother and Dark Youth.

'Dunking' Controversy Revived in Cotton Book

MONROE, La., Oct. 18.—(AP)—What is believed to be the first book ever printed entirely on cotton paper will be issued here tomorrow. It is a volume of poems, delineating negro characters. It bears a title reminiscent of a controversy that stirred the south a year ago when Governor Huey P. Long championed the cause of "dunking" cornpone in pot likker as against those who "crumble." The book is called "Cawn Pone 'n' Pot Likker." The author is Mrs. Blanche Oliver, wife of a Monroe attorney.

TO EDIT CHILD BOOK

FORRESTER WASHINGTON

Director of the Atlanta, Ga., School of Social Work, has been selected by the editor-in-chief of the White House Conference publications to edit the book to be published by the conference on "Negro Child Life."